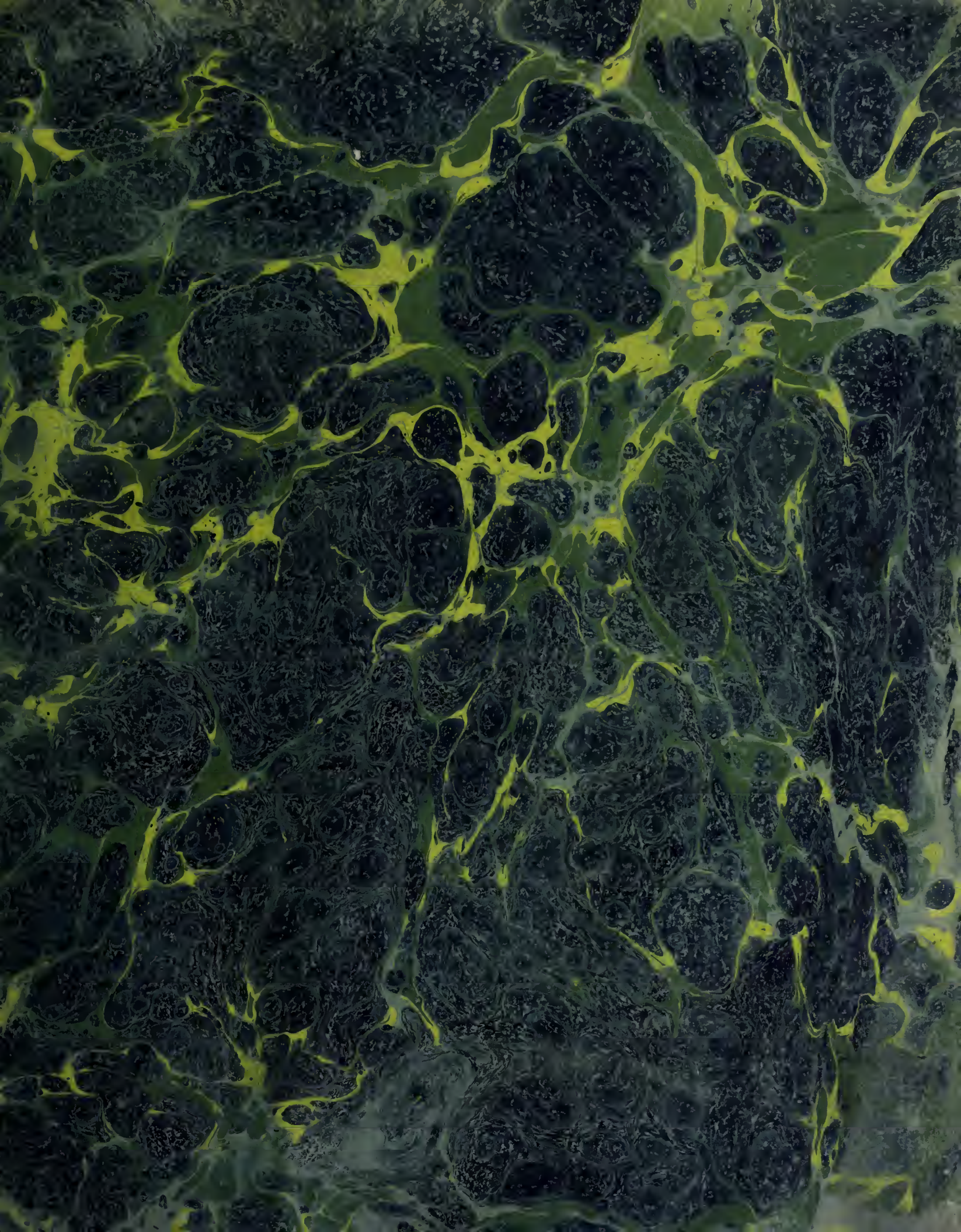
MEMENTO PAUPER
Francis White Popham



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THE

WORKS

OF

HORATIO WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

VOL. II.

THE

WORKS

OF

HORATIO WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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Barlow Sculp

The CASTLE of OTRANTO.

From an Original Drawing, as it now exists, in the Kingdom of Naples.

THE

CASTLE

OF

OTRANTO,

A

GOTHIC STORY.

--------Vanæ
Fingentur ſpecies, tamen ut Pes & Caput uni
Reddantur formæ.---

HOR.

PREFACE

To the Firſt Edition.

THE following work was found in the library of an ancient catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529. How much ſooner it was written does not appear. The principal incidents are ſuch as were believed in the darkeſt ages of chriſtianity; but the language and conduct have nothing that ſavours of barbariſm. The ſtyle is the pureſt Italian. If the ſtory was written near the time when it is ſuppoſed to have happened, it muſt have been between 1095, the æra of the firſt cruſade, and 1243, the date of the laſt, or not long afterwards. There is no other circumſtance in the work that can lead us to gueſs at the period in which the ſcene is laid: the names of the actors are evidently fictitious, and probably diſguiſed on purpoſe: yet the Spaniſh names of the domeſtics ſeem to indicate that this work was not compoſed until the eſtabliſhment of the Arragonian kings in Naples had made Spaniſh appellations familiar in that country. The beauty of the diction, and the zeal of the author, [moderated however by ſingular judgment] concur to make me think that the date of the compoſition was little antecedent to that of the impreſſion. Letters were then in their moſt flouriſhing ſtate in Italy, and contributed to diſpel the empire of ſuperſtition, at that time ſo forcibly attacked by the reformers. It is not unlikely that an artful prieſt might endeavour to turn their own arms on the innovators; and might avail himſelf of his abilities as an author to confirm the populace in their ancient errors and ſuperſtitions. If this was his view, he has certainly acted with ſignal addreſs. Such a work as the following would enſlave a hundred vulgar minds beyond half the books of controverſy that have been written from the days of Luther to the preſent hour.

This ſolution of the author's motives is however offered as a mere conjecture. Whatever his views were, or whatever effects the execution of them might have, his work can only be laid before the public at preſent as a matter of entertainment. Even as ſuch, ſome apology for it is neceſſary. Miracles, viſions, necromancy, dreams, and other preternatural events, are exploded now even from romances. That was not the caſe when our author wrote; much leſs when the ſtory itſelf is ſuppoſed to have happened. Belief in every kind of prodigy was ſo eſtabliſhed in thoſe dark ages, that an author would not be faithful to the *manners* of the times who ſhould omit all mention of them. He is not bound to believe them himſelf, but he muſt repreſent his actors as believing them.

If this *air* of the *miraculous* is excuſed, the reader will find nothing elſe unworthy of his peruſal. Allow the poſſibility of the facts, and all the actors comport themſelves as perſons would do in their ſituation. There is no bombaſt, no ſimilies, flowers, digreſſions, or unneceſſary deſcriptions. Every thing tends directly to the cataſtrophe. Never is the reader's attention relaxed. The rules of the drama are almoſt obſerved throughout the conduct of the piece. The characters are well drawn, and ſtill better maintained. Terror, the author's principal engine, prevents the ſtory from ever languiſhing; and it is ſo often contraſted by pity, that the mind is kept up in a conſtant viciſſitude of intereſting paſſions.

Some perſons may perhaps think the characters of the domeſtics too little ſerious for the general caſt of the ſtory; but beſides their oppoſition to the principal perſonages, the art of the author is very obſervable in his conduct of the ſubalterns. They diſcover many paſſages eſſential to the ſtory, which could not well be brought to light but by their *naïveté* and ſimplicity: in particular, the womaniſh terror and foibles of Bianca, in the laſt chapter, conduce eſſentially towards advancing the cataſtrophe.

It is natural for a tranſlator to be prejudiced in favour of his adopted work. More impartial readers may not be ſo much ſtruck with the beauties of this piece as I was. Yet I am not blind to my author's defects. I could wiſh he had grounded his plan on a more uſeful moral than this; that *the ſins of fathers are viſited on their children to the third and fourth generation.* I doubt

whether in his time, any more than at preſent, ambition curbed its appetite of dominion from the dread of ſo remote a puniſhment. And yet this moral is weakened by that leſs direct inſinuation, that even ſuch anathema may be diverted by devotion to ſaint Nicholas. Here the intereſt of the monk plainly gets the better of the judgment of the author. However, with all its faults, I have no doubt but the Engliſh reader will be pleaſed with a ſight of this performance. The piety that reigns throughout, the leſſons of virtue that are inculcated, and the rigid purity of the ſentiments, exempt this work from the cenſure to which romances are but too liable. Should it meet with the ſucceſs I hope for, I may be encouraged to re-print the original Italian, though it will tend to depreciate my own labour. Our language falls far ſhort of the charms of the Italian, both for variety and harmony. The latter is peculiarly excellent for ſimple narrative. It is difficult in Engliſh *to relate* without falling too low or riſing too high ; a fault obviouſly occaſioned by the little care taken to ſpeak pure language in common converſation. Every Italian or Frenchman of any rank piques himſelf on ſpeaking his own tongue correctly and with choice. I cannot flatter myſelf with having done juſtice to my author in this reſpect : his ſtyle is as elegant as his conduct of the paſſions is maſterly. It is pity that he did not apply his talents to what they were evidently proper for, the theatre.

I will detain the reader no longer but to make one ſhort remark. Though the machinery is invention, and the names of the actors imaginary, I cannot but believe that the ground-work of the ſtory is founded on truth. The ſcene is undoubtedly laid in ſome real caſtle. The author ſeems frequently, without deſign, to deſcribe particular parts. *The chamber*, ſays he, *on the right hand; the door on the left hand; the diſtance from the chapel to Conrad's apartment:* theſe and other paſſages are ſtrong preſumptions that the author had ſome certain building in his eye. Curious perſons, who have leiſure to employ in ſuch reſearches, may poſſibly diſcover in the Italian writers the foundation on which our author has built. If a cataſtrophe, at all reſembling that which he deſcribes, is believed to have given riſe to this work, it will contribute to intereſt the reader, and will make The Caſtle of Otranto a ſtill more moving ſtory.

PREFACE

To the Second Edition.

THE favourable manner in which this little piece has been received by the public, calls upon the author to explain the grounds on which he compoſed it. But before he opens thoſe motives, it is fit that he ſhould aſk pardon of his readers for having offered his work to them under the borrowed perſonage of a tranſlator. As diffidence of his own abilities, and the novelty of the attempt, were his ſole inducements to aſſume that diſguiſe, he flatters himſelf he ſhall appear excuſable. He reſigned his performance to the impartial judgment of the public; determined to let it periſh in obſcurity, if diſapproved; nor meaning to avow ſuch a trifle, unleſs better judges ſhould pronounce that he might own it without a bluſh.

It was an attempt to blend the two kinds of romance, the ancient and the modern. In the former all was imagination and improbability: in the latter, nature is always intended to be, and ſometimes has been, copied with ſucceſs. Invention has not been wanting; but the great reſources of fancy have been dammed up, by a ſtrict adherence to common life. But if in the latter ſpecies Nature has cramped imagination, ſhe did but take her revenge, having been totally excluded from old romances. The actions, ſentiments, converſations, of the heroes and heroines of ancient days were as unnatural as the machines employed to put them in motion.

The author of the following pages thought it poſſible to reconcile the two kinds. Deſirous of leaving the powers of fancy at liberty to expatiate through the boundleſs realms of invention, and thence of creating more intereſting

ſituations, he wiſhed to conduct the mortal agents in his drama according to the rules of probability; in ſhort, to make them think, ſpeak and act, as it might be ſuppoſed mere men and women would do in extraordinary poſitions. He had obſerved, that in all inſpired writings, the perſonages under the diſpenſation of miracles, and witneſſes to the moſt ſtupendous phenomena, never loſe ſight of their human character: whereas in the productions of romantic ſtory, an improbable event never fails to be attended by an abſurd dialogue. The actors ſeem to loſe their ſenſes the moment the laws of nature have loſt their tone. As the public have applauded the attempt, the author muſt not ſay he was entirely unequal to the taſk he had undertaken: yet if the new route he has ſtruck out ſhall have paved a road for men of brighter talents, he ſhall own with pleaſure and modeſty, that he was ſenſible the plan was capable of receiving greater embelliſhments than his imagination or conduct of the paſſions could beſtow on it.

With regard to the deportment of the domeſtics, on which I have touched in the former preface, I will beg leave to add a few words. The ſimplicity of their behaviour, almoſt tending to excite ſmiles, which at firſt ſeem not conſonant to the ſerious caſt of the work, appeared to me not only not improper, but was marked deſignedly in that manner. My rule was nature. However grave, important, or even melancholy, the ſenſations of princes and heroes may be, they do not ſtamp the ſame affections on their domeſtics: at leaſt the latter do not, or ſhould not be made to expreſs their paſſions in the ſame dignified tone. In my humble opinion, the contraſt between the ſublime of the one, and the *naïveté* of the other, ſets the pathetic of the former in a ſtronger light. The very impatience which a reader feels, while delayed by the coarſe pleaſantries of vulgar actors from arriving at the knowledge of the important cataſtrophe he expects, perhaps heightens, certainly proves that he has been artfully intereſted in, the depending event. But I had higher authority than my own opinion for this conduct. That great maſter of nature, Shakeſpeare, was the model I copied. Let me aſk if his tragedies of Hamlet and Julius Cæſar would not loſe a conſiderable ſhare of their ſpirit and wonderful beauties, if the humour of the grave-diggers, the fooleries of Polonius, and the clumſy jeſts of the Roman citizens were omitted, or veſted in heroics? Is not the eloquence of Antony, the nobler and affectedly-unaffected oration of Brutus, artificially exalted by the rude burſts of nature from the mouths of their auditors? Theſe touches remind one of the Grecian ſculptor,

ſculptor, who, to convey the idea of a Coloſſus within the dimenſions of a ſeal, inſerted a little boy meaſuring his thumb.

No, ſays Voltaire in his edition of Corneille, this mixture of buffoonery and ſolemnity is intolerable.-----Voltaire is a genius *---but not of Shakeſpeare's magnitude. Without recurring to diſputable authority, I appeal from Voltaire to himſelf. I ſhall not avail myſelf of his former encomiums on our mighty poet; though the French critic has twice tranſlated the ſame ſpeech in Hamlet, ſome years ago in admiration, latterly in deriſion; and I am ſorry to find that his judgment grows weaker, when it ought to be farther matured. But I ſhall make uſe of his own words, delivered on the general topic of the theatre, when he was neither thinking to recommend or decry Shakeſpeare's practice; conſequently at a moment when Voltaire was impartial. In the preface to his Enfant prodigue, that exquiſite piece of which I declare my admiration, and which, ſhould I live twenty years longer, I truſt I ſhould never attempt to ridicule, he has theſe words, ſpeaking of comedy, [but equally applicable to tragedy, if tragedy is, as ſurely it ought to be, a picture of human life; nor can I conceive why occaſional pleaſantry ought more to be baniſhed from the tragic ſcene, than pathetic ſerioufneſs from the comic] *On y voit un melange de ſerieux et de plaiſanterie, de comique et de touchant*; ſouvent même une ſeule avanture *produit tous ces contraſtes. Rien n'eſt ſi commun qu'une maiſon dans laquelle* un pere gronde, une fille occupée de ſa paſſion pleure; *le fils ſe moque des deux, et quelques parens prennent part differemment à la ſcene, &c. Nous n'inferons pas de là que toute comedie doive*

* The following remark is foreign to the preſent queſtion, yet excuſable in an Engliſhman, who is willing to think that the ſevere criticiſms of ſo maſterly a writer as Voltaire on our immortal countryman, may have been the effuſions of wit and precipitation, rather than the reſult of judgment and attention. May not the critic's ſkill in the force and powers of our language have been as incorrect and incompetent as his knowledge of our hiſtory? Of the latter his own pen has dropped glaring evidence. In his preface to Thomas Corneille's Earl of Eſſex, monſieur de Voltaire allows that the truth of hiſtory has been groſsly perverted in that piece. In excuſe he pleads, that when Corneille wrote, the nobleſſe of France were much unread in Engliſh ſtory; but now, ſays the commentator, that they ſtudy it, ſuch miſrepreſentation would not be ſuffered—— Yet forgetting that the period of ignorance is lapſed, and that it is not very neceſſary to inſtruct the knowing, he undertakes from the overflowing of his own reading to give the nobility of his own country a detail of queen Elizabeth's favourites—of whom, ſays he, Robert Dudley was the firſt, and the earl of Leiceſter the ſecond.——Could one have believed that it could be neceſſary to inform monſieur de Voltaire himſelf, that Robert Dudley and the earl of Leiceſter were the ſame perſon?

avoir des ſceues de bouffonuerie et des ſceues attendriſſantes : il y a beaucoup de tres bonues pieces où il ue regue que de la gayeté ; d'autres toutes ſerieuſes ; d'autres melangées : d'autres où l'attendriſſement va juſques aux larmes : il ne faut donner l'excluſion à aucun genre : *et ſi l'on me demandoit, quel genre eſt le meilleur, je repondrois, celui qui eſt le mieux traité.* Surely if a comedy may be *toute ſerieuſe*, tragedy may now and then, ſoberly, be indulged in a ſmile. Who ſhall proſcribe it? Shall the critic, who in ſelf-defence declares that *no kiud* ought to be excluded from comedy, give laws to Shakeſpeare?

I am aware that the preface from whence I have quoted theſe paſſages does not ſtand in monſieur de Voltaire's name, but in that of his editor; yet who doubts that the editor and author were the ſame perſon? Or where is the editor, who has ſo happily poſſeſſed himſelf of his author's ſtyle and brilliant eaſe of argument? Theſe paſſages were indubitably the genuine ſentiments of that great writer. In his epiſtle to Maffei, prefixed to his Merope, he delivers almoſt the ſame opinion, though I doubt with a little irony. I will repeat his words, and then give my reaſon for quoting them. After tranſlating a paſſage in Maffei's Merope, monſieur de Voltaire adds, *Tous ces traits ſont naïfs : tout y eſt convenable à ceux que vous introduiſez ſur la ſcene*, et aux mœurs que vous leur donnez. *Ces familiarités naturelles euſſent eté, à ce que je crois, bien reçues dans Athenes ; mais Paris et notre parterre veulent une autre eſpece de ſimplicité.* I doubt, I ſay, whether there is not a grain of ſneer in this and other paſſages of that epiſtle; yet the force of truth is not damaged by being tinged with ridicule. Maffei was to repreſent a Grecian ſtory: ſurely the Athenians were as competent judges of Grecian manners, and of the propriety of introducing them, as the parterre of Paris. On the contrary, ſays Voltaire [and I cannot but admire his reaſoning] there were but ten thouſand citizens at Athens, and Paris has near eight hundred thouſand inhabitants, among whom one may reckon thirty thouſand judges of dramatic works.----Indeed!----But allowing ſo numerous a tribunal, I believe this is the only inſtance in which it was ever pretended that thirty thouſand perſons, living near two thouſand years after the æra in queſtion, were, upon the mere face of the poll, declared better judges than the Grecians themſelves of what ought to be the manners of a tragedy written on a Grecian ſtory.

I will not enter into a diſcuſſion of the *eſpece de ſimplicité*, which the *parterre*

terre of Paris demands, nor of the ſhackles with which *the thirty thouſand judges* have cramped their poetry, the chief merit of which, as I gather from repeated paſſages in The New Commentary on Corneille, conſiſts in vaulting in ſpite of thoſe fetters; a merit which, if true, would reduce poetry from the lofty effort of imagination, to a puerile and moſt contemptible labour--- *difficiles nugæ* with a witneſs! I cannot help however mentioning a couplet, which to my Engliſh ears always ſounded as the flatteſt and moſt trifling inſtance of circumſtantial propriety; but which Voltaire, who has dealt ſo ſeverely with nine parts in ten of Corneille's works, has ſingled out to defend in Racine;

De ſon appartement cette porte eſt prochaine,
Et cette autre conduit dans celui de la reine.

In Engliſh,

To Cæſar's *cloſet through this door you come,*
And t'other leads to the queen's drawing-room.

Unhappy Shakeſpeare! hadſt thou made Roſencraus inform his compeer Guildenſtern of the ichnography of the palace of Copenhagen, inſtead of preſenting us with a moral dialogue between the prince of Denmark and the grave-digger, the illuminated pit of Paris would have been inſtructed *a ſecond time* to adore thy talents.

The reſult of all I have ſaid, is to ſhelter my own daring under the cannon of the brighteſt genius this country, at leaſt, has produced. I might have pleaded, that having created a new ſpecies of romance, I was at liberty to lay down what rules I thought fit for the conduct of it: but I ſhould be more proud of having imitated, however faintly, weakly, and at a diſtance, ſo maſterly a pattern, than to enjoy the entire merit of invention, unleſs I could have marked my work with genius as well as with originality. Such as it is, the public have honoured it ſufficiently, whatever rank their ſuffrages allot to it.

SONNET

To the Right Honourable

LADY MARY COKE.

THE gentle maid, whoſe hapleſs tale
Theſe melancholy pages ſpeak;
Say, gracious lady, ſhall ſhe fail
To draw the tear adown thy cheek?

No; never was thy pitying breaſt
Inſenſible to human woes;
Tender, though firm, it melts diſtreſt
For weakneſſes it never knows.

Oh! guard the marvels I relate
Of fell ambition ſcourg'd by fate,
From reaſon's peeviſh blame:
Bleſt with thy ſmile, my dauntleſs ſail
I dare expand to fancy's gale,
For ſure thy ſmiles are fame.

H. W.

THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO, A GOTHIC STORY.

CHAPTER I.

MANFRED, prince of Otranto, had one ſon and one daughter: the latter, a moſt beautiful virgin, aged eighteen, was called Matilda. Conrad, the ſon, was three years younger, a homely youth, ſickly, and of no promiſing diſpoſition; yet he was the darling of his father, who never ſhowed any ſymptoms of affection to Matilda. Manfred had contracted a marriage for his ſon with the marquis of Vicenza's daughter, Iſabella; and ſhe had already been delivered by her guardians into the hands of Manfred, that he might celebrate the wedding as ſoon as Conrad's infirm ſtate of health would permit. Manfred's impatience for this ceremonial was remarked by his family and neighbours. The former, indeed, apprehending the ſeverity of their prince's diſpoſition, did not dare to utter their ſurmiſes on this precipitation. Hippolita, his wife, an amiable lady, did ſometimes venture to repreſent the danger of marrying their only ſon ſo early, conſidering his great youth, and greater infirmities; but ſhe never received any other anſwer than reflections

reflections on her own ſterility, who had given him but one heir. His tenants and ſubjects were leſs cautious in their diſcourſes: they attributed this haſty wedding to the prince's dread of ſeeing accompliſhed an ancient prophecy, which was ſaid to have pronounced, *That the caſtle and lordſhip of Otranto ſhould paſs from the preſent family, whenever the real owner ſhould be grown too large to inhabit it.* It was difficult to make any ſenſe of this prophecy; and ſtill leſs eaſy to conceive what it had to do with the marriage in queſtion. Yet theſe myſteries, or contradictions, did not make the populace adhere the leſs to their opinion.

Young Conrad's birth-day was fixed for his eſpouſals. The company was aſſembled in the chapel of the caſtle, and every thing ready for beginning the divine office, when Conrad himſelf was miſſing. Manfred, impatient of the leaſt delay, and who had not obſerved his ſon retire, diſpatched one of his attendants to ſummon the young prince. The ſervant, who had not ſtaid long enough to have croſſed the court to Conrad's apartment, came running back breathleſs, in a frantic manner, his eyes ſtaring, and foaming at the mouth. He ſaid nothing, but pointed to the court. The company were ſtruck with terror and amazement. The princeſs Hippolita, without knowing what was the matter, but anxious for her ſon, ſwooned away. Manfred, leſs apprehenſive than enraged at the procraſtination of the nuptials, and at the folly of his domeſtic, aſked imperiouſly, what was the matter? The fellow made no anſwer, but continued pointing towards the court-yard; and at laſt, after repeated queſtions put to him, cried out, Oh, the helmet! the helmet! In the mean time ſome of the company had run into the court, from whence was heard a confuſed noiſe of ſhrieks, horror, and ſurpriſe. Manfred, who began to be alarmed at not ſeeing his ſon, went himſelf to get information of what occaſioned this ſtrange confuſion. Matilda remained endeavouring to aſſiſt her mother, and Iſabella ſtaid for the ſame purpoſe, and to avoid ſhowing any impatience for the bridegroom, for whom, in truth, ſhe had conceived little affection.

The firſt thing that ſtruck Manfred's eyes was a group of his ſervants endeavouring to raiſe ſomething that appeared to him a mountain of ſable plumes. He gazed without believing his ſight. What are ye doing? cried Manfred, wrathfully: Where is my ſon? A volley of voices replied, Oh, my lord! the prince! the prince! the helmet! the helmet! Shocked with theſe

theſe lamentable ſounds, and dreading he knew not what, he advanced haſtily——But what a ſight for a father's eyes!---He beheld his child daſhed to pieces, and almoſt buried under an enormous helmet, an hundred times more large than any caſque ever made for human being, and ſhaded with a proportionable quantity of black feathers.

The horror of the ſpectacle, the ignorance of all around how this misfortune happened, and above all, the tremendous phænomenon before him, took away the prince's ſpeech. Yet his ſilence laſted longer than even grief could occaſion. He fixed his eyes on what he wiſhed in vain to believe a viſion; and ſeemed leſs attentive to his loſs, than buried in meditation on the ſtupendous object that had occaſioned it. He touched, he examined the fatal caſque; nor could even the bleeding mangled remains of the young prince divert the eyes of Manfred from the portent before him. All who had known his partial fondneſs for young Conrad, were as much ſurpriſed at their prince's inſenſibility, as thunderſtruck themſelves at the miracle of the helmet. They conveyed the disfigured corpſe into the hall, without receiving the leaſt direction from Manfred. As little was he attentive to the ladies who remained in the chapel: on the contrary, without mentioning the unhappy princeſſes his wife and daughter, the firſt ſounds that dropped from Manfred's lips were, Take care of the lady Iſabella.

The domeſtics, without obſerving the ſingularity of this direction, were guided by their affection to their miſtreſs to conſider it as peculiarly addreſſed to her ſituation, and flew to her aſſiſtance. They conveyed her to her chamber more dead than alive, and indifferent to all the ſtrange circumſtances ſhe heard, except the death of her ſon. Matilda, who doted on her mother, ſmothered her own grief and amazement, and thought of nothing but aſſiſting and comforting her afflicted parent. Iſabella, who had been treated by Hippolita like a daughter, and who returned that tenderneſs with equal duty and affection, was ſcarce leſs aſſiduous about the princeſs; at the ſame time endeavouring to partake and leſſen the weight of ſorrow which ſhe ſaw Matilda ſtrove to ſuppreſs, for whom ſhe had conceived the warmeſt ſympathy of friendſhip. Yet her own ſituation could not help finding its place in her thoughts. She felt no concern for the death of young Conrad, except commiſeration; and ſhe was not ſorry to be delivered from a marriage which had promiſed her little felicity, either from her deſ-

tined bridegroom, or from the ſevere temper of Manfred, who, though he had diſtinguiſhed her by great indulgence, had imprinted her mind with terror, from his cauſeleſs rigour to ſuch amiable princeſſes as Hippolita and Matilda.

While the ladies were conveying the wretched mother to her bed, Manfred remained in the court, gazing on the ominous caſque, and regardleſs of the crowd which the ſtrangeneſs of the event had now aſſembled round him. The few words he articulated tended ſolely to enquiries, whether any man knew from whence it could have come? Nobody could give him the leaſt information. However, as it ſeemed to be the ſole object of his curioſity, it ſoon became ſo to the reſt of the ſpectators, whoſe conjectures were as abſurd and improbable as the cataſtrophe itſelf was unprecedented. In the midſt of their ſenſeleſs gueſſes a young peaſant, whom rumour had drawn thither from a neighbouring village, obſerved that the miraculous helmet was exactly like that on the figure in black marble of Alfonſo the Good, one of their former princes, in the church of St. Nicholas. Villain! What ſayeſt thou? cried Manfred, ſtarting from his trance in a tempeſt of rage, and ſeizing the young man by the collar: How dareſt thou utter ſuch treaſon? Thy life ſhall pay for it. The ſpectators, who as little comprehended the cauſe of the prince's fury as all the reſt they had ſeen, were at a loſs to unravel this new circumſtance. The young peaſant himſelf was ſtill more aſtoniſhed, not conceiving how he had offended the prince: yet recollecting himſelf, with a mixture of grace and humility, he diſengaged himſelf from Manfred's gripe, and then, with an obeiſance which diſcovered more jealouſy of innocence, than diſmay, he aſked with reſpect, of what he was guilty! Manfred, more enraged at the vigour, however decently exerted, with which the young man had ſhaken off his hold, than appeaſed by his ſubmiſſion, ordered his attendants to ſeize him, and, if he had not been withheld by his friends whom he had invited to the nuptials, would have poignarded the peaſant in their arms.

During this altercation ſome of the vulgar ſpectators had run to the great church which ſtood near the caſtle, and came back open-mouthed, declaring the helmet was miſſing from Alfonſo's ſtatue. Manfred, at this news, grew perfectly frantic; and, as if he ſought a ſubject on which to vent the tempeſt within him, he ruſhed again on the young peaſant, crying, Villain! monſter! ſorcerer! 'tis thou haſt ſlain my ſon! The mob, who wanted ſome object

within the ſcope of their capacities on whom they might diſcharge their bewildered reaſonings, caught the words from the mouth of their lord, and re-echoed, Ay, ay, 'tis he, 'tis he: he has ſtolen the helmet from good Alfonſo's tomb, and daſhed out the brains of our young prince with it:—never reflecting how enormous the diſproportion was between the marble helmet that had been in the church, and that of ſteel before their eyes; nor how impoſſible it was for a youth, ſeemingly not twenty, to wield a piece of armour of ſo prodigious a weight.

The folly of theſe ejaculations brought Manfred to himſelf: yet whether provoked at the peaſant having obſerved the reſemblance between the two helmets, and thereby led to the farther diſcovery of the abſence of that in the church; or wiſhing to bury any freſh rumour under ſo impertinent a ſuppoſition; he gravely pronounced that the young man was certainly a necromancer, and that till the church could take cognizance of the affair, he would have the magician, whom they had thus detected, kept priſoner under the helmet itſelf, which he ordered his attendants to raiſe, and place the young man under it; declaring he ſhould be kept there without food, with which his own infernal art might furniſh him.

It was in vain for the youth to repreſent againſt this prepoſterous ſentence: in vain did Manfred's friends endeavour to divert him from this ſavage and ill-grounded reſolution. The generality were charmed with their lord's deciſion, which to their apprehenſions carried great appearance of juſtice, as the magician was to be puniſhed by the very inſtrument with which he had offended: nor were they ſtruck with the leaſt compunction at the probability of the youth being ſtarved, for they firmly believed that by his diabolical ſkill he could eaſily ſupply himſelf with nutriment.

Manfred thus ſaw his commands even cheerfully obeyed; and appointing a guard with ſtrict orders to prevent any food being conveyed to the priſoner, he diſmiſſed his friends and attendants, and retired to his own chamber, after locking the gates of the caſtle, in which he ſuffered none but his domeſtics to remain.

In the mean time, the care and zeal of the young ladies had brought the princeſs Hippolita to herſelf, who amidſt the tranſports of her own ſorrow

frequently demanded news of her lord, would have diſmiſſed her attendants to watch over him, and at laſt enjoined Matilda to leave her, and viſit and comfort her father. Matilda, who wanted no affectionate duty to Manfred, though ſhe trembled at his auſterity, obeyed the orders of Hippolita, whom ſhe tenderly recommended to Iſabella; and enquiring of the domeſtics for her father, was informed that he was retired to his chamber, and had commanded that nobody ſhould have admittance to him. Concluding that he was immerſed in ſorrow for the death of her brother, and fearing to renew his tears by the ſight of his ſole remaining child, ſhe heſitated whether ſhe ſhould break in upon his affliction; yet ſolicitude for him, backed by the commands of her mother, encouraged her to venture diſobeying the orders he had given; a fault ſhe had never been guilty of before. The gentle timidity of her nature made her pauſe for ſome minutes at his door. She heard him traverſe his chamber backwards and forwards with diſordered ſteps; a mood which increaſed her apprehenſions. She was however juſt going to beg admittance, when Manfred ſuddenly opened the door; and as it was now twilight, concurring with the diſorder of his mind, he did not diſtinguiſh the perſon, but aſked angrily who it was? Matilda replied trembling, My deareſt father, it is I, your daughter. Manfred, ſtepping back haſtily, cried, Begone, I do not want a daughter; and, flinging back abruptly, clapped the door againſt the terrified Matilda.

She was too well acquainted with her father's impetuoſity to venture a ſecond intruſion. When ſhe had a little recovered the ſhock of ſo bitter a reception, ſhe wiped away her tears, to prevent the additional ſtab that the knowledge of it would give to Hippolita, who queſtioned her in the moſt anxious terms on the health of Manfred, and how he bore his loſs. Matilda aſſured her he was well, and ſupported his misfortune with manly fortitude. But will he not let me ſee him? ſaid Hippolita mournfully: Will he not permit me to blend my tears with his, and ſhed a mother's ſorrows in the boſom of her lord? Or do you deceive me, Matilda? I know how Manfred doted on his ſon: Is not the ſtroke too heavy for him? Has he not ſunk under it?—You do not anſwer me—Alas, I dread the worſt!—Raiſe me, my maidens: I will, I will ſee my lord. Bear me to him inſtantly; he is dearer to me even than my children. Matilda made ſigns to Iſabella to prevent Hippolita's riſing; and both theſe lovely young women were uſing their gentle violence to ſtop and calm the princeſs, when a ſervant on the

part

part of Manfred arrived, and told Iſabella that his lord demanded to ſpeak with her.

With me! cried Iſabella. Go, ſaid Hippolita, relieved by a meſſage from her lord: Manfred cannot ſupport the ſight of his own family. He thinks you leſs diſordered than we are, and dreads the ſhock of my grief. Conſole him, dear Iſabella, and tell him I will ſmother my own anguiſh rather than add to his.

It was now evening; the ſervant who conducted Iſabella bore a torch before her. When they came to Manfred, who was walking impatiently about the gallery, he ſtarted and ſaid haſtily, Take away that light, and begone. Then ſhutting the door impetuouſly, he flung himſelf upon a bench againſt the wall, and bade Iſabella ſit by him. She obeyed trembling. I ſent for you, lady, ſaid he,—and then ſtopped under great appearance of confuſion. My lord!—Yes, I ſent for you on a matter of great moment, reſumed he:—Dry your tears, young lady—you have loſt your bridegroom:—yes, cruel fate, and I have loſt the hopes of my race!—But Conrad was not worthy of your beauty.—How! my lord, ſaid Iſabella; ſure you do not ſuſpect me of not feeling the concern I ought? My duty and affection would have always—Think no more of him, interrupted Manfred; he was a ſickly puny child, and heaven has perhaps taken him away that I might not truſt the honours of my houſe on ſo frail a foundation. The line of Manfred calls for numerous ſupports. My fooliſh fondneſs for that boy blinded the eyes of my prudence—but it is better as it is. I hope in a few years to have reaſon to rejoice at the death of Conrad.

Words cannot paint the aſtoniſhment of Iſabella. At firſt ſhe apprehended that grief had diſordered Manfred's underſtanding. Her next thought ſuggeſted that this ſtrange diſcourſe was deſigned to enſnare her: ſhe feared that Manfred had perceived her indifference for his ſon: and in conſequence of that idea ſhe replied, Good my lord, do not doubt my tenderneſs; my heart would have accompanied my hand. Conrad would have engroſſed all my care; and wherever fate ſhall diſpoſe of me, I ſhall always cheriſh his memory, and regard your highneſs and the virtuous Hippolita as my parents. Curſe on Hippolita! cried Manfred: forget her from this moment, as I do.

In ſhort, lady, you have miſſed a huſband undeſerving of your charms: they ſhall now be better diſpoſed of. Inſtead of a ſickly boy, you ſhall have a huſband in the prime of his age, who will know how to value your beauties, and who may expect a numerous offspring. Alas, my lord, ſaid Iſabella, my mind is too ſadly engroſſed by the recent cataſtrophe in your family to think of another marriage. If ever my father returns, and it ſhall be his pleaſure, I ſhall obey, as I did when I conſented to give my hand to your ſon: but until his return permit me to remain under your hoſpitable roof, and employ the melancholy hours in aſſuaging yours, Hippolita's, and the fair Matilda's affliction.

I deſired you once before, ſaid Manfred angrily, not to name that woman; from this hour ſhe muſt be a ſtranger to you, as ſhe muſt be to me:—in ſhort, Iſabella, ſince I cannot give you my ſon, I offer you myſelf.—Heavens! cried Iſabella, waking from her deluſion, what do I hear! You, my lord! You! My father in law! the father of Conrad! the huſband of the virtuous and tender Hippolita!—I tell you, ſaid Manfred imperiouſly, Hippolita is no longer my wife; I divorce her from this hour. Too long has ſhe curſed me by her unfruitfulneſs: my fate depends on having ſons,—and this night I truſt will give a new date to my hopes. At thoſe words he ſeized the cold hand of Iſabella, who was half-dead with fright and horror. She ſhrieked, and ſtarted from him. Manfred roſe to purſue her; when the moon, which was now up, and gleamed in at the oppoſite caſement, preſented to his ſight the plumes of the fatal helmet, which roſe to the height of the windows, waving backwards and forwards in a tempeſtuous manner, and accompanied with a hollow and ruſtling ſound. Iſabella, who gathered courage from her ſituation, and who dreaded nothing ſo much as Manfred's purſuit of his declaration, cried, Look, my lord! ſee heaven itſelf declares againſt your impious intentions!—Heaven nor hell ſhall impede my deſigns, ſaid Manfred, advancing again to ſeize the princeſs. At that inſtant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung over the bench where they had been ſitting, uttered a deep ſigh and heaved its breaſt. Iſabella, whoſe back was turned to the picture, ſaw not the motion, nor knew whence the ſound came, but ſtarted and ſaid, Hark, my lord! what ſound was that? and at the ſame time made towards the door. Manfred, diſtracted between the flight of Iſabella, who had now reached the ſtairs, and his inability to keep his eyes from

from the picture, which began to move, had however advanced ſome ſteps after her, ſtill looking backwards on the portrait, when he ſaw it quit its pannel, and deſcend on the floor with a grave and melancholy air. Do I dream? cried Manfred returning, or are the devils themſelves in league againſt me? Speak, infernal ſpectre! Or, if thou art my grandſire, why doſt thou too conſpire againſt thy wretched deſcendant, who too dearly pays for—Ere he could finiſh the ſentence the viſion ſighed again, and made a ſign to Manfred to follow him. Lead on! cried Manfred; I will follow thee to the gulph of perdition. The ſpectre marched ſedately, but dejected, to the end of the gallery, and turned into a chamber on the right hand. Manfred accompanied him at a little diſtance, full of anxiety and horror, but reſolved. As he would have entered the chamber, the door was clapped-to with violence by an inviſible hand. The prince, collecting courage from this delay, would have forcibly burſt open the door with his foot, but found that it reſiſted his utmoſt efforts. Since hell will not ſatisfy my curioſity, ſaid Manfred, I will uſe the human means in my power for preſerving my race; Iſabella ſhall not eſcape me.

That lady, whoſe reſolution had given way to terror the moment ſhe had quitted Manfred, continued her flight to the bottom of the principal ſtaircaſe. There ſhe ſtopped, not knowing whither to direct her ſteps, nor how to eſcape from the impetuoſity of the prince. The gates of the caſtle ſhe knew were locked, and guards placed in the court. Should ſhe, as her heart prompted her, go and prepare Hippolita for the cruel deſtiny that awaited her, ſhe did not doubt but Manfred would ſeek her there, and that his violence would incite him to double the injury he meditated, without leaving room for them to avoid the impetuoſity of his paſſions. Delay might give him time to reflect on the horrid meaſures he had conceived, or produce ſome circumſtance in her favour, if ſhe could for that night at leaſt avoid his odious purpoſe.-----Yet where conceal herſelf! How avoid the purſuit he would infallibly make throughout the caſtle! As theſe thoughts paſſed rapidly through her mind, ſhe recollected a ſubterraneous paſſage which led from the vaults of the caſtle to the church of ſaint Nicholas. Could ſhe reach the altar before ſhe was overtaken, ſhe knew even Manfred's violence would not dare to profane the ſacredneſs of the place; and ſhe determined, if no other means of deliverance offered, to ſhut herſelf up for ever among the holy virgins,

gins, whoſe convent was contiguous to the cathedral. In this reſolution, ſhe ſeized a lamp that burned at the foot of the ſtaircaſe, and hurried towards the ſecret paſſage.

The lower part of the caſtle was hollowed into ſeveral intricate cloiſters; and it was not eaſy for one under ſo much anxiety to find the door that opened into the cavern. An awful ſilence reigned throughout thoſe ſubterraneous regions, except now and then ſome blaſts of wind that ſhook the doors ſhe had paſſed, and which grating on the ruſty hinges were re-echoed through that long labyrinth of darkneſs. Every murmur ſtruck her with new terror;—yet more ſhe dreaded to hear the wrathful voice of Manfred urging his domeſtics to purſue her. She trod as ſoftly as impatience would give her leave,—yet frequently ſtopped and liſtened to hear if ſhe was followed. In one of thoſe moments ſhe thought ſhe heard a ſigh. She ſhuddered, and recoiled a few paces. In a moment ſhe thought ſhe heard the ſtep of ſome perſon. Her blood curdled; ſhe concluded it was Manfred. Every ſuggeſtion that horror could inſpire ruſhed into her mind. She condemned her raſh flight, which had thus expoſed her to his rage in a place where her cries were not likely to draw any body to her aſſiſtance.—Yet the ſound ſeemed not to come from behind;—if Manfred knew where ſhe was, he muſt have followed her: ſhe was ſtill in one of the cloiſters, and the ſteps ſhe had heard were too diſtinct to proceed from the way ſhe had come. Cheered with this reflection, and hoping to find a friend in whoever was not the prince; ſhe was going to advance, when a door that ſtood a-jar, at ſome diſtance to the left, was opened gently; but ere her lamp, which ſhe held up, could diſcover who opened it, the perſon retreated precipitately on ſeeing the light.

Iſabella, whom every incident was ſufficient to diſmay, heſitated whether ſhe ſhould proceed. Her dread of Manfred ſoon outweighed every other terror. The very circumſtance of the perſon avoiding her, gave her a ſort of courage. It could only be, ſhe thought, ſome domeſtic belonging to the caſtle. Her gentleneſs had never raiſed her an enemy, and conſcious innocence made her hope that, unleſs ſent by the prince's order to ſeek her, his ſervants would rather aſſiſt than prevent her flight. Fortifying herſelf with theſe reflections, and believing, by what ſhe could obſerve, that ſhe was near the mouth of the ſubterraneous cavern, ſhe approached the door that had been

been opened; but a ſudden guſt of wind that met her at the door extinguiſhed her lamp, and left her in total darkneſs.

Words cannot paint the horror of the princeſs's ſituation. Alone in ſo diſmal a place, her mind imprinted with all the terrible events of the day, hopeleſs of eſcaping, expecting every moment the arrival of Manfred, and far from tranquil on knowing ſhe was within reach of ſomebody, ſhe knew not whom, who for ſome cauſe ſeemed concealed thereabouts, all theſe thoughts crowded on her diſtracted mind, and ſhe was ready to ſink under her apprehenſions. She addreſſed herſelf to every ſaint in heaven, and inwardly implored their aſſiſtance. For a conſiderable time ſhe remained in an agony of deſpair. At laſt, as ſoftly as was poſſible, ſhe felt for the door, and, having found it, entered trembling into the vault from whence ſhe had heard the ſigh and ſteps. It gave her a kind of momentary joy to perceive an imperfect ray of clouded moonſhine gleam from the roof of the vault, which ſeemed to be fallen in, and from whence hung a fragment of earth or building, ſhe could not diſtinguiſh which, that appeared to have been cruſhed inwards. She advanced eagerly towards this chaſm, when ſhe diſcerned a human form ſtanding cloſe againſt the wall.

She ſhrieked, believing it the ghoſt of her betrothed Conrad. The figure advancing, ſaid in a ſubmiſſive voice, Be not alarmed, lady; I will not injure you. Iſabella, a little encouraged by the words and tone of voice of the ſtranger, and recollecting that this muſt be the perſon who had opened the door, recovered her ſpirits enough to reply, Sir, whoever you are, take pity on a wretched princeſs ſtanding on the brink of deſtruction: aſſiſt me to eſcape from this fatal caſtle, or in a few moments I may be made miſerable for ever. Alas! ſaid the ſtranger, what can I do to aſſiſt you? I will die in your defence; but I am unacquainted with the caſtle, and want-----Oh! ſaid Iſabella, haſtily interrupting him, help me but to find a trap-door that muſt be hereabout, and it is the greateſt ſervice you can do me; for I have not a minute to loſe. Saying theſe words ſhe felt about on the pavement, and directed the ſtranger to ſearch likewiſe for a ſmooth piece of braſs incloſed in one of the ſtones. That, ſaid ſhe, is the lock, which opens with a ſpring, of which I know the ſecret. If I can find that, I may eſcape—if not, alas, courteous ſtranger, I fear I ſhall have involved you in my misfor-

tunes: Manfred will ſuſpect you for the accomplice of my flight, and you will fall a victim to his reſentment. I value not my life, ſaid the ſtranger; and it will be ſome comfort to loſe it in trying to deliver you from his tyranny. Generous youth, ſaid Iſabella, how ſhall I ever requite——As ſhe uttered thoſe words, a ray of moonſhine ſtreaming through a cranny of the ruin above ſhone directly on the lock they ſought—Oh, tranſport! ſaid Iſabella, here is the trap-door! and taking out a key, ſhe touched the ſpring, which ſtarting aſide diſcovered an iron ring. Lift up the door, ſaid the princeſs. The ſtranger obeyed; and beneath appeared ſome ſtone ſteps deſcending into a vault totally dark. We muſt go down here, ſaid Iſabella: follow me; dark and diſmal as it is, we cannot miſs our way; it leads directly to the church of ſaint Nicholas—But perhaps, added the princeſs modeſtly, you have no reaſon to leave the caſtle, nor have I farther occaſion for your ſervice; in a few minutes I ſhall be ſafe from Manfred's rage—only let me know to whom I am ſo much obliged. I will never quit you, ſaid the ſtranger eagerly, till I have placed you in ſafety—nor think me, princeſs, more generous than I am: though you are my principal care——The ſtranger was interrupted by a ſudden noiſe of voices that ſeemed approaching, and they ſoon diſtinguiſhed theſe words: Talk not to me of necromancers; I tell you ſhe muſt be in the caſtle; I will find her in ſpite of enchantment.—Oh, heavens! cried Iſabella, it is the voice of Manfred! Make haſte, or we are ruined! and ſhut the trap-door after you. Saying this, ſhe deſcended the ſteps precipitately; and as the ſtranger haſtened to follow her, he let the door ſlip out of his hands: it fell, and the ſpring cloſed over it. He tried in vain to open it, not having obſerved Iſabella's method of touching the ſpring, nor had he many moments to make an eſſay. The noiſe of the falling door had been heard by Manfred, who, directed by the ſound, haſtened thither, attended by his ſervants with torches. It muſt be Iſabella, cried Manfred before he entered the vault; ſhe is eſcaping by the ſubterraneous paſſage, but ſhe cannot have got far.—What was the aſtoniſhment of the prince, when, inſtead of Iſabella, the light of the torches diſcovered to him the young peaſant, whom he thought confined under the fatal helmet! Traitor! ſaid Manfred, how cameſt thou here? I thought thee in durance above in the court. I am no traitor, replied the young man boldly, nor am I anſwerable for your thoughts. Preſumptuous villain! cried Manfred, doſt thou provoke my wrath? Tell me; how haſt thou eſcaped from above? Thou haſt cor-

rupted thy guards, and their lives ſhall anſwer it. My poverty, ſaid the peaſant calmly, will diſculpate them: though the miniſters of a tyrant's wrath, to thee they are faithful, and but too willing to execute the orders which you unjuſtly impoſed upon them. Art thou ſo hardy as to dare my vengeance? ſaid the prince—but tortures ſhall force the truth from thee. Tell me, I will know thy accomplices. There was my accomplice! ſaid the youth ſmiling, and pointing to the roof. Manfred ordered the torches to be held up, and perceived that one of the cheeks of the enchanted caſque had forced its way through the pavement of the court, as his ſervants had let it fall over the peaſant, and had broken through into the vault, leaving a gap through which the peaſant had preſſed himſelf ſome minutes before he was found by Iſabella. Was that the way by which thou didſt deſcend? ſaid Manfred. It was, ſaid the youth. But what noiſe was that, ſaid Manfred, which I heard as I entered the cloiſter? A door clapped, ſaid the peaſant: I heard it as well as you. What door? ſaid Manfred haſtily. I am not acquainted with your caſtle, ſaid the peaſant; this is the firſt time I ever entered it, and this vault the only part of it within which I ever was. But I tell thee, ſaid Manfred, [wiſhing to find out if the youth had diſcovered the trap-door] it was this way I heard the noiſe: my ſervants heard it too.—My lord, interrupted one of them officiouſly, to be ſure it was the trap-door, and he was going to make his eſcape. Peace! blockhead, ſaid the prince angrily; if he was going to eſcape, how ſhould he come on this ſide? I will know from his own mouth what noiſe it was I heard. Tell me truly; thy life depends on thy veracity. My veracity is dearer to me than my life, ſaid the peaſant; nor would I purchaſe the one by forfeiting the other. Indeed! young philoſopher! ſaid Manfred contemptuouſly: tell me then, what was the noiſe I heard? Aſk me what I can anſwer, ſaid he, and put me to death inſtantly if I tell you a lie. Manfred, growing impatient at the ſteady valour and indifference of the youth, cried, Well then, thou man of truth! anſwer; was it the fall of the trap-door that I heard? It was, ſaid the youth. It was! ſaid the prince; and how didſt thou come to know there was a trap-door here? I ſaw the plate of braſs by a gleam of moonſhine, replied he. But what told thee it was a lock? ſaid Manfred: How didſt thou diſcover the ſecret of opening it? Providence, that delivered me from the helmet, was able to direct me to the ſpring of a lock, ſaid he. Providence ſhould have gone a little farther, and have placed thee out of the reach of my reſentment, ſaid Manfred: when Providence had taught thee to open the lock, it aban-

doned thee for a fool, who did not know how to make uſe of its favours. Why didſt thou not purſue the path pointed out for thy eſcape? Why didſt thou ſhut the trap-door before thou hadſt deſcended the ſteps? I might aſk you, my lord, ſaid the peaſant, how I, totally unacquainted with your caſtle, was to know that thoſe ſteps led to any outlet? but I ſcorn to evade your queſtions. Wherever thoſe ſteps lead to, perhaps I ſhould have explored the way—I could not have been in a worſe ſituation than I was. But the truth is, I let the trap-door fall: your immediate arrival followed. I had given the alarm—what imported it to me whether I was ſeized a minute ſooner or a minute later? Thou art a reſolute villain for thy years, ſaid Manfred—yet on reflection I ſuſpect thou doſt but trifle with me: thou haſt not yet told me how thou didſt open the lock. That I will ſhow you, my lord, ſaid the peaſant; and taking up a fragment of ſtone that had fallen from above, he laid himſelf on the trap-door, and began to beat on the piece of braſs that covered it; meaning to gain time for the eſcape of the princeſs. This preſence of mind, joined to the frankneſs of the youth, ſtaggered Manfred. He even felt a diſpoſition towards pardoning one who had been guilty of no crime. Manfred was not one of thoſe ſavage tyrants who wanton in cruelty unprovoked. The circumſtances of his fortune had given an aſperity to his temper, which was naturally humane; and his virtues were always ready to operate, when his paſſion did not obſcure his reaſon.

While the prince was in this ſuſpenſe, a confuſed noiſe of voices echoed through the diſtant vaults. As the ſound approached, he diſtinguiſhed the clamour of ſome of his domeſtics, whom he had diſperſed through the caſtle in ſearch of Iſabella, calling out, Where is my lord? Where is the prince? Here I am, ſaid Manfred, as they came nearer; have you found the princeſs? The firſt that arrived replied, Oh, my lord! I am glad we have found you.—Found me! ſaid Manfred: have you found the princeſs? We thought we had, my lord, ſaid the fellow looking terrified—but—But what? cried the prince: has ſhe eſcaped?—Jaquez and I, my lord—Yes, I and Diego, interrupted the ſecond, who came up in ſtill greater conſternation—Speak one of you at a time, ſaid Manfred; I aſk you, where is the princeſs? We do not know, ſaid they both together: but we are frightened out of our wits.—So I think, blockheads, ſaid Manfred: what is it has ſcared you thus?—Oh, my lord! ſaid Jaquez, Diego has ſeen ſuch a ſight! your highneſs would not believe our eyes.—What new abſurdity is this? cried Manfred—

fred—Give me a direct anſwer, or by heaven—Why, my lord, if it pleaſe your highneſs to hear me, ſaid the poor fellow; Diego and I—Yes, I and Jaquez, cried his comrade—Did not I forbid you to ſpeak both at a time? ſaid the prince: You, Jaquez, anſwer; for the other fool ſeems more diſtracted than thou art; what is the matter? My gracious lord, ſaid Jaquez, if it pleaſe your highneſs to hear me; Diego and I, according to your highneſs's orders, went to ſearch for the young lady; but being comprehenſive that we might meet the ghoſt of my young lord, your highneſs's ſon, God reſt his ſoul, as he has not received chriſtian burial—Sot! cried Manfred in a rage, is it only a ghoſt then that thou haſt ſeen? Oh, worſe! worſe! my lord! cried Diego: I had rather have ſeen ten whole ghoſts.—Grant me patience! ſaid Manfred; theſe blockheads diſtract me—Out of my ſight, Diego! And thou, Jaquez, tell me in one word, art thou ſober? art thou raving? Thou waſt wont to have ſome ſenſe: has the other ſot frightened himſelf and thee too? Speak; what is it he fancies he has ſeen? Why, my lord, replied Jaquez trembling, I was going to tell your highneſs, that ſince the calamitous misfortune of my young lord, God reſt his ſoul! not one of us your highneſs's faithful ſervants, indeed we are, my lord, though poor men; I ſay, not one of us has dared to ſet a foot about the caſtle, but two together: ſo Diego and I, thinking that my young lady might be in the great gallery, went up there to look for her, and tell her your highneſs wanted ſomething to impart to her.—O blundering fools! cried Manfred: and in the mean time ſhe has made her eſcape, becauſe you were afraid of goblins! Why, thou knave! ſhe left me in the gallery; I came from thence myſelf.—For all that, ſhe may be there ſtill for aught I know, ſaid Jaquez; but the devil ſhall have me before I ſeek her there again!—Poor Diego! I do not believe he will ever recover it! Recover what? ſaid Manfred; am I never to learn what it is has terrified theſe raſcals? But I loſe my time; follow me, ſlave! I will ſee if ſhe is in the gallery.—For heaven's ſake, my dear good lord, cried Jaquez, do not go to the gallery! Satan himſelf I believe is in the great chamber next to the gallery.—Manfred, who hitherto had treated the terror of his ſervants as an idle panic, was ſtruck at this new circumſtance. He recollected the apparition of the portrait, and the ſudden cloſing of the door at the end of the gallery—his voice faltered, and he aſked with diſorder, what is in the great chamber? My lord, ſaid Jaquez, when Diego and I came into the gallery, he went firſt, for he ſaid he had more courage than I. So when we came into the gallery, we found nobody. We looked under

every bench and ſtool; and ſtill we found nobody.—Were all the pictures in their places? ſaid Manfred. Yes, my lord, anſwered Jaquez; but we did not think of looking behind them.—Well, well! ſaid Manfred; proceed. When we came to the door of the great chamber, continued Jaquez, we found it ſhut.—And could not you open it? ſaid Manfred. Oh! yes, my lord, would to heaven we had not! replied he—Nay, it was not I neither, it was Diego: he was grown fool-hardy, and would go on, though I adviſed him not—If ever I open a door that is ſhut again—Trifle not, ſaid Manfred ſhuddering, but tell me what you ſaw in the great chamber on opening the door.—I! my lord! ſaid Jaquez, I ſaw nothing; I was behind Diego;—but I heard the noiſe.—Jaquez, ſaid Manfred in a ſolemn tone of voice, tell me, I adjure thee by the ſouls of my anceſtors, what it was thou ſaweſt; what it was thou heardeſt? It was Diego ſaw it, my lord, it was not I, replied Jaquez; I only heard the noiſe. Diego had no ſooner opened the door, than he cried out and ran back—I ran back too, and ſaid, Is it the ghoſt? The ghoſt! No, no, ſaid Diego, and his hair ſtood an end—it is a giant, I believe; he is all clad in armour, for I ſaw his foot and part of his leg, and they are as large as the helmet below in the court. As he ſaid theſe words, my lord, we heard a violent motion and the rattling of armour, as if the giant was riſing; for Diego has told me ſince, that he believes the giant was lying down, for the foot and leg were ſtretched at length on the floor. Before we could get to the end of the gallery, we heard the door of the great chamber clap behind us, but we did not dare turn back to ſee if the giant was following us—Yet now I think on it, we muſt have heard him if he had purſued us—But for heaven's ſake, good my lord, ſend for the chaplain and have the caſtle exorciſed, for, for certain, it is enchanted. Ay, pray do, my lord, cried all the ſervants at once, or we muſt leave your highneſs's ſervice.—Peace, dotards! ſaid Manfred, and follow me; I will know what all this means. We! my lord! cried they with one voice; we would not go up to the gallery for your highneſs's revenue. The young peaſant, who had ſtood ſilent, now ſpoke. Will your highneſs, ſaid he, permit me to try this adventure? My life is of conſequence to nobody: I fear no bad angel, and have offended no good one. Your behaviour is above your ſeeming, ſaid Manfred; viewing him with ſurpriſe and admiration—hereafter I will reward your bravery—but now, continued he with a ſigh, I am ſo circumſtanced, that I dare truſt no eyes but my own—However, I give you leave to accompany me.

Manfred,

Manfred, when he firſt followed Iſabella from the gallery, had gone directly to the apartment of his wife, concluding the princeſs had retired thither. Hippolita, who knew his ſtep, roſe with anxious fondneſs to meet her lord, whom ſhe had not ſeen ſince the death of their ſon. She would have flown in a tranſport mixed of joy and grief to his boſom; but he puſhed her rudely off, and ſaid, Where is Iſabella? Iſabella! my lord! ſaid the aſtoniſhed Hippolita. Yes, Iſabella; cried Manfred imperiouſly; I want Iſabella. My lord, replied Matilda, who perceived how much his behaviour had ſhocked her mother, ſhe has not been with us ſince your highneſs ſummoned her to your apartment. Tell me where ſhe is, ſaid the prince; I do not want to know where ſhe has been. My good lord, ſaid Hippolita, your daughter tells you the truth: Iſabella left us by your command, and has not returned ſince:—but, my good lord, compoſe yourſelf: retire to your reſt: this diſmal day has diſordered you. Iſabella ſhall wait your orders in the morning. What, then you know where ſhe is? cried Manfred: tell me directly, for I will not loſe an inſtant—And you, woman, ſpeaking to his wife, order your chaplain to attend me forthwith. Iſabella, ſaid Hippolita calmly, is retired I ſuppoſe to her chamber: ſhe is not accuſtomed to watch at this late hour. Gracious my lord, continued ſhe, let me know what has diſturbed you: has Iſabella offended you? Trouble me not with queſtions, ſaid Manfred, but tell me where ſhe is. Matilda ſhall call her, ſaid the princeſs—ſit down, my lord, and reſume your wonted fortitude.—What, art thou jealous of Iſabella, replied he, that you wiſh to be preſent at our interview? Good heavens! my lord, ſaid Hippolita, what is it your highneſs means? Thou wilt know ere many minutes are paſſed, ſaid the cruel prince. Send your chaplain to me, and wait my pleaſure here. At theſe words he flung out of the room in ſearch of Iſabella; leaving the amazed ladies thunder-ſtruck with his words and frantic deportment, and loſt in vain conjectures on what he was meditating.

Manfred was now returning from the vault, attended by the peaſant and a few of his ſervants whom he had obliged to accompany him. He aſcended the ſtair-caſe without ſtopping till he arrived at the gallery, at the door of which he met Hippolita and her chaplain. When Diego had been diſmiſſed by Manfred, he had gone directly to the princeſs's apartment with the alarm of what he had ſeen. That excellent lady, who no more than Manfred

doubted

doubted of the reality of the viſion, yet affected to treat it as a delirium of the ſervant. Willing, however, to ſave her lord from any additional ſhock, and prepared by a ſeries of grief not to tremble at any acceſſion to it; ſhe determined to make herſelf the firſt ſacrifice, if fate had marked the preſent hour for their deſtruction. Diſmiſſing the reluctant Matilda to her reſt, who in vain ſued for leave to accompany her mother, and attended only by her chaplain, Hippolita had viſited the gallery and great chamber: and now, with more ſerenity of ſoul than ſhe had felt for many hours, ſhe met her lord, and aſſured him that the viſion of the gigantic leg and foot was all a fable; and no doubt an impreſſion made by fear, and the dark and diſmal hour of the night, on the minds of his ſervants: She and the chaplain had examined the chamber, and found every thing in the uſual order.

Manfred, though perſuaded, like his wife, that the viſion had been no work of fancy, recovered a little from the tempeſt of mind into which ſo many ſtrange events had thrown him. Aſhamed too of his inhuman treatment of a princeſs, who returned every injury with new marks of tenderneſs and duty, he felt returning love forcing itſelf into his eyes—but not leſs aſhamed of feeling remorſe towards one, againſt whom he was inwardly meditating a yet more bitter outrage, he curbed the yearnings of his heart, and did not dare to lean even towards pity. The next tranſition of his ſoul was to exquiſite villainy. Preſuming on the unſhaken ſubmiſſion of Hippolita, he flattered himſelf that ſhe would not only acquieſce with patience to a divorce, but would obey, if it was his pleaſure, in endeavouring to perſuade Iſabella to give him her hand—But ere he could indulge this horrid hope, he reflected that Iſabella was not to be found. Coming to himſelf, he gave orders that every avenue to the caſtle ſhould be ſtrictly guarded, and charged his domeſtics on pain of their lives to ſuffer nobody to paſs out. The young peaſant, to whom he ſpoke favourably, he ordered to remain in a ſmall chamber on the ſtairs, in which there was a pallet-bed, and the key of which he took away himſelf, telling the youth he would talk with him in the morning. Then diſmiſſing his attendants, and beſtowing a ſullen kind of half-nod on Hippolita, he retired to his own chamber.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

MATILDA, who by Hippolita's order had retired to her apartment, was ill-diſpoſed to take any reſt. The ſhocking fate of her brother had deeply affected her. She was ſurpriſed at not ſeeing Iſabella: but the ſtrange words which had fallen from her father, and his obſcure menace to the princeſs his wife, accompanied by the moſt furious behaviour, had filled her gentle mind with terror and alarm. She waited anxiouſly for the return of Bianca, a young damſel that attended her, whom ſhe had ſent to learn what was become of Iſabella. Bianca ſoon appeared, and informed her miſtreſs of what ſhe had gathered from the ſervants, that Iſabella was no where to be found. She related the adventure of the young peaſant, who had been diſcovered in the vault, though with many ſimple additions from the incoherent accounts of the domeſtics; and ſhe dwelled principally on the gigantic leg and foot which had been ſeen in the gallery-chamber. This laſt circumſtance had terrified Bianca ſo much, that ſhe was rejoiced when Matilda told her that ſhe would not go to reſt, but would watch till the princeſs ſhould riſe.

The young princeſs wearied herſelf in conjectures on the flight of Iſabella, and on the threats of Manfred to her mother. But what buſineſs could he have ſo urgent with the chaplain? ſaid Matilda. Does he intend to have my brother's body interred privately in the chapel? Oh! madam, ſaid Bianca, now I gueſs. As you are become his heireſs, he is impatient to have you married: he has always been raving for more ſons; I warrant he is now impatient for grandſons. As ſure as I live, madam, I ſhall ſee you a bride at laſt. Good madam, you won't caſt off your faithful Bianca: you won't put Donna Roſara over me, now you are a great princeſs? My poor Bianca, ſaid Matilda, how faſt your thoughts amble! I a great princeſs! What haſt thou ſeen in Manfred's behaviour ſince my brother's death that beſpeaks any increaſe of tenderneſs to me? No, Bianca, his heart was ever a ſtranger to me—but he is my father, and I muſt not complain. Nay, if heaven ſhuts my father's heart againſt me, it over-pays my little merit in the tenderneſs of

my mother—O that dear mother! Yes, Bianca, 'tis there I feel the rugged temper of Manfred. I can ſupport his harſhneſs to me with patience; but it wounds my ſoul when I am witneſs to his cauſeleſs ſeverity towards her. Oh, madam, ſaid Bianca, all men uſe their wives ſo, when they are weary of them.—And yet you congratulated me but now, ſaid Matilda, when you fancied my father intended to diſpoſe of me. I would have you a great lady, replied Bianca, come what will. I do not wiſh to ſee you moped in a convent, as you would be if you had your will, and if my lady your mother, who knows that a bad huſband is better than no huſband at all, did not hinder you.—Bleſs me! what noiſe is that? Saint Nicholas forgive me! I was but in jeſt. It is the wind, ſaid Matilda, whiſtling through the battlements in the tower above: you have heard it a thouſand times. Nay, ſaid Bianca, there was no harm neither in what I ſaid: it is no ſin to talk of matrimony—And ſo, madam, as I was ſaying; if my lord Manfred ſhould offer you a handſome young prince for a bridegroom, you would drop him a curtſy, and tell him you would rather take the veil. Thank heaven! I am in no ſuch danger, ſaid Matilda: you know how many propoſals for me he has rejected.—And you thank him, like a dutiful daughter, do you, madam?—But come, madam; ſuppoſe, to-morrow morning he was to ſend for you to the great council-chamber, and there you ſhould find at his elbow a lovely young prince, with large black eyes, a ſmooth white forehead, and manly curling locks like jet; in ſhort, madam, a young hero reſembling the picture of the good Alfonſo in the gallery, which you ſit and gaze at for hours together.—Do not ſpeak lightly of that picture, interrupted Matilda ſighing: I know the adoration with which I look at that picture is uncommon—but I am not in love with a coloured pannel. The character of that virtuous prince, the veneration with which my mother has inſpired me for his memory, the oriſons which I know not why ſhe has enjoined me to pour forth at his tomb, all have concurred to perſuade me that ſomehow or other my deſtiny is linked with ſomething relating to him.—Lord! madam, how ſhould that be? ſaid Bianca: I have always heard that your family was no way related to his: and I am ſure I cannot conceive why my lady, the princeſs, ſends you in a cold morning, or a damp evening, to pray at his tomb: he is no ſaint by the almanack. If you muſt pray, why does not ſhe bid you addreſs yourſelf to our great ſaint Nicholas? I am ſure he is the ſaint I pray to for a huſband. Perhaps my mind would be leſs affected, ſaid Matilda, if my mother would explain her reaſons to me: but it is the myſtery ſhe obſerves, that inſpires

me with this—I know not what to call it. As ſhe never acts from caprice, I am ſure there is ſome fatal ſecret at bottom—nay, I know there is: in her agony of grief for my brother's death ſhe dropped ſome words that intimated as much.—Oh, dear madam, cried Bianca, what were they? No, ſaid Matilda: if a parent lets fall a word, and wiſhes it recalled, it is not for a child to utter it. What! was ſhe ſorry for what ſhe had ſaid? aſked Bianca.—I am ſure, madam, you may truſt me.—With my own little ſecrets, when I have any, I may, ſaid Matilda; but never with my mother's: a child ought to have no ears or eyes but as a parent directs. Well! to be ſure, madam, you was born to be a ſaint, ſaid Bianca, and there's no reſiſting one's vocation: you will end in a convent at laſt. But there is my lady Iſabella would not be ſo reſerved to me: ſhe will let me talk to her of young men; and when a handſome cavalier has come to the caſtle, ſhe has owned to me that ſhe wiſhed your brother Conrad reſembled him. Bianca, ſaid the princeſs, I do not allow you to mention my friend diſreſpectfully. Iſabella is of a cheerful diſpoſition, but her ſoul is pure as virtue itſelf. She knows your idle babbling humour, and perhaps has now and then encouraged it, to divert melancholy, and to enliven the ſolitude in which my father keeps us.—Bleſſed Mary! ſaid Bianca ſtarting, there it is again!—Dear madam, do you hear nothing?—This caſtle is certainly haunted!—Peace! ſaid Matilda, and liſten! I did think I heard a voice—but it muſt be fancy; your terrors I ſuppoſe have infected me. Indeed! indeed! madam, ſaid Bianca half-weeping with agony, I am ſure I heard a voice. Does any body lie in the chamber beneath? ſaid the princeſs. Nobody has dared to lie there, anſwered Bianca, ſince the great aſtrologer that was your brother's tutor drowned himſelf. For certain, madam, his ghoſt and the young prince's are now met in the chamber below—for heaven's ſake let us fly to your mother's apartment! I charge you not to ſtir, ſaid Matilda. If they are ſpirits in pain, we may eaſe their ſufferings by queſtioning them. They can mean no hurt to us, for we have not injured them—and if they ſhould, ſhall we be more ſafe in one chamber than in another? Reach me my beads; we will ſay a prayer, and then ſpeak to them. Oh, dear lady, I would not ſpeak to a ghoſt for the world, cried Bianca.—As ſhe ſaid thoſe words, they heard the caſement of the little chamber below Matilda's open. They liſtened attentively, and in few minutes thought they heard a perſon ſing, but could not diſtinguiſh the words. This can be no evil ſpirit, ſaid the princeſs in a low voice: it is undoubtedly one of the family—open the

window, and we ſhall know the voice. I dare not indeed, madam, ſaid Bianca. Thou art a very fool, ſaid Matilda, opening the window gently herſelf. The noiſe the princeſs made was however heard by the perſon beneath, who ſtopped, and, they concluded, had heard the caſement open. Is any body below? ſaid the princeſs: if there is, ſpeak. Yes, ſaid an unknown voice. Who is it? ſaid Matilda. A ſtranger, replied the voice. What ſtranger? ſaid ſhe; and how didſt thou come there at this unuſual hour, when all the gates of the caſtle are locked? I am not here willingly, anſwered the voice—but pardon me, lady, if I have diſturbed your reſt: I knew not that I was overheard. Sleep had forſaken me: I left a reſtleſs couch, and came to waſte the irkſome hours with gazing on the fair approach of morning, impatient to be diſmiſſed from this caſtle. Thy words and accents, ſaid Matilda, are of a melancholy caſt: if thou art unhappy, I pity thee. If poverty afflicts thee, let me know it; I will mention thee to the princeſs, whoſe beneficent ſoul ever melts for the diſtreſſed; and ſhe will relieve thee. I am indeed unhappy, ſaid the ſtranger; and I know not what wealth is: but I do not complain of the lot which heaven has caſt for me: I am young and healthy, and am not aſhamed of owing my ſupport to myſelf—yet think me not proud, or that I diſdain your generous offers. I will remember you in my oriſons, and will pray for bleſſings on your gracious ſelf and your noble miſtreſs—If I ſigh, lady, it is for others, not for myſelf. Now I have it, madam, ſaid Bianca whiſpering the princeſs. This is certainly the young peaſant; and by my conſcience he is in love!——Well, this is a charming adventure!—Do, madam, let us ſift him. He does not know you, but takes you for one of my lady Hippolita's women. Art thou not aſhamed, Bianca? ſaid the princeſs: what right have we to pry into the ſecrets of this young man's heart? He ſeems virtuous and frank, and tells us he is unhappy: are thoſe circumſtances that authorize us to make a property of him? How are we entitled to his confidence? Lord! madam, how little you know of love! replied Bianca: why, lovers have no pleaſure equal to talking of their miſtreſs. And would you have *me* become a peaſant's confidante? ſaid the princeſs. Well then, let me talk to him, ſaid Bianca: though I have the honour of being your highneſs's maid of honour, I was not always ſo great: beſides, if love levels ranks, it raiſes them too: I have a reſpect for any young man in love.—Peace, ſimpleton! ſaid the princeſs. Though he ſaid he was unhappy, it does not follow that he muſt be in love. Think of all

that

that has happened to-day, and tell me if there are no misfortunes but what love cauſes. Stranger, reſumed the princeſs, if thy misfortunes have not been occaſioned by thy own fault, and are within the compaſs of the princeſs Hippolita's power to redreſs, I will take upon me to anſwer that ſhe will be thy protectreſs. When thou art diſmiſſed from this caſtle, repair to holy father Jerome at the convent adjoining to the church of ſaint Nicholas, and make thy ſtory known to him, as far as thou thinkeſt meet: he will not fail to inform the princeſs, who is the mother of all that want her aſſiſtance. Farewell: it is not ſeemly for me to hold farther converſe with a man at this unwonted hour. May the ſaints guard thee, gracious lady! replied the peaſant—but oh, if a poor and worthleſs ſtranger might preſume to beg a minute's audience farther—am I ſo happy?—the caſement is not ſhut—might I venture to aſk—Speak quickly, ſaid Matilda; the morning dawns apace: ſhould the labourers come into the fields and perceive us—What wouldſt thou aſk?—I know not how—I know not if I dare, ſaid the young ſtranger faltering—yet the humanity with which you have ſpoken to me emboldens—Lady! dare I truſt you?—Heavens! ſaid Matilda, what doſt thou mean? with what wouldſt thou truſt me? Speak boldly, if thy ſecret is fit to be entruſted to a virtuous breaſt.—I would aſk, ſaid the peaſant, recollecting himſelf, whether what I have heard from the domeſtics is true, that the princeſs is miſſing from the caſtle? What imports it to thee to know? replied Matilda. Thy firſt words beſpoke a prudent and becoming gravity. Doſt thou come hither to pry into the ſecrets of Manfred? Adieu. I have been miſtaken in thee.—Saying theſe words, ſhe ſhut the caſement haſtily, without giving the young man time to reply. I had acted more wiſely, ſaid the princeſs to Bianca with ſome ſharpneſs, if I had let thee converſe with this peaſant: his inquiſitiveneſs ſeems of a piece with thy own. It is not fit for me to argue with your highneſs, replied Bianca; but perhaps the queſtions I ſhould have put to him, would have been more to the purpoſe, than thoſe you have been pleaſed to aſk him. Oh, no doubt, ſaid Matilda; you are a very diſcreet perſonage! May I know what you would have aſked him? A by-ſtander often ſees more of the game than thoſe that play, anſwered Bianca. Does your highneſs think, madam, that his queſtion about my lady Iſabella was the reſult of mere curioſity? No, no, madam; there is more in it than you great folks are aware of. Lopez told me, that all the ſervants believe this young fellow contrived my lady Iſabella's eſcape—Now, pray, madam,

obſerve——You and I both know that my lady Iſabella never much fancied the prince your brother.—Well! he is killed juſt in the critical minute—I accuſe nobody. A helmet falls from the moon—ſo my lord your father ſays; but Lopez and all the ſervants ſay that this young ſpark is a magician, and ſtole it from Alfonſo's tomb.—Have done with this rhapſody of impertinence, ſaid Matilda. Nay, madam, as you pleaſe, cried Bianca—yet it is very particular though, that my lady Iſabella ſhould be miſſing the very ſame day, and that this young ſorcerer ſhould be found at the mouth of the trap-door—I accuſe nobody—but if my young lord came honeſtly by his death—Dare not on thy duty, ſaid Matilda, to breathe a ſuſpicion on the purity of my dear Iſabella's fame.—Purity, or not purity, ſaid Bianca, gone ſhe is: a ſtranger is found that nobody knows: you queſtion him yourſelf: he tells you he is in love, or unhappy, it is the ſame thing—nay, he owned he was unhappy about others; and is any body unhappy about another, unleſs they are in love with them? And at the very next word he aſks innocently, poor ſoul! if my lady Iſabella is miſſing.—To be ſure, ſaid Matilda, thy obſervations are not totally without foundation—Iſabella's flight amazes me: the curioſity of this ſtranger is very particular—yet Iſabella never concealed a thought from me.—So ſhe told you, ſaid Bianca, to fiſh out your ſecrets—but who knows, madam, but this ſtranger may be ſome prince in diſguiſe?—Do, madam, let me open the window, and aſk him a few queſtions. No, replied Matilda, I will aſk him myſelf, if he knows aught of Iſabella: he is not worthy that I ſhould converſe farther with him. She was going to open the caſement, when they heard the bell ring at the poſtern-gate of the caſtle, which is on the right hand of the tower, where Matilda lay. This prevented the princeſs from renewing the converſation with the ſtranger.

After continuing ſilent for ſome time; I am perſuaded, ſaid ſhe to Bianca, that whatever be the cauſe of Iſabella's flight, it had no unworthy motive. If this ſtranger was acceſſary to it, ſhe muſt be ſatisfied of his fidelity and worth. I obſerved, did not you, Bianca? that his words were tinctured with an uncommon infuſion of piety. It was no ruffian's ſpeech: his phraſes were becoming a man of gentle birth. I told you, madam, ſaid Bianca, that I was ſure he was ſome prince in diſguiſe.—Yet, ſaid Matilda, if he was privy to her eſcape, how will you account for his not accompanying her in her flight? Why expoſe himſelf unneceſſarily and raſhly to my father's reſentment?

ment? As for that, madam, replied ſhe, if he could get from under the helmet, he will find ways of eluding your father's anger. I do not doubt but he has ſome taliſman or other about him.—You reſolve every thing into magic, ſaid Matilda—but a man who has any intercourſe with infernal ſpirits does not dare to make uſe of thoſe tremendous and holy words which he uttered. Didſt thou not obſerve with what fervour he vowed to remember *me* to heaven in his prayers? Yes, Iſabella was undoubtedly convinced of his piety.—Commend me to the piety of a young fellow and a damſel that conſult to elope! ſaid Bianca. No, no, madam; my lady Iſabella is of another-gueſs mould than you take her for. She uſed indeed to ſigh and lift up her eyes in your company, becauſe ſhe knows you are a ſaint—but when your back was turned—You wrong her, ſaid Matilda; Iſabella is no hypocrite: ſhe has a due ſenſe of devotion, but never affected a call ſhe has not. On the contrary, ſhe always combated my inclination for the cloiſter: and though I own the myſtery ſhe has made to me of her flight confounds me; though it ſeems inconſiſtent with the friendſhip between us; I cannot forget the diſintereſted warmth with which ſhe always oppoſed my taking the veil: ſhe wiſhed to ſee me married, though my dower would have been a loſs to her and my brother's children. For her ſake I will believe well of this young peaſant. Then you do think there is ſome liking between them? ſaid Bianca.—While ſhe was ſpeaking, a ſervant came haſtily into the chamber, and told the princeſs that the lady Iſabella was found. Where? ſaid Matilda. She has taken ſanctuary in ſaint Nicholas's church, replied the ſervant: father Jerome has brought the news himſelf: he is below with his highneſs. Where is my mother? ſaid Matilda. She is in her own chamber, madam, and has aſked for you.

Manfred had riſen at the firſt dawn of light, and gone to Hippolita's apartment, to enquire if ſhe knew ought of Iſabella. While he was queſtioning her, word was brought that Jerome demanded to ſpeak with him. Manfred, little ſuſpecting the cauſe of the friar's arrival, and knowing he was employed by Hippolita in her charities, ordered him to be admitted, intending to leave them together, while he purſued his ſearch after Iſabella. Is your buſineſs with me or the princeſs? ſaid Manfred. With both, replied the holy man. The lady Iſabella—What of her? interrupted Manfred eagerly—is at ſaint Nicholas's altar, replied Jerome. That is no buſineſs of Hippolita,

lita, ſaid Manfred with confuſion: let us retire to my chamber, father; and inform me how ſhe came thither. No, my lord, replied the good man with an air of firmneſs and authority that daunted even the reſolute Manfred, who could not help revering the ſaint-like virtues of Jerome: my commiſſion is to both; and, with your highneſs's good-liking, in the preſence of both I ſhall deliver it—But firſt, my lord, I muſt interrogate the princeſs, whether ſhe is acquainted with the cauſe of the lady Iſabella's retirement from your caſtle. —No, on my ſoul, ſaid Hippolita; does Iſabella charge me with being privy to it?—Father, interrupted Manfred, I pay due reverence to your holy profeſſion; but I am ſovereign here, and will allow no meddling prieſt to interfere in the affairs of my domeſtic. If you have aught to ſay, attend me to my chamber—I do not uſe to let my wife be acquainted with the ſecret affairs of my ſtate; they are not within a woman's province. My lord, ſaid the holy man, I am no intruder into the ſecrets of families. My office is to promote peace, to heal diviſions, to preach repentance, and teach mankind to curb their headſtrong paſſions. I forgive your highneſs's uncharitable apoſtrophe: I know my duty, and am the miniſter of a mightier prince than Manfred. Hearken to him who ſpeaks through my organs. Manfred trembled with rage and ſhame. Hippolita's countenance declared her aſtoniſhment, and impatience to know where this would end: her ſilence more ſtrongly ſpoke her obſervance of Manfred.

The lady Iſabella, reſumed Jerome, commends herſelf to both your highneſſes; ſhe thanks both for the kindneſs with which ſhe has been treated in your caſtle: ſhe deplores the loſs of your ſon, and her own misfortune in not becoming the daughter of ſuch wiſe and noble princes, whom ſhe ſhall always reſpect as *parents*: ſhe prays for uninterrupted union and felicity between you: [Manfred's colour changed] but as it is no longer poſſible for her to be allied to you, ſhe entreats your conſent to remain in ſanctuary till ſhe can learn news of her father; or, by the certainty of his death, be at liberty, with the approbation of her guardians, to diſpoſe of herſelf in ſuitable marriage. I ſhall give no ſuch conſent, ſaid the prince; but inſiſt on her return to the caſtle without delay: I am anſwerable for her perſon to her guardians, and will not brook her being in any hands but my own. Your highneſs will recollect whether that can any longer be proper, replied the friar. I want no monitor, ſaid Manfred colouring. Iſabella's conduct leaves

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room for ſtrange ſuſpicions—and that young villain, who was at leaſt the accomplice of her flight, if not the cauſe of it—The cauſe! interrupted Jerome: was a *young* man the cauſe? This is not to be borne! cried Manfred. Am I to be bearded in my own palace by an inſolent monk? Thou art privy, I gueſs, to their amours. I would pray to heaven to clear up your uncharitable ſurmiſes, ſaid Jerome, if your highneſs were not ſatisfied in your conſcience how unjuſtly you accuſe me. I do pray to heaven to pardon that uncharitableneſs: and I implore your highneſs to leave the princeſs at peace in that holy place, where ſhe is not liable to be diſturbed by ſuch vain and worldly fantaſies as diſcourſes of love from any man. Cant not to me, ſaid Manfred, but return, and bring the princeſs to her duty. It is my duty to prevent her return hither, ſaid Jerome. She is where orphans and virgins are ſafeſt from the ſnares and wiles of this world; and nothing but a parent's authority ſhall take her thence. I am her parent, cried Manfred, and demand her. She wiſhed to have you for her parent, ſaid the friar; but heaven, that forbad that connexion, has for ever diſſolved all ties betwixt you: and I announce to your highneſs—Stop! audacious man, ſaid Manfred, and dread my diſpleaſure. Holy father, ſaid Hippolita, it is your office to be no reſpecter of perſons: you muſt ſpeak as your duty preſcribes: but it is my duty to hear nothing that it pleaſes not my lord I ſhould hear. I will retire to my oratory, and pray to the bleſſed Virgin to inſpire you with her holy counſels, and to reſtore the heart of my gracious lord to its wonted peace and gentleneſs. Excellent woman! ſaid the friar.—My lord, I attend your pleaſure.

Manfred, accompanied by the friar, paſſed to his own apartment; where ſhutting the door, I perceive, father, ſaid he, that Iſabella has acquainted you with my purpoſe. Now hear my reſolve, and obey. Reaſons of ſtate, moſt urgent reaſons, my own and the ſafety of my people, demand that I ſhould have a ſon. It is in vain to expect an heir from Hippolita. I have made choice of Iſabella. You muſt bring her back; and you muſt do more. I know the influence you have with Hippolita: her conſcience is in your hands. She is, I allow, a faultleſs woman: her ſoul is ſet on heaven, and ſcorns the little grandeur of this world: you can withdraw her from it entirely. Perſuade her to conſent to the diſſolution of our marriage, and to retire into a monaſtery—ſhe ſhall endow one if ſhe will; and ſhe ſhall have the-

means of being as liberal to your order as ſhe or you can wiſh. Thus you will divert the calamities that are hanging over our heads, and have the merit of ſaving the principality of Otranto from deſtruction. You are a prudent man; and though the warmth of my temper betrayed me into ſome unbecoming expreſſions, I honour your virtue, and wiſh to be indebted to you for the repoſe of my life and the preſervation of my family.

The will of heaven be done! ſaid the friar. I am but its worthleſs inſtrument. It makes uſe of my tongue to tell thee, prince, of thy unwarrantable deſigns. The injuries of the virtuous Hippolita have mounted to the throne of pity. By me thou art reprimanded for thy adulterous intention of repudiating her: by me thou art warned not to purſue the inceſtuous deſign on thy contracted daughter. Heaven, that delivered her from thy fury, when the judgments ſo recently fallen on thy houſe ought to have inſpired thee with other thoughts, will continue to watch over her. Even I, a poor and deſpiſed friar, am able to protect her from thy violence.—I, ſinner as I am, and uncharitably reviled by your highneſs as an accomplice of I know not what amours, ſcorn the allurements with which it has pleaſed thee to tempt mine honeſty. I love my order; I honour devout ſouls; I reſpect the piety of thy princeſs—but I will not betray the confidence ſhe repoſes in me, nor ſerve even the cauſe of religion by foul and ſinful compliances—But forſooth! the welfare of the ſtate depends on your highneſs having a ſon. Heaven mocks the ſhort-ſighted views of man. But yeſter-morn, whoſe houſe was ſo great, ſo flouriſhing as Manfred's?—Where is young Conrad now?—My lord, I reſpect your tears—but I mean not to check them—Let them flow, prince! they will weigh more with heaven towards the welfare of thy ſubjects, than a marriage, which, founded on luſt or policy, could never proſper. The ſceptre, which paſſed from the race of Alfonſo to thine, cannot be preſerved by a match which the church will never allow. If it is the will of the Moſt High that Manfred's name muſt periſh, reſign yourſelf, my lord, to its decrees; and thus deſerve a crown that can never paſs away.—Come, my lord, I like this ſorrow—Let us return to the princeſs: ſhe is not apprized of your cruel intentions; nor did I mean more than to alarm you. You ſaw with what gentle patience, with what efforts of love, ſhe heard, ſhe rejected hearing the extent of your guilt. I know ſhe longs to fold you in her arms, and aſſure you of her unalterable affection. Father, ſaid the prince, you miſtake

miſtake my compunction: true, I honour Hippolita's virtues; I think her a ſaint; and wiſh it were for my ſoul's health to tie faſter the knot that has united us.—But alas! father, you know not the bittereſt of my pangs! It is ſome time that I have had ſcruples on the legality of our union: Hippolita is related to me in the fourth degree—It is true, we had a diſpenſation; but I have been informed that ſhe had alſo been contracted to another. This it is that ſits heavy at my heart: to this ſtate of unlawful wedlock I impute the viſitation that has fallen on me in the death of Conrad!—Eaſe my conſcience of this burden; diſſolve our marriage, and accompliſh the work of godlineſs which your divin exhortations have commenced in my ſoul.

How cutting was the anguiſh which the good man felt, when he perceived this turn in the wily prince! He trembled for Hippolita, whoſe ruin he ſaw was determined; and he feared, if Manfred had no hope of recovering Iſabella, that his impatience for a ſon would direct him to ſome other object, who might not be equally proof againſt the temptation of Manfred's rank. For ſome time the holy man remained abſorbed in thought. At length, conceiving ſome hope from delay, he thought the wiſeſt conduct would be to prevent the prince from deſpairing of recovering Iſabella. Her the friar knew he could diſpoſe, from her affection to Hippolita, and from the averſion ſhe had expreſſed to him for Manfred's addreſſes, to ſecond his views, till the cenſures of the church could be fulminated againſt a divorce. With this intention, as if ſtruck with the prince's ſcruples, he at length ſaid, My lord, I have been pondering on what your highneſs has ſaid; and if in truth it is delicacy of conſcience that is the real motive of your repugnance to your virtuous lady, far be it from me to endeavour to harden your heart! The church is an indulgent mother; unfold your griefs to her: ſhe alone can adminiſter comfort to your ſoul, either by ſatisfying your conſcience, or, upon examination of your ſcruples, by ſetting you at liberty, and indulging you in the lawful means of continuing your lineage. In the latter caſe, if the lady Iſabella can be brought to conſent——Manfred, who concluded that he had either over-reached the good man, or that his firſt warmth had been but a tribute paid to appearance, was overjoyed at this ſudden turn, and repeated the moſt magnificent promiſes, if he ſhould ſucceed by the friar's mediation. The well-meaning prieſt ſuffered him to deceive himſelf, fully determined to traverſe his views, inſtead of ſeconding them.

Since we now underſtand one another, reſumed the prince, I expect, father, that you ſatisfy me in one point. Who is the youth that we found in the vault? He muſt have been privy to Iſabella's flight: tell me truly; is he her lover? or is he an agent for another's paſſion? I have often ſuſpected Iſabella's indifference to my ſon: a thouſand circumſtances crowd on my mind that confirm that ſuſpicion. She herſelf was ſo conſcious of it, that, while I diſcourſed her in the gallery, ſhe outran my ſuſpicions, and endeavoured to juſtify herſelf from coolneſs to Conrad. The friar, who knew nothing of the youth but what he had learnt occaſionally from the princeſs, ignorant what was become of him, and not ſufficiently reflecting on the impetuoſity of Manfred's temper, conceived that it might not be amiſs to ſow the ſeeds of jealouſy in his mind: they might be turned to ſome uſe hereafter, either by prejudicing the prince againſt Iſabella, if he perſiſted in that union; or, by diverting his attention to a wrong ſcent, and employing his thoughts on a viſionary intrigue, prevent his engaging in any new purſuit. With this unhappy policy, he anſwered in a manner to confirm Manfred in the belief of ſome connection between Iſabella and the youth. The prince, whoſe paſſions wanted little fuel to throw them into a blaze, fell into a rage at the idea of what the friar ſuggeſted. I will fathom to the bottom of this intrigue, cried he; and quitting Jerome abruptly, with a command to remain there till his return, he haſtened to the great hall of the caſtle, and ordered the peaſant to be brought before him.

Thou hardened young impoſtor! ſaid the prince, as ſoon as he ſaw the youth; what becomes of thy boaſted veracity now? It was Providence, was it, and the light of the moon, that diſcovered the lock of the trap-door to thee? Tell me, audacious boy, who thou art, and how long thou haſt been acquainted with the princeſs—and take care to anſwer with leſs equivocation than thou didſt laſt night, or tortures ſhall wring the truth from thee. The young man, perceiving that his ſhare in the flight of the princeſs was diſcovered, and concluding that any thing he ſhould ſay could no longer be of ſervice or detriment to her, replied, I am no impoſtor, my lord; nor have I deſerved opprobrious language. I anſwered to every queſtion your highneſs put to me laſt night with the ſame veracity that I ſhall ſpeak now: and that will not be from fear of your tortures, but becauſe my ſoul abhors a falſehood.

Pleaſe

Pleaſe to repeat your queſtions, my lord; I am ready to give you all the ſatisfaction in my power. You know my queſtions, replied the prince, and only want time to prepare an evaſion. Speak directly; who art thou? and how long haſt thou been known to the princeſs? I am a labourer at the next village, ſaid the peaſant; my name is Theodore. The princeſs found me in the vault laſt night: before that hour I never was in her preſence.—I may believe as much or as little as I pleaſe of this, ſaid Manfred; but I will hear thy own ſtory, before I examine into the truth of it. Tell me, what reaſon did the princeſs give thee for making her eſcape? Thy life depends on thy anſwer. She told me, replied Theodore, that ſhe was on the brink of deſtruction; and that, if ſhe could not eſcape from the caſtle, ſhe was in danger in a few moments of being made miſerable for ever. And on this ſlight foundation, on a ſilly girl's report, ſaid Manfred, thou didſt hazard my diſpleaſure? I fear no man's diſpleaſure, ſaid Theodore, when a woman in diſtreſs puts herſelf under my protection.—During this examination, Matilda was going to the apartment of Hippolita. At the upper end of the hall, where Manfred ſat, was a boarded gallery with latticed windows, through which Matilda and Bianca were to paſs. Hearing her father's voice, and ſeeing the ſervants aſſembled round him, ſhe ſtopped to learn the occaſion. The priſoner ſoon drew her attention: the ſteady and compoſed manner in which he anſwered, and the gallantry of his laſt reply, which were the firſt words ſhe heard diſtinctly, intereſted her in his favour. His perſon was noble, handſome and commanding, even in that ſituation: but his countenance ſoon engroſſed her whole care. Heavens! Bianca, ſaid the princeſs ſoftly, do I dream? or is not that youth the exact reſemblance of Alfonſo's picture in the gallery? She could ſay no more, for her father's voice grew louder at every word. This bravado, ſaid he, ſurpaſſes all thy former inſolence. Thou ſhalt experience the wrath with which thou dareſt to trifle. Seize him, continued Manfred, and bind him—the firſt news the princeſs hears of her champion ſhall be, that he has loſt his head for her ſake. The injuſtice of which thou art guilty towards me, ſaid Theodore, convinces me that I have done a good deed in delivering the princeſs from thy tyranny. May ſhe be happy, whatever becomes of me!—This is a lover! cried Manfred in a rage: a peaſant within ſight of death is not animated by ſuch ſentiments. Tell me, tell me, raſh boy, who thou art, or the rack ſhall force thy ſecret from thee. Thou haſt threatened me with death already, ſaid the youth, for the truth

I have told thee: if that is all the encouragement I am to expect for ſincerity, I am not tempted to indulge thy vain curioſity farther. Then thou wilt not ſpeak? ſaid Manfred. I will not, replied he. Bear him away into the court-yard, ſaid Manfred; I will ſee his head this inſtant ſevered from his body.—Matilda fainted at hearing thoſe words. Bianca ſhrieked, and cried, Help! help! the princeſs is dead! Manfred ſtarted at this ejaculation, and demanded what was the matter. The young peaſant, who heard it too, was ſtruck with horror, and aſked eagerly the ſame queſtion; but Manfred ordered him to be hurried into the court, and kept there for execution, till he had informed himſelf of the cauſe of Bianca's ſhrieks. When he learned the meaning, he treated it as a womaniſh panic; and ordering Matilda to be carried to her apartment, he ruſhed into the court, and, calling for one of his guards, bade Theodore kneel down and prepare to receive the fatal blow.

The undaunted youth received the bitter ſentence with a reſignation that touched every heart but Manfred's. He wiſhed earneſtly to know the meaning of the words he had heard relating to the princeſs; but, fearing to exaſperate the tyrant more againſt her, he deſiſted. The only boon he deigned to aſk was, that he might be permitted to have a confeſſor, and make his peace with heaven. Manfred, who hoped by the confeſſor's means to come at the youth's hiſtory, readily granted his requeſt: and being convinced that father Jerome was now in his intereſt, he ordered him to be called and ſhrieve the priſoner. The holy man, who had little foreſeen the cataſtrophe that his imprudence occaſioned, fell on his knees to the prince, and adjured him in the moſt ſolemn manner not to ſhed innocent blood. He accuſed himſelf in the bittereſt terms for his indiſcretion, endeavoured to diſculpate the youth, and left no method untried to ſoften the tyrant's rage. Manfred, more incenſed than appeaſed by Jerome's interceſſion, whoſe retractation now made him ſuſpect he had been impoſed upon by both, commanded the friar to do his duty, telling him he would not allow the priſoner many minutes for confeſſion. Nor do I aſk many, my lord, ſaid the unhappy young man. My ſins, thank heaven! have not been numerous; nor exceed what might be expected at my years. Dry your tears, good father, and let us diſpatch: this is a bad world; nor have I had cauſe to leave it with regret. Oh! wretched youth! ſaid Jerome; how canſt thou bear the ſight of me with patience? I am thy murderer! It is I have brought this diſmal hour upon thee!

thee!—I forgive thee from my ſoul, ſaid the youth, as I hope heaven will pardon me. Hear my confeſſion, father; and give me thy bleſſing. How can I prepare thee for thy paſſage, as I ought? ſaid Jerome. Thou canſt not be ſaved without pardoning thy foes—and canſt thou forgive that impious man there? I can, ſaid Theodore; I do.---And does not this touch thee, cruel prince? ſaid the friar. I ſent for thee to confeſs him, ſaid Manfred ſternly; not to plead for him. Thou didſt firſt incenſe me againſt him—his blood be upon thy head!—It will! it will! ſaid the good man in an agony of ſorrow. Thou and I muſt never hope to go where this bleſſed youth is going.—Diſpatch! ſaid Manfred: I am no more to be moved by the whining of prieſts, than by the ſhrieks of women. What! ſaid the youth, is it poſſible that my fate could have occaſioned what I heard? Is the princeſs then again in thy power?—Thou doſt but remember me of my wrath, ſaid Manfred: prepare thee, for this moment is thy laſt. The youth, who felt his indignation riſe, and who was touched with the ſorrow which he ſaw he had infuſed into all the ſpectators, as well as into the friar, ſuppreſſed his emotions, and, putting off his doublet and unbuttoning his collar, knelt down to his prayers. As he ſtooped, his ſhirt ſlipped down below his ſhoulder, and diſcovered the mark of a bloody arrow. Gracious heaven! cried the holy man ſtarting, what do I ſee? It is my child! my Theodore!

The paſſions that enſued muſt be conceived; they cannot be painted. The tears of the aſſiſtants were ſuſpended by wonder, rather than ſtopped by joy. They ſeemed to enquire in the eyes of their lord what they ought to feel. Surpriſe, doubt, tenderneſs, reſpect, ſucceeded each other in the countenance of the youth. He received with modeſt ſubmiſſion the effuſion of the old man's tears and embraces: yet afraid of giving a looſe to hope, and ſuſpecting from what had paſſed the inflexibility of Manfred's temper, he caſt a glance towards the prince, as if to ſay, Canſt thou be unmoved at ſuch a ſcene as this?

Manfred's heart was capable of being touched. He forgot his anger in his aſtoniſhment; yet his pride forbad his owning himſelf affected. He even doubted whether this diſcovery was not a contrivance of the friar to ſave the youth. What may this mean? ſaid he. How can he be thy ſon? Is it conſiſtent with thy profeſſion or reputed ſanctity to avow a peaſant's offſpring

for

for the fruit of thy irregular amours?—Oh God! ſaid the holy man, doſt thou queſtion his being mine? Could I feel the anguiſh I do, if I were not his father? Spare him! good prince, ſpare him! and revile me as thou pleaſeſt.—Spare him! ſpare him! cried the attendants, for this good man's ſake!—Peace! ſaid Manfred ſternly: I muſt know more, ere I am diſpoſed to pardon. A ſaint's baſtard may be no ſaint himſelf.—Injurious lord! ſaid Theodore: add not inſult to cruelty. If I am this venerable man's ſon, though no prince as thou art, know, the blood that flows in my veins—Yes, ſaid the friar, interrupting him, his blood is noble: nor is he that abject thing, my lord, you ſpeak him. He is my lawful ſon; and Sicily can boaſt of few houſes more ancient than that of Falconara—But alas! my lord, what is blood? what is nobility? We are all reptiles, miſerable ſinful creatures. It is piety alone that can diſtinguiſh us from the duſt whence we ſprung, and whither we muſt return.—Truce to your ſermon, ſaid Manfred; you forget you are no longer friar Jerome, but the count of Falconara. Let me know your hiſtory; you will have time to moralize hereafter, if you ſhould not happen to obtain the grace of that ſturdy criminal there. Mother of God! ſaid the friar, is it poſſible my lord can refuſe a father the life of his only, his long loſt child? Trample me, my lord, ſcorn, afflict me, accept my life for his, but ſpare my ſon!—Thou canſt feel then, ſaid Manfred, what it is to loſe an only ſon? A little hour ago thou didſt preach up reſignation to me: *my* houſe, if fate ſo pleaſed, muſt periſh—but the count of Falconara—Alas! my lord, ſaid Jerome, I confeſs I have offended; but aggravate not an old man's ſufferings. I boaſt not of my family, nor think of ſuch vanities—it is nature that pleads for this boy; it is the memory of the dear woman that bore him—Is ſhe, Theodore, is ſhe dead?—Her ſoul has long been with the bleſſed, ſaid Theodore. Oh how? cried Jerome, tell me—No—ſhe is happy! Thou art all my care now!—Moſt dread lord! will you—will you grant me my poor boy's life? Return to thy convent, anſwered Manfred; conduct the princeſs hither; obey me in what elſe thou knoweſt; and I promiſe thee the life of thy ſon.——Oh! my lord, ſaid Jerome, is honeſty the price I muſt pay for this dear youth's ſafety?—For me! cried Theodore: let me die a thouſand deaths, rather than ſtain thy conſcience. What is it the tyrant would exact of thee? Is the princeſs ſafe from his power? Protect her, thou venerable old man! and let all his wrath fall on me. Jerome endeavoured to check the impetuoſity of the youth; and ere Manfred could reply, the

the trampling of horſes was heard, and a brazen trumpet, which hung without the gate of the caſtle, was ſuddenly ſounded. At the ſame inſtant the ſable plumes on the enchanted helmet, which ſtill remained at the other end of the court, were tempeſtuouſly agitated, and nodded thrice, as if bowed by ſome inviſible wearer.

CHAP. III.

MANFRED's heart miſgave him when he beheld the plumage on the miraculous caſque ſhaken in concert with the ſounding of the brazen trumpet. Father! ſaid he to Jerome, whom he now ceaſed to treat as count of Falconara, what mean theſe portents? If I have offended—[the plumes were ſhaken with greater violence than before] Unhappy prince that I am! cried Manfred—Holy father! will you not aſſiſt me with your prayers?—My lord, replied Jerome, heaven is no doubt diſpleaſed with your mockery of its ſervants. Submit yourſelf to the church; and ceaſe to perſecute her miniſters. Diſmiſs this innocent youth; and learn to reſpect the holy character I wear: heaven will not be trifled with: you ſee—[the trumpet ſounded again] I acknowledge I have been too haſty, ſaid Manfred. Father, do you go to the wicket, and demand who is at the gate. Do you grant me the life of Theodore? replied the friar. I do, ſaid Manfred; but enquire who is without.

Jerome, falling on the neck of his ſon, diſcharged a flood of tears, that ſpoke the fulneſs of his ſoul. You promiſed to go to the gate, ſaid Manfred. I thought, replied the friar, your highneſs would excuſe my thanking you firſt in this tribute of my heart. Go, deareſt ſir, ſaid Theodore, obey the prince; I do not deſerve that you ſhould delay his ſatisfaction for me.

Jerome, enquiring who was without, was anſwered, A herald. From whom? ſaid he. From the knight of the gigantic ſabre, ſaid the herald: and I muſt ſpeak with the uſurper of Otranto. Jerome returned to the prince, and did not fail to repeat the meſſage in the very words it had been uttered. The firſt ſounds ſtruck Manfred with terror; but when he heard

himſelf ſtyled uſurper, his rage rekindled, and all his courage revived. Uſurper! —Inſolent villain! cried he, who dares to queſtion my title? Retire, father; this is no buſineſs for monks: I will meet this preſumptuous man myſelf. Go to your convent, and prepare the princeſs's return: your ſon ſhall be a hoſtage for your fidelity: his life depends on your obedience.—Good heaven! my lord, cried Jerome, your highneſs did but this inſtant freely pardon my child—have you ſo ſoon forgot the interpoſition of heaven?—Heaven, replied Manfred, does not ſend heralds to queſtion the title of a lawful prince—I doubt whether it even notifies its will through friars—but that is your affair, not mine. At preſent you know my pleaſure; and it is not a ſaucy herald that ſhall ſave your ſon, if you do not return with the princeſs.

It was in vain for the holy man to reply. Manfred commanded him to be conducted to the poſtern-gate, and ſhut out from the caſtle: and he ordered ſome of his attendants to carry Theodore to the top of the black tower, and guard him ſtrictly; ſcarce permitting the father and ſon to exchange a haſty embrace at parting. He then withdrew to the hall, and, ſeating himſelf in princely ſtate, ordered the herald to be admitted to his preſence.

Well, thou inſolent! ſaid the prince, what wouldſt thou with me? I come, replied he, to thee, Manfred, uſurper of the principality of Otranto, from the renowned and invincible knight, the knight of the gigantic ſabre: in the name of his lord, Frederic marquis of Vicenza, he demands the lady Iſabella, daughter of that prince, whom thou haſt baſely and traitorouſly got into thy power, by bribing her falſe guardians during his abſence: and he requires thee to reſign the principality of Otranto, which thou haſt uſurped from the ſaid lord Frederic, the neareſt of blood to the laſt rightful lord Alfonſo the Good. If thou doſt not inſtantly comply with theſe juſt demands, he defies thee to ſingle combat to the laſt extremity. And ſo ſaying, the herald caſt down his warder.

And where is this braggart, who ſends thee? ſaid Manfred. At the diſtance of a league, ſaid the herald: he comes to make good his lord's claim againſt thee, as he is a true knight, and thou an uſurper and raviſher.

Injurious as this challenge was, Manfred reflected that it was not his intereſt to provoke the marquis. He knew how well-founded the claim of Frederic

Frederic was; nor was this the firſt time he had heard of it. Frederic's anceſtors had aſſumed the ſtyle of princes of Otranto, from the death of Alfonſo the Good without iſſue: but Manfred, his father, and grandfather, had been too powerful for the houſe of Vicenza to diſpoſſeſs them. Frederic, a martial and amorous young prince, had married a beautiful young lady, of whom he was enamoured, and who had died in childbed of Iſabella. Her death affected him ſo much, that he had taken the croſs and gone to the Holy Land, where he was wounded in an engagement againſt the infidels, made priſoner, and reported to be dead. When the news reached Manfred's ears, he bribed the guardians of the lady Iſabella to deliver her up to him as a bride for his ſon Conrad; by which alliance he had purpoſed to unite the claims of the two houſes. This motive, on Conrad's death, had co-operated to make him ſo ſuddenly reſolve on eſpouſing her himſelf; and the ſame reflection determined him now to endeavour at obtaining the conſent of Frederic to this marriage. A like policy inſpired him with the thought of inviting Frederic's champion into his caſtle, leſt he ſhould be informed of Iſabella's flight, which he ſtrictly enjoined his domeſtics not to diſcloſe to any of the knight's retinue.

Herald, ſaid Manfred, as ſoon as he had digeſted theſe reflections, return to thy maſter, and tell him, ere we liquidate our differences by the ſword, Manfred would hold ſome converſe with him. Bid him welcome to my caſtle, where, by my faith, as I am a true knight, he ſhall have courteous reception, and full ſecurity for himſelf and followers. If we cannot adjuſt our quarrel by amicable means, I ſwear he ſhall depart in ſafety, and ſhall have full ſatisfaction according to the law of arms: ſo help me God and his holy Trinity!—The herald made three obeiſances, and retired.

During this interview Jerome's mind was agitated by a thouſand contrary paſſions. He trembled for the life of his ſon, and his firſt idea was to perſuade Iſabella to return to the caſtle. Yet he was ſcarce leſs alarmed at the thought of her union with Manfred. He dreaded Hippolita's unbounded ſubmiſſion to the will of her lord: and though he did not doubt but he could alarm her piety not to conſent to a divorce, if he could get acceſs to her; yet ſhould Manfred diſcover that the obſtruction came from him, it might be equally fatal to Theodore. He was impatient to know whence

came the herald, who with ſo little management had queſtioned the title of Manfred: yet he did not dare abſent himſelf from the convent, leſt Iſabella ſhould leave it, and her flight be imputed to him. He returned diſconſolately to the monaſtery, uncertain on what conduct to reſolve. A monk, who met him in the porch and obſerved his melancholy air, ſaid, Alas! brother, is it then true that we have loſt our excellent princeſs Hippolita? The holy man ſtarted, and cried, What meaneſt thou, brother? I come this inſtant from the caſtle, and left her in perfect health. Martelli, replied the other friar, paſſed by the convent but a quarter of an hour ago on his way from the caſtle, and reported that her highneſs was dead. All our brethren are gone to the chapel to pray for her happy tranſit to a better life, and willed me to wait thy arrival. They know thy holy attachment to that good lady, and are anxious for the affliction it will cauſe in thee—Indeed we have all reaſon to weep; ſhe was a mother to our houſe—But this life is but a pilgrimage; we muſt not murmur—we ſhall all follow her; may our end be like hers!—Good brother, thou dreameſt, ſaid Jerome: I tell thee I come from the caſtle, and left the princeſs well—Where is the lady Iſabella?—Poor gentlewoman! replied the friar; I told her the ſad news, and offered her ſpiritual comfort; I reminded her of the tranſitory condition of mortality, and adviſed her to take the veil:—I quoted the example of the holy princeſs Sanchia of Arragon.—Thy zeal was laudable, ſaid Jerome impatiently; but at preſent it was unneceſſary: Hippolita is well—at leaſt I truſt in the Lord ſhe is; I heard nothing to the contrary—Yet methinks, the prince's earneſtneſs—Well, brother, but where is the lady Iſabella?—I know not, ſaid the friar: ſhe wept much, and ſaid ſhe would retire to her chamber. Jerome left his comrade abruptly, and haſted to the princeſs, but ſhe was not in her chamber. He enquired of the domeſtics of the convent, but could learn no news of her. He ſearched in vain throughout the monaſtery and the church, and diſpatched meſſengers round the neighbourhood, to get intelligence if ſhe had been ſeen; but to no purpoſe. Nothing could equal the good man's perplexity. He judged that Iſabella, ſuſpecting Manfred of having precipitated his wife's death, had taken the alarm, and withdrawn herſelf to ſome more ſecret place of concealment. This new flight would probably carry the prince's fury to the height. The report of Hippolita's death, though it ſeemed almoſt incredible, increaſed his conſternation; and though Iſabella's eſcape beſpoke her averſion of Manfred for a huſband, Jerome could feel no comfort

comfort from it, while it endangered the life of his ſon. He determined to return to the caſtle, and made ſeveral of his brethren accompany him, to atteſt his innocence to Manfred, and, if neceſſary, join their interceſſion with his for Theodore.

The prince, in the mean time, had paſſed into the court, and ordered the gates of the caſtle to be flung open for the reception of the ſtranger knight and his train. In a few minutes the cavalcade arrived. Firſt came two harbingers with wands. Next a herald, followed by two pages and two trumpets. Then an hundred foot-guards. Theſe were attended by as many horſe. After them fifty footmen, clothed in ſcarlet and black, the colours of the knight. Then a led horſe. Two heralds on each ſide of a gentleman on horſeback bearing a banner with the arms of Vicenza and Otranto quarterly—a circumſtance that much offended Manfred—but he ſtifled his reſentment. Two more pages. The knight's confeſſor telling his beads. Fifty more footmen, clad as before. Two knights habited in complete armour, their beavers down, comrades to the principal knight. The 'ſquires of the two knights, carrying their ſhields and devices. The knight's own 'ſquire. An hundred gentlemen bearing an enormous ſword, and ſeeming to faint under the weight of it. The knight himſelf on a cheſnut ſteed, in complete armour, his lance in the reſt, his face entirely concealed by his vizor, which was ſurmounted by a large plume of ſcarlet and black feathers. Fifty foot-guards with drums and trumpets cloſed the proceſſion, which wheeled off to the right and left to make room for the principal knight.

As ſoon as he approached the gate, he ſtopped; and the herald advancing, read again the words of the challenge. Manfred's eyes were fixed on the gigantic ſword, and he ſcarce ſeemed to attend to the cartel: but his attention was ſoon diverted by a tempeſt of wind that roſe behind him. He turned, and beheld the plumes of the enchanted helmet agitated in the ſame extraordinary manner as before. It required intrepidity like Manfred's not to ſink under a concurrence of circumſtances that ſeemed to announce his fate. Yet ſcorning in the preſence of ſtrangers to betray the courage he had always manifeſted, he ſaid boldly, Sir knight, whoever thou art, I bid thee welcome. If thou art of mortal mould, thy valour ſhall meet its equal: and if thou art a true knight, thou wilt ſcorn to employ ſorcery to carry thy point.

Be theſe omens from heaven or hell, Manfred truſts to the righteouſneſs of his cauſe and to the aid of ſaint Nicholas, who has ever protected his houſe. Alight, ſir knight, and repoſe thyſelf. To-morrow thou ſhalt have a fair field; and heaven befriend the juſter ſide!

The knight made no reply, but, diſmounting, was conducted by Manfred to the great hall of the caſtle. As they traverſed the court, the knight ſtopped to gaze at the miraculous caſque; and, kneeling down, ſeemed to pray inwardly for ſome minutes. Riſing, he made a ſign to the prince to lead on. As ſoon as they entered the hall, Manfred propoſed to the ſtranger to diſarm; but the knight ſhook his head in token of refuſal. Sir knight, ſaid Manfred, this is not courteous; but by my good faith I will not croſs thee! nor ſhalt thou have cauſe to complain of the prince of Otranto. No treachery is deſigned on my part: I hope none is intended on thine. Here take my gage: [giving him his ring] your friends and you ſhall enjoy the laws of hoſpitality. Reſt here until refreſhments are brought: I will but give orders for the accommodation of your train, and return to you. The three knights bowed, as accepting his courteſy. Manfred directed the ſtranger's retinue to be conducted to an adjacent hoſpital, founded by the princeſs Hippolita for the reception of pilgrims. As they made the circuit of the court to return towards the gate, the gigantic ſword burſt from the ſupporters, and, falling to the ground oppoſite to the helmet, remained immoveable. Manfred, almoſt hardened to preternatural appearances, ſurmounted the ſhock of this new prodigy; and returning to the hall, where by this time the feaſt was ready, he invited his ſilent gueſts to take their places. Manfred, however ill his heart was at eaſe, endeavoured to inſpire the company with mirth. He put ſeveral queſtions to them, but was anſwered only by ſigns. They raiſed their vizors but ſufficiently to feed themſelves, and that ſparingly. Sirs, ſaid the prince, ye are the firſt gueſts I ever treated within theſe walls, who ſcorned to hold any intercourſe with me: nor has it oft been cuſtomary, I ween, for princes to hazard their ſtate and dignity againſt ſtrangers and mutes. You ſay you come in the name of Frederic of Vicenza: I have ever heard that he was a gallant and courteous knight; nor would he, I am bold to ſay, think it beneath him to mix in ſocial converſe with a prince that is his equal, and not unknown by deeds in arms.—Still ye are ſilent—Well! be it as it may—by the laws of hoſpitality and chivalry ye are maſters under this

this roof: ye ſhall do your pleaſure—but come, give me a goblet of wine; ye will not refuſe to pledge me to the healths of your fair miſtreſſes. The principal knight ſighed and croſſed himſelf, and was riſing from the board—Sir knight, ſaid Manfred, what I ſaid was but in ſport: I ſhall conſtrain you in nothing: uſe your good liking. Since mirth is not your mood, let us be ſad. Buſineſs may hit your fancies better: let us withdraw; and hear if what I have to unfold may be better reliſhed than the vain efforts I have made for your paſtime.

Manfred, then, conducting the three knights into an inner chamber, ſhut the door, and, inviting them to be ſeated, began thus, addreſſing himſelf to the chief perſonage:

You come, ſir knight, as I underſtand, in the name of the marquis of Vicenza, to re-demand the lady Iſabella his daughter, who has been contracted in the face of holy church to my ſon, by the conſent of her legal guardians; and to require me to reſign my dominions to your lord, who gives himſelf for the neareſt of blood to prince Alfonſo, whoſe ſoul God reſt! I ſhall ſpeak to the latter article of your demands firſt. You muſt know, your lord knows, that I enjoy the principality of Otranto from my father Don Manuel, as he received it from his father Don Ricardo. Alfonſo, their predeceſſor, dying childleſs in the Holy Land, bequeathed his eſtates to my grandfather Don Ricardo, in conſideration of his faithful ſervices—[The ſtranger ſhook his head]—Sir knight, ſaid Manfred warmly, Ricardo was a valiant and upright man; he was a pious man; witneſs his munificent foundation of the adjoining church and two convents. He was peculiarly patronized by ſaint Nicholas—My grandfather was incapable—I ſay, ſir, Don Ricardo was incapable—Excuſe me, your interruption has diſordered me—I venerate the memory of my grandfather—Well, ſirs! he held this eſtate; he held it by his good ſword, and by the favour of ſaint Nicholas—ſo did my father; and ſo, ſirs, will I, come what come will.—But Frederic, your lord, is neareſt in blood—I have conſented to put my title to the iſſue of the ſword—does that imply a vitious title? I might have aſked, where is Frederic, your lord? Report ſpeaks him dead in captivity. You ſay, your actions ſay, he lives—I queſtion it not—I might, ſirs, I might—but I do not. Other princes would bid Frederic take his inheritance by force, if he can: they would

would not ſtake their dignity on a ſingle combat: they would not ſubmit it to the deciſion of unknown mutes! Pardon me, gentlemen, I am too warm: but ſuppoſe yourſelves in my ſituation: as ye are ſtout knights, would it not move your choler to have your own and the honour of your anceſtors called in queſtion?—But to the point. Ye require me to deliver up the lady Iſabella—Sirs, I muſt aſk if ye are authorized to receive her? [The knight nodded.] Receive her—continued Manfred: Well! you are authorized to receive her—But, gentle knight, may I aſk if you have full powers? [The knight nodded.] 'Tis well, ſaid Manfred: then hear what I have to offer—Ye ſee, gentlemen, before you the moſt unhappy of men! [he began to weep] afford me your compaſſion; I am entitled to it; indeed I am. Know, I have loſt my only hope, my joy, the ſupport of my houſe—Conrad died yeſtermorning. [The knights diſcovered ſigns of ſurpriſe.] Yes, ſirs, fate has diſpoſed of my ſon. Iſabella is at liberty.—Do you then reſtore her, cried the chief knight, breaking ſilence. Afford me your patience, ſaid Manfred. I rejoice to find, by this teſtimony of your good-will, that this matter may be adjuſted without blood. It is no intereſt of mine dictates what little I have farther to ſay. Ye behold in me a man diſguſted with the world: the loſs of my ſon has weaned me from earthly cares. Power and greatneſs have no longer any charms in my eyes. I wiſhed to tranſmit the ſceptre I had received from my anceſtors with honour to my ſon—but that is over! Life itſelf is ſo indifferent to me, that I accepted your defiance with joy: a good knight cannot go to the grave with more ſatisfaction than when falling in his vocation. Whatever is the will of heaven, I ſubmit; for, alas! ſirs, I am a man of many ſorrows. Manfred is no object of envy—but no doubt you are acquainted with my ſtory. [The knight made ſigns of ignorance, and ſeemed curious to have Manfred proceed.] Is it poſſible, ſirs, continued the prince, that my ſtory ſhould be a ſecret to you? Have you heard nothing relating to me and the princeſs Hippolita? [They ſhook their heads]—No! Thus then, ſirs, it is. You think me ambitious: ambition, alas, is compoſed of more rugged materials. If I were ambitious, I ſhould not for ſo many years have been a prey to the hell of conſcientious ſcruples—But I weary your patience: I will be brief. Know then, that I have long been troubled in mind on my union with the princeſs Hippolita.—Oh! ſirs, if ye were acquainted with that excellent woman! if ye knew that I adore her like a miſtreſs, and cheriſh her as a friend—But man was not born for perfect happineſs! She ſhares my

ſcruples, and with her conſent I have brought this matter before the church, for we are related within the forbidden degrees. I expect every hour the definitive ſentence that muſt ſeparate us forever. I am ſure you feel for me—I ſee you do—Pardon theſe tears! [The knights gazed on each other, wondering where this would end.] Manfred continued: The death of my ſon betiding while my ſoul was under this anxiety, I thought of nothing but reſigning my dominions, and retiring forever from the ſight of mankind. My only difficulty was to fix on a ſucceſſor, who would be tender of my people, and to diſpoſe of the lady Iſabella, who is dear to me as my own blood. I was willing to reſtore the line of Alfonſo, even in his moſt diſtant kindred: and though, pardon me, I am ſatisfied it was his will that Ricardo's lineage ſhould take place of his own relations; yet, where was I to ſearch for thoſe relations? I knew of none but Frederic, your lord: he was a captive to the infidels, or dead; and were he living, and at home, would he quit the flouriſhing ſtate of Vicenza for the inconſiderable principality of Otranto? If he would not, could I bear the thought of ſeeing a hard unfeeling viceroy ſet over my poor faithful people?—for, ſirs, I love my people, and thank heaven am beloved by them.—But ye will aſk, Whither tends this long diſcourſe? Briefly then, thus, ſirs. Heaven in your arrival ſeems to point out a remedy for theſe difficulties and my misfortunes. The lady Iſabella is at liberty: I ſhall ſoon be ſo. I would ſubmit to any thing for the good of my people—Were it not the beſt, the only way to extinguiſh the feuds between our families, if I were to take the lady Iſabella to wife?—You ſtart—But though Hippolita's virtues will ever be dear to me, a prince muſt not conſider himſelf; he is born for his people.—A ſervant at that inſtant entering the chamber, apprized Manfred that Jerome and ſeveral of his brethren demanded immediate acceſs to him.

The prince, provoked at this interruption, and fearing that the friar would diſcover to the ſtrangers that Iſabella had taken ſanctuary, was going to forbid Jerome's entrance. But recollecting that he was certainly arrived to notify the princeſs's return, Manfred began to excuſe himſelf to the knights for leaving them for a few moments, but was prevented by the arrival of the friars. Manfred angrily reprimanded them for their intruſion, and would have forced them back from the chamber; but Jerome was too much agitated to be repulſed. He declared aloud the flight of Iſabella, with proteſtations

ations of his own innocence. Manfred, diſtracted at the news, and not leſs at its coming to the knowledge of the ſtrangers, uttered nothing but incoherent ſentences, now upbraiding the friar, now apologizing to the knights, earneſt to know what was become of Iſabella, yet equally afraid of their knowing, impatient to purſue her, yet dreading to have them join in the purſuit. He offered to diſpatch meſſengers in queſt of her:—but the chief knight, no longer keeping ſilence, reproached Manfred in bitter terms for his dark and ambiguous dealing, and demanded the cauſe of Iſabella's firſt abſence from the caſtle. Manfred, caſting a ſtern look at Jerome, implying a command of ſilence, pretended that on Conrad's death he had placed her in ſanctuary until he could determine how to diſpoſe of her. Jerome, who trembled for his ſon's life, did not dare contradict this falſehood; but one of his brethren, not under the ſame anxiety, declared frankly that ſhe had fled to their church in the preceding night. The prince in vain endeavoured to ſtop this diſcovery, which overwhelmed him with ſhame and confuſion. The principal ſtranger, amazed at the contradictions he heard, and more than half perſuaded that Manfred had ſecreted the princeſs, notwithſtanding the concern he expreſſed at her flight, ruſhing to the door, ſaid, Thou traitor-prince! Iſabella ſhall be found. Manfred endeavoured to hold him; but the other knights aſſiſting their comrade, he broke from the prince, and haſtened into the court, demanding his attendants. Manfred, finding it in vain to divert him from the purſuit, offered to accompany him; and ſummoning his attendants, and taking Jerome and ſome of the friars to guide them, they iſſued from the caſtle; Manfred privately giving orders to have the knight's company ſecured, while to the knight he affected to diſpatch a meſſenger to require their aſſiſtance.

The company had no ſooner quitted the caſtle, than Matilda, who felt herſelf deeply intereſted for the young peaſant, ſince ſhe had ſeen him condemned to death in the hall, and whoſe thoughts had been taken up with concerting meaſures to ſave him, was informed by ſome of the female attendants that Manfred had diſpatched all his men various ways in purſuit of Iſabella. He had in his hurry given this order in general terms, not meaning to extend it to the guard he had ſet upon Theodore, but forgetting it. The domeſtics, officious to obey ſo peremptory a prince, and urged by their own curioſity and love of novelty to join in any precipitate chace, had to a

man left the caſtle. Matilda diſengaged herſelf from her women, ſtole up to the black tower, and, unbolting the door, preſented herſelf to the aſtoniſhed Theodore. Young man, ſaid ſhe, though filial duty and womanly modeſty condemn the ſtep I am taking, yet holy charity, ſurmounting all other ties, juſtifies this act. Fly; the doors of thy priſon are open: my father and his domeſtics are abſent; but they may ſoon return: begone in ſafety; and may the angels of heaven direct thy courſe!—Thou art ſurely one of thoſe angels! ſaid the enraptured Theodore: none but a bleſſed ſaint could ſpeak, could act, could look like thee!—May I not know the name of my divine protectreſs? Methought thou namedſt thy father: is it poſſible? can Manfred's blood feel holy pity?—Lovely lady, thou anſwereſt not—But how art thou here thyſelf? Why doſt thou neglect thy own ſafety, and waſte a thought on a wretch like Theodore? Let us fly together: the life thou beſtoweſt ſhall be dedicated to thy defence. Alas! thou miſtakeſt, ſaid Matilda ſighing: I am Manfred's daughter, but no dangers await me. Amazement! ſaid Theodore: but laſt night I bleſſed myſelf for yielding thee the ſervice thy gracious compaſſion ſo charitably returns me now. Still thou art in an error, ſaid the princeſs; but this is no time for explanation. Fly, virtuous youth, while it is in my power to ſave thee: ſhould my father return, thou and I both ſhould indeed have cauſe to tremble. How? ſaid Theodore: thinkeſt thou, charming maid, that I will accept of life at the hazard of aught calamitous to thee? Better I endured a thouſand deaths——I run no riſk, ſaid Matilda, but by thy delay. Depart: it cannot be known that I aſſiſted thy flight. Swear by the ſaints above, ſaid Theodore, that thou canſt not be ſuſpected; elſe here I vow to await whatever can befall me. Oh! thou art too generous, ſaid Matilda; but reſt aſſured that no ſuſpicion can alight on me. Give me thy beauteous hand in token that thou doſt not deceive me, ſaid Theodore; and let me bathe it with the warm tears of gratitude.—Forbear, ſaid the princeſs: this muſt not be.—Alas! ſaid Theodore, I have never known but calamity until this hour—perhaps ſhall never know other fortune again: ſuffer the chaſte raptures of holy gratitude: 'tis my ſoul would print its effuſions on thy hand.—Forbear, and begone, ſaid Matilda: how would Iſabella approve of ſeeing thee at my feet? Who is Iſabella? ſaid the young man with ſurpriſe. Ah me! I fear, ſaid the princeſs, I am ſerving a deceitful one! Haſt thou forgot thy curioſity this morning?—Thy looks, thy actions, all thy beauteous ſelf ſeems an emanation of divinity,

ſaid Theodore, but thy words are dark and myſterious——Speak, lady, ſpeak to thy ſervant's comprehenſion.—Thou underſtandeſt but too well, ſaid Matilda: but once more I command thee to be gone: thy blood, which I may preſerve, will be on my head, if I waſte the time in vain diſcourſe. I go, lady, ſaid Theodore, becauſe it is thy will, and becauſe I would not bring the grey hairs of my father with ſorrow to the grave. Say but, adored lady, that I have thy gentle pity.—Stay, ſaid Matilda; I will conduct thee to the ſubterraneous vault by which Iſabella eſcaped; it will lead thee to the church of ſaint Nicholas, where thou mayſt take ſanctuary.—What! ſaid Theodore, was it another, and not thy lovely ſelf, that I aſſiſted to find the ſubterraneous paſſage? It was, ſaid Matilda: but aſk no more; I tremble to ſee thee ſtill abide here: fly to the ſanctuary.—To ſanctuary! ſaid Theodore: No, princeſs; ſanctuaries are for helpleſs damſels, or for criminals. Theodore's ſoul is free from guilt, nor will wear the appearance of it. Give me a ſword, lady, and thy father ſhall learn that Theodore ſcorns an ignominious flight. Raſh youth! ſaid Matilda, thou wouldſt not dare to lift thy preſumptuous arm againſt the prince of Otranto? Not againſt *thy* father; indeed I dare not, ſaid Theodore: excuſe me, lady; I had forgotten—but could I gaze on thee, and remember thou art ſprung from the tyrant Manfred?—But he is thy father, and from this moment my injuries are buried in oblivion. A deep and hollow groan, which ſeemed to come from above, ſtartled the princeſs and Theodore. Good heaven! we are overheard! ſaid the princeſs. They liſtened; but perceiving no farther noiſe, they both concluded it the effect of pent-up vapours: and the princeſs, preceding Theodore ſoftly, carried him to her father's armoury; where equipping him with a complete ſuit, he was conducted by Matilda to the poſtern-gate. Avoid the town, ſaid the princeſs, and all the weſtern ſide of the caſtle: 'tis there the ſearch muſt be making by Manfred and the ſtrangers: but hie thee to the oppoſite quarter. Yonder, behind that foreſt to the eaſt is a chain of rocks, hollowed into a labyrinth of caverns that reach to the ſea-coaſt. There thou mayſt lie concealed, till thou canſt make ſigns to ſome veſſel to put on ſhore and take thee off. Go! heaven be thy guide!—and ſometimes in thy prayers remember—Matilda!—Theodore flung himſelf at her feet, and ſeizing her lily hand, which with ſtruggles ſhe ſuffered him to kiſs, he vowed on the earlieſt opportunity to get himſelf knighted, and fervently entreated her permiſſion to ſwear himſelf eternally her knight.—Ere the princeſs could reply, a clap of thun-

der was ſuddenly heard, that ſhook the battlements. Theodore, regardleſs of the tempeſt, would have urged his ſuit; but the princeſs, diſmayed, retreated haſtily into the caſtle, and commanded the youth to be gone, with an air that would not be diſobeyed. He ſighed, and retired, but with eyes fixed on the gate, until Matilda cloſing it put an end to an interview, in which the hearts of both had drunk ſo deeply of a paſſion which both now taſted for the firſt time.

Theodore went penſively to the convent, to acquaint his father with his deliverance. There he learned the abſence of Jerome, and the purſuit that was making after the lady Iſabella, with ſome particulars of whoſe ſtory he now firſt became acquainted. The generous gallantry of his nature prompted him to wiſh to aſſiſt her; but the monks could lend him no lights to gueſs at the route ſhe had taken. He was not tempted to wander far in ſearch of her; for the idea of Matilda had imprinted itſelf ſo ſtrongly on his heart, that he could not bear to abſent himſelf at much diſtance from her abode. The tenderneſs Jerome had expreſſed for him concurred to confirm this reluctance; and he even perſuaded himſelf that filial affection was the chief cauſe of his hovering between the caſtle and monaſtery. Until Jerome ſhould return at night, Theodore at length determined to repair to the foreſt that Matilda had pointed out to him. Arriving there, he ſought the gloomieſt ſhades, as beſt ſuited to the pleaſing melancholy that reigned in his mind. In this mood he roved inſenſibly to the caves which had formerly ſerved as a retreat to hermits, and were now reported round the country to be haunted by evil ſpirits. He recollected to have heard this tradition; and being of a brave and adventurous diſpoſition, he willingly indulged his curioſity in exploring the ſecret receſſes of this labyrinth. He had not penetrated far before he thought he heard the ſteps of ſome perſon who ſeemed to retreat before him. Theodore, though firmly grounded in all our holy faith enjoins to be believed, had no apprehenſion that good men were abandoned without cauſe to the malice of the powers of darkneſs. He thought the place more likely to be infeſted by robbers, than by thoſe infernal agents who are reported to moleſt and bewilder travellers. He had long burned with impatience to approve his valour. Drawing his ſabre, he marched ſedately onwards, ſtill directing his ſteps as the imperfect ruſtling ſound before him led the way. The armour he wore was a like indication to the perſon who avoided him. Theodore,

now convinced that he was not miſtaken, redoubled his pace, and evidently gained on the perſon that fled; whoſe haſte increaſing, Theodore came up juſt as a woman fell breathleſs before him. He haſted to raiſe her; but her terror was ſo great, that he apprehended ſhe would faint in his arms. He uſed every gentle word to diſpel her alarms, and aſſured her that, far from injuring, he would defend her at the peril of his life. The lady recovering her ſpirits from his courteous demeanour, and gazing on her protector, ſaid, Sure I have heard that voice before?—Not to my knowledge, replied Theodore, unleſs, as I conjecture, thou art the lady Iſabella.—Merciful heaven! cried ſhe, thou art not ſent in queſt of me, art thou? And ſaying thoſe words ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and beſought him not to deliver her up to Manfred. To Manfred! cried Theodore—No, lady: I have once already delivered thee from his tyranny, and it ſhall fare hard with me now, but I will place thee out of the reach of his daring. Is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe, that thou ſhouldſt be the generous unknown whom I met laſt night in the vault of the caſtle? Sure thou art not a mortal, but my guardian angel: on my knees let me thank—Hold, gentle princeſs, ſaid Theodore, nor demean thyſelf before a poor and friendleſs young man. If heaven has ſelected me for thy deliverer, it will accompliſh its work, and ſtrengthen my arm in thy cauſe. But come, lady, we are too near the mouth of the cavern; let us ſeek its inmoſt receſſes: I can have no tranquillity till I have placed thee beyond the reach of danger.—Alas! what mean you, ſir? ſaid ſhe. Though all your actions are noble, though your ſentiments ſpeak the purity of your ſoul, is it fitting that I ſhould accompany you alone into theſe perplexed retreats? Should we be found together, what would a cenſorious world think of my conduct?—I reſpect your virtuous delicacy, ſaid Theodore; nor do you harbour a ſuſpicion that wounds my honour. I meant to conduct you into the moſt private cavity of theſe rocks; and then, at the hazard of my life, to guard their entrance againſt every living thing. Beſides, lady, continued he, drawing a deep ſigh, beauteous and all perfect as your form is, and though my wiſhes are not guiltleſs of aſpiring, know, my ſoul is dedicated to another; and although——A ſudden noiſe prevented Theodore from proceeding. They ſoon diſtinguiſhed theſe ſounds, Iſabella! What ho! Iſabella!—The trembling princeſs relapſed into her former agony of fear. Theodore endeavoured to encourage her, but in vain. He aſſured her he would die rather than ſuffer her to return under Manfred's power; and begging her to remain

concealed, he went forth to prevent the perſon in ſearch of her from approaching.

At the mouth of the cavern he found an armed knight diſcourſing with a peaſant, who aſſured him he had ſeen a lady enter the paſſes of the rock. The knight was preparing to ſeek her, when Theodore, placing himſelf in his way, with his ſword drawn, ſternly forbad him at his peril to advance. And who art thou who dareſt to croſs my way? ſaid the knight haughtily. One who does not dare more than he will perform, ſaid Theodore. I ſeek the lady Iſabella, ſaid the knight; and underſtand ſhe has taken refuge among theſe rocks. Impede me not, or thou wilt repent having provoked my reſentment.—Thy purpoſe is as odious as thy reſentment is contemptible, ſaid Theodore. Return whence thou cameſt, or we ſhall ſoon know whoſe reſentment is moſt terrible.—The ſtranger, who was the principal knight that had arrived from the marquis of Vicenza, had galloped from Manfred as he was buſied in getting information of the princeſs, and giving various orders to prevent her falling into the power of the three knights. Their chief had ſuſpected Manfred of being privy to the princeſs's abſconding; and this inſult from a man who he concluded was ſtationed by that prince to ſecrete her, confirming his ſuſpicions, he made no reply, but, diſcharging a blow with his ſabre at Theodore, would ſoon have removed all obſtruction, if Theodore, who took him for one of Manfred's captains, and who had no ſooner given the provocation than prepared to ſupport it, had not received the ſtroke on his ſhield. The valour that had ſo long been ſmothered in his breaſt, broke forth at once: he ruſhed impetuouſly on the knight, whoſe pride and wrath were not leſs powerful incentives to hardy deeds. The combat was furious, but not long. Theodore wounded the knight in three ſeveral places, and at laſt diſarmed him as he fainted by the loſs of blood. The peaſant, who had fled on the firſt onſet, had given the alarm to ſome of Manfred's domeſtics, who by his orders were diſperſed through the foreſt in purſuit of Iſabella. They came up as the knight fell, whom they ſoon diſcovered to be the noble ſtranger. Theodore, notwithſtanding his hatred to Manfred, could not behold the victory he had gained without emotions of pity and generoſity: but he was more touched, when he learned the quality of his adverſary, and was informed that he was no retainer, but an enemy of Manfred. He aſſiſted the ſervants of the latter in diſarming the knight, and

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in endeavouring to ſtaunch the blood that flowed from his wounds. The knight, recovering his ſpeech, ſaid in a faint and faltering voice, Generous foe, we have both been in an error: I took thee for an inſtrument of the tyrant; I perceive thou haſt made the like miſtake—It is too late for excuſes—I faint.—If Iſabella is at hand, call her—I have important ſecrets to—He is dying! ſaid one of the attendants; has nobody a crucifix about them? Andrea, do thou pray over him.—Fetch ſome water, ſaid Theodore, and pour it down his throat, while I haſten to the princeſs. Saying this, he flew to Iſabella; and in few words told her modeſtly, that he had been ſo unfortunate by miſtake as to wound a gentleman from her father's court, who wiſhed ere he died to impart ſomething of conſequence to her. The princeſs, who had been tranſported at hearing the voice of Theodore as he called her to come forth, was aſtoniſhed at what ſhe heard. Suffering herſelf to be conducted by Theodore, the new proof of whoſe valour recalled her diſperſed ſpirits, ſhe came where the bleeding knight lay ſpeechleſs on the ground—but her fears returned when ſhe beheld the domeſtics of Manfred. She would again have fled, if Theodore had not made her obſerve that they were unarmed, and had not threatened them with inſtant death, if they ſhould dare to ſeize the princeſs. The ſtranger, opening his eyes, and beholding a woman, ſaid, Art thou—pray tell me truly—art thou Iſabella of Vicenza? I am, ſaid ſhe; good heaven reſtore thee!—Then thou—then thou—ſaid the knight, ſtruggling for utterance—ſeeſt—thy father!—Give me one——Oh! amazement! horror! what do I hear? what do I ſee? cried Iſabella. My father! You my father! How came you here, ſir? For heaven's ſake ſpeak!—Oh! run for help, or he will expire!—'Tis moſt true, ſaid the wounded knight, exerting all his force; I am Frederic thy father—Yes, I came to deliver thee—It will not be—Give me a parting kiſs, and take——Sir, ſaid Theodore, do not exhauſt yourſelf: ſuffer us to convey you to the caſtle.—To the caſtle! ſaid Iſabella: Is there no help nearer than the caſtle? Would you expoſe my father to the tyrant? If he goes thither, I dare not accompany him.—And yet, can I leave him?—My child, ſaid Frederic, it matters not for me whither I am carried: a few minutes will place me beyond danger: but while I have eyes to dote on thee, forſake me not, dear Iſabella! This brave knight—I know not who he is—will protect thy innocence. Sir, you will not abandon my child, will you?—Theodore, ſhedding tears over his victim, and vowing to guard the princeſs at the expence of his life, perſuaded Frede-

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ric to ſuffer himſelf to be conducted to the caſtle. They placed him on a horſe belonging to one of the domeſtics, after binding up his wounds as well as they were able. Theodore marched by his ſide; and the afflicted Iſabella, who could not bear to quit him, followed mournfully behind.

CHAP. IV.

THE ſorrowful troop no ſooner arrived at the caſtle, than they were met by Hippolita and Matilda, whom Iſabella had ſent one of the domeſtics before to advertiſe of their approach. The ladies, cauſing Frederic to be conveyed into the neareſt chamber, retired, while the ſurgeons examined his wounds. Matilda bluſhed at ſeeing Theodore and Iſabella together; but endeavoured to conceal it by embracing the latter, and condoling with her on her father's miſchance. The ſurgeons ſoon came to acquaint Hippolita that none of the marquis's wounds were dangerous; and that he was deſirous of ſeeing his daughter and the princeſſes. Theodore, under pretence of expreſſing his joy at being freed from his apprehenſions of the combat being fatal to Frederic, could not reſiſt the impulſe of following Matilda. Her eyes were ſo often caſt down on meeting his, that Iſabella, who regarded Theodore as attentively as he gazed on Matilda, ſoon divined who the object was that he had told her in the cave engaged his affections. While this mute ſcene paſſed, Hippolita demanded of Frederic the cauſe of his having taken that myſterious courſe for reclaiming his daughter; and threw in various apologies to excuſe her lord for the match contracted between their children. Frederic, however incenſed againſt Manfred, was not inſenſible to the courteſy and benevolence of Hippolita: but he was ſtill more ſtruck with the lovely form of Matilda. Wiſhing to detain them by his bed-ſide, he informed Hippolita of his ſtory. He told her, that, while priſoner to the infidels, he had dreamed that his daughter, of whom he had learned no news ſince his captivity, was detained in a caſtle, where ſhe was in danger of the moſt dreadful misfortunes; and that if he obtained his liberty, and repaired to a wood near Joppa, he would learn more. Alarmed at this dream, and incapable of obeying the direction given by it, his chains became more grievous

vous than ever. But while his thoughts were occupied on the means of obtaining his liberty, he received the agreeable news that the confederate princes, who were warring in Paleſtine, had paid his ranſom. He inſtantly ſet out for the wood that had been marked in his dream. For three days he and his attendants had wandered in the foreſt without ſeeing a human form: but on the evening of the third they came to a cell, in which they found a venerable hermit in the agonies of death. Applying rich cordials, they brought the ſaint-like man to his ſpeech. My ſons, ſaid he, I am bounden to your charity—but it is in vain—I am going to my eternal reſt—yet I die with the ſatisfaction of performing the will of heaven. When firſt I repaired to this ſolitude, after ſeeing my country become a prey to unbelievers [it is, alas! above fifty years ſince I was witneſs to that dreadful ſcene!] ſaint Nicholas appeared to me, and revealed a ſecret, which he bade me never diſcloſe to mortal man, but on my death-bed. This is that tremendous hour, and ye are no doubt the choſen warriors to whom I was ordered to reveal my truſt. As ſoon as ye have done the laſt offices to this wretched corſe, dig under the ſeventh tree on the left hand of this poor cave, and your pains will—Oh! good heaven receive my ſoul! With thoſe words the devout man breathed his laſt. By break of day, continued Frederic, when we had committed the holy relics to earth, we dug according to direction—But what was our aſtoniſhment, when about the depth of ſix feet we diſcovered an enormous ſabre—the very weapon yonder in the court! On the blade, which was then partly out of the ſcabbard, though ſince cloſed by our efforts in removing it, were written the following lines——No; excuſe me, madam, added the marquis, turning to Hippolita, if I forbear to repeat them: I reſpect your ſex and rank, and would not be guilty of offending your ear with ſounds injurious to aught that is dear to you.—He pauſed. Hippolita trembled. She did not doubt but Frederic was deſtined by heaven to accompliſh the fate that ſeemed to threaten her houſe. Looking with anxious fondneſs at Matilda, a ſilent tear ſtole down her cheek; but recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſaid, Proceed, my lord; heaven does nothing in vain: mortals muſt receive its divine beheſts with lowlineſs and ſubmiſſion. It is our part to deprecate its wrath, or bow to its decrees. Repeat the ſentence, my lord: we liſten reſigned.—Frederic was grieved that he had proceeded ſo far. The dignity and patient firmneſs of Hippolita penetrated him with reſpect, and the tender ſilent affection, with which the princeſs and her daughter regarded each other,

other, melted him almoſt to tears. Yet apprehenſive that his forbearance to obey would be more alarming, he repeated in a faltering and low voice the following lines:

Where'er a caſque that ſuits this ſword is found,
With perils is thy daughter compaſs'd round:
Alfonſo's blood alone can ſave the maid,
And quiet a long-reſtleſs prince's ſhade.

What is there in theſe lines, ſaid Theodore impatiently, that affects theſe princeſſes? Why were they to be ſhocked by a myſterious delicacy, that has ſo little foundation? Your words are rude, young man, ſaid the marquis; and though fortune has favoured you once—My honoured lord, ſaid Iſabella, who reſented Theodore's warmth, which ſhe perceived was dictated by his ſentiments for Matilda, diſcompoſe not yourſelf for the gloſing of a peaſant's ſon: he forgets the reverence he owes you; but he is not accuſtomed—Hippolita, concerned at the heat that had ariſen, checked Theodore for his boldneſs, but with an air acknowledging his zeal; and, changing the converſation, demanded of Frederic where he had left her lord? As the marquis was going to reply, they heard a noiſe without; and riſing to enquire the cauſe, Manfred, Jerome, and part of the troop, who had met an imperfect rumour of what had happened, entered the chamber. Manfred advanced haſtily towards Frederic's bed to condole with him on his misfortune, and to learn the circumſtances of the combat; when ſtarting in an agony of terror and amazement, he cried, Ha! what art thou, thou dreadful ſpectre! Is my hour come?—My deareſt, gracious lord, cried Hippolita, claſping him in her arms, what is it you ſee? Why do you fix your eye-balls thus?—What! cried Manfred breathleſs—doſt thou ſee nothing, Hippolita? Is this ghaſtly phantom ſent to me alone—to me, who did not———For mercy's ſweeteſt ſelf, my lord, ſaid Hippolita, reſume your ſoul, command your reaſon. There is none here but we, your friends.—What, is not that Alfonſo? cried Manfred: doſt thou not ſee him? Can it be my brain's delirium?—This! my lord, ſaid Hippolita; this is Theodore, the youth who has been ſo unfortunate—Theodore! ſaid Manfred mournfully, and ſtriking his forehead—Theodore, or a phantom, he has unhinged the ſoul of Manfred.—But how comes he here? and how comes he in armour? I believe he went in ſearch

of Iſabella, ſaid Hippolita. Of Iſabella? ſaid Manfred, relapſing into rage—Yes, yes, that is not doubtful—But how did he eſcape from durance in which I left him? Was it Iſabella, or this hypocritical old friar, that procured his enlargement?—And would a parent be criminal, my lord, ſaid Theodore, if he meditated the deliverance of his child? Jerome, amazed to hear himſelf in a manner accuſed by his ſon, and without foundation, knew not what to think. He could not comprehend how Theodore had eſcaped, how he came to be armed, and to encounter Frederic. Still he would not venture to aſk any queſtions that might tend to inflame Manfred's wrath againſt his ſon. Jerome's ſilence convinced Manfred that he had contrived Theodore's releaſe.—And is it thus, thou ungrateful old man, ſaid the prince, addreſſing himſelf to the friar, that thou repayeſt mine and Hippolita's bounties? And not content with traverſing my heart's neareſt wiſhes, thou armeſt thy baſtard, and bringeſt him into my own caſtle to inſult me!—My lord, ſaid Theodore, you wrong my father: nor he nor I is capable of harbouring a thought againſt your peace. Is it inſolence thus to ſurrender myſelf to your highneſs's pleaſure? added he, laying his ſword reſpectfully at Manfred's feet. Behold my boſom; ſtrike, my lord, if you ſuſpect that a diſloyal thought is lodged there. There is not a ſentiment engraven on my heart, that does not venerate you and yours. The grace and fervour with which Theodore uttered theſe words, intereſted every perſon preſent in his favour. Even Manfred was touched—yet ſtill poſſeſſed with his reſemblance to Alfonſo, his admiration was daſhed with ſecret horror. Riſe, ſaid he; thy life is not my preſent purpoſe.—But tell me thy hiſtory, and how thou cameſt connected with this old traitor here. My lord! ſaid Jerome eagerly.—Peace, impoſtor! ſaid Manfred; I will not have him prompted. My lord, ſaid Theodore, I want no aſſiſtance; my ſtory is very brief. I was carried at five years of age to Algiers with my mother, who had been taken by corſairs from the coaſt of Sicily. She died of grief in leſs than a twelvemonth.—The tears guſhed from Jerome's eyes, on whoſe countenance a thouſand anxious paſſions ſtood expreſſed. Before ſhe died, continued Theodore, ſhe bound a writing about my arm under my garments, which told me I was the ſon of the count Falconara.—It is moſt true, ſaid Jerome; I am that wretched father.—Again I enjoin thee ſilence, ſaid Manfred: proceed. I remained in ſlavery, ſaid Theodore, until within theſe two years, when attending on my maſter in his cruizes, I was delivered by a chriſtian veſſel, which overpowered the pirate; and diſcovering myſelf

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to the captain, he generouſly put me on ſhore in Sicily. But alas! inſtead of finding a father, I learned that his eſtate, which was ſituated on the coaſt, had during his abſence been laid waſte by the rover who had carried my mother and me into captivity: that his caſtle had been burnt to the ground: and that my father on his return had ſold what remained, and was retired into religion in the kingdom of Naples, but where, no man could inform me. Deſtitute and friendleſs, hopeleſs almoſt of attaining the tranſport of a parent's embrace, I took the firſt opportunity of ſetting ſail for Naples; from whence within theſe ſix days I wandered into this province, ſtill ſupporting myſelf by the labour of my hands; nor till yeſter-morn did I believe that heaven had reſerved any lot for me but peace of mind and contented poverty. This, my lord, is Theodore's ſtory. I am bleſſed beyond my hope in finding a father; I am unfortunate beyond my deſert in having incurred your highneſs's diſpleaſure. He ceaſed. A murmur of approbation gently aroſe from the audience. This is not all, ſaid Frederic; I am bound in honour to add what he ſuppreſſes. Though he is modeſt, I muſt be generous—he is one of the braveſt youths on chriſtian ground. He is warm too; and from the ſhort knowledge I have of him, I will pledge myſelf for his veracity: if what he reports of himſelf were not true, he would not utter it—and for me, youth, I honour a frankneſs which becomes thy birth. But now, and thou didſt offend me; yet the noble blood which flows in thy veins may well be allowed to boil out, when it has ſo recently traced itſelf to its ſource. Come, my lord, [turning to Manfred] if I can pardon him, ſurely you may: it is not the youth's fault, if you took him for a ſpectre. This bitter taunt galled the ſoul of Manfred. If beings from another world, replied he haughtily, have power to impreſs my mind with awe, it is more than living man can do; nor could a ſtripling's arm——My lord, interrupted Hippolita, your gueſt has occaſion for repoſe; ſhall we not leave him to his reſt? Saying this, and taking Manfred by the hand, ſhe took leave of Frederic, and led the company forth. The prince, not ſorry to quit a converſation which recalled to mind the diſcovery he had made of his moſt ſecret ſenſations, ſuffered himſelf to be conducted to his own apartment, after permitting Theodore, though under engagement to return to the caſtle on the morrow, [a condition the young man gladly accepted] to retire with his father to the convent. Matilda and Iſabella were too much occupied with their own reflections, and too little content with each other, to wiſh for farther converſe that night. They

ſeparated each to her chamber, with more expreſſions of ceremony, and fewer of affection, than had paſſed between them ſince their childhood.

If they parted with ſmall cordiality, they did but meet with greater impatience as ſoon as the ſun was riſen. Their minds were in a ſituation that excluded ſleep, and each recollected a thouſand queſtions which ſhe wiſhed ſhe had put to the other overnight. Matilda reflected that Iſabella had been twice delivered by Theodore in very critical ſituations, which ſhe could not believe accidental. His eyes, it was true, had been fixed on her in Frederic's chamber; but that might have been to diſguiſe his paſſion for Iſabella from the fathers of both. It were better to clear this up. She wiſhed to know the truth, leſt ſhe ſhould wrong her friend by entertaining a paſſion for Iſabella's lover. Thus jealouſy prompted, and at the ſame time borrowed an excuſe from friendſhip to juſtify its curioſity.

Iſabella, not leſs reſtleſs, had better foundation for her ſuſpicions. Both Theodore's tongue and eyes had told her his heart was engaged, it was true —yet perhaps Matilda might not correſpond to his paſſion—She had ever appeared inſenſible to love; all her thoughts were ſet on heaven—Why did I diſſuade her? ſaid Iſabella to herſelf; I am puniſhed for my generoſity—But when did they meet? where?—It cannot be; I have deceived myſelf—Perhaps laſt night was the firſt time they ever beheld each other—it muſt be ſome other object that has prepoſſeſſed his affections—If it is, I am not ſo unhappy as I thought; if it is not my friend Matilda—How! can I ſtoop to wiſh for the affection of a man, who rudely and unneceſſarily acquainted me with his indifference? and that at the very moment in which common courteſy demanded at leaſt expreſſions of civility. I will go to my dear Matilda, who will confirm me in this becoming pride—Man is falſe—I will adviſe with her on taking the veil: ſhe will rejoice to find me in this diſpoſition; and I will acquaint her that I no longer oppoſe her inclination for the cloiſter. In this frame of mind, and determined to open her heart entirely to Matilda, ſhe went to that princeſs's chamber, whom ſhe found already dreſſed, and leaning penſively on her arm. This attitude, ſo correſpondent to what ſhe felt herſelf, revived Iſabella's ſuſpicions, and deſtroyed the confidence ſhe had purpoſed to place in her friend. They bluſhed at meeting, and were too much novices to diſguiſe their ſenſations with addreſs. After

ſome unmeaning queſtions and replies, Matilda demanded of Iſabella the cauſe of her flight. The latter, who had almoſt forgotten Manfred's paſſion, ſo entirely was ſhe occupied by her own, concluding that Matilda referred to her laſt eſcape from the convent, which had occaſioned the events of the preceding evening, replied, Martelli brought word to the convent that your mother was dead.—Oh! ſaid Matilda interrupting her, Bianca has explained that miſtake to me: on ſeeing me faint, ſhe cried out, The princeſs is dead! and Martelli, who had come for the uſual dole to the caſtle——And what made you faint? ſaid Iſabella, indifferent to the reſt. Matilda bluſhed, and ſtammered—My father—he was ſitting in judgment on a criminal.—What criminal? ſaid Iſabella eagerly.——A young man, ſaid Matilda—I believe—I think it was that young man that—What, Theodore? ſaid Iſabella. Yes, anſwered ſhe; I never ſaw him before; I do not know how he had offended my father—but, as he has been of ſervice to you, I am glad my lord has pardoned him. Served me? replied Iſabella: do you term it ſerving me, to wound my father, and almoſt occaſion his death? Though it is but ſince yeſterday that I am bleſſed with knowing a parent, I hope Matilda does not think I am ſuch a ſtranger to filial tenderneſs as not to reſent the boldneſs of that audacious youth, and that it is impoſſible for me ever to feel any affection for one who dared to lift his arm againſt the author of my being. No, Matilda, my heart abhors him; and if you ſtill retain the friendſhip for me that you have vowed from your infancy, you will deteſt a man who has been on the point of making me miſerable for ever. Matilda held down her head, and replied, I hope my deareſt Iſabella does not doubt her Matilda's friendſhip: I never beheld that youth until yeſterday; he is almoſt a ſtranger to me: but as the ſurgeons have pronounced your father out of danger, you ought not to harbour uncharitable reſentment againſt one who I am perſuaded did not know the marquis was related to you. You plead his cauſe very pathetically, ſaid Iſabella, conſidering he is ſo much a ſtranger to you! I am miſtaken, or he returns your charity. What mean you? ſaid Matilda. Nothing, ſaid Iſabella; repenting that ſhe had given Matilda a hint of Theodore's inclination for her. Then changing the diſcourſe, ſhe aſked Matilda what occaſioned Manfred to take Theodore for a ſpectre? Bleſs me, ſaid Matilda, did not you obſerve his extreme reſemblance to the portrait of Alfonſo in the gallery? I took notice of it to Bianca even before I ſaw him in armour; but with the helmet on, he is the very image of that picture. I do not much

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obſerve pictures, ſaid Iſabella; much leſs have I examined this young man ſo attentively as you ſeem to have done.——Ah! Matilda, your heart is in danger—but let me warn you as a friend—He has owned to me that he is in love: it cannot be with you, for yeſterday was the firſt time you ever met—was it not? Certainly, replied Matilda. But why does my deareſt Iſabella conclude from any thing I have ſaid, that—She pauſed—then continuing, He ſaw you firſt, and I am far from having the vanity to think that my little portion of charms could engage a heart devoted to you. May you be happy, Iſabella, whatever is the fate of Matilda!—My lovely friend, ſaid Iſabella, whoſe heart was too honeſt to reſiſt a kind expreſſion, it is you that Theodore admires; I ſaw it; I am perſuaded of it; nor ſhall a thought of my own happineſs ſuffer me to interfere with yours. This frankneſs drew tears from the gentle Matilda; and jealouſy, that for a moment had raiſed a coolneſs between theſe amiable maidens, ſoon gave way to the natural ſincerity and candour of their ſouls. Each confeſſed to the other the impreſſion that Theodore had made on her; and this confidence was followed by a ſtruggle of generoſity, each inſiſting on yielding her claim to her friend. At length, the dignity of Iſabella's virtue reminding her of the preference which Theodore had almoſt declared for her rival, made her determine to conquer her paſſion, and cede the beloved object to her friend.

During this conteſt of amity, Hippolita entered her daughter's chamber. Madam, ſaid ſhe to Iſabella, you have ſo much tenderneſs for Matilda, and intereſt yourſelf ſo kindly in whatever affects our wretched houſe, that I can have no ſecrets with my child, which are not proper for you to hear. The princeſſes were all attention and anxiety. Know then, madam, continued Hippolita, and you, my deareſt Matilda, that being convinced by all the events of theſe two laſt ominous days, that heaven purpoſes the ſceptre of Otranto ſhould paſs from Manfred's hands into thoſe of the marquis Frederic, I have been perhaps inſpired with the thought of averting our total deſtruction by the union of our rival houſes. With this view I have been propoſing to Manfred my lord to tender this dear dear child to Frederic your father——Me to lord Frederic! cried Matilda—Good heavens! my gracious mother—and have you named it to my father? I have, ſaid Hippolita: he liſtened benignly to my propoſal, and is gone to break it to the marquis. Ah! wretched princeſs! cried Iſabella, what haſt thou done? What ruin has thy inadvertent

inadvertent goodneſs been preparing for thyſelf, for me, and for Matilda! Ruin from me to you and to my child! ſaid Hippolita: What can this mean? Alas! ſaid Iſabella, the purity of your own heart prevents your ſeeing the depravity of others. Manfred, your lord, that impious man——Hold, ſaid Hippolita; you muſt not in my preſence, young lady, mention Manfred with diſreſpect: he is my lord and huſband, and—Will not be long ſo, ſaid Iſabella, if his wicked purpoſes can be carried into execution. This language amazes me, ſaid Hippolita. Your feeling, Iſabella, is warm; but until this hour I never knew it betray you into intemperance. What deed of Manfred authorizes you to treat him as a murderer, an aſſaſſin? Thou virtuous and too credulous princeſs! replied Iſabella; it is not thy life he aims at—it is to ſeparate himſelf from thee! to divorce thee! To—to divorce me! To divorce my mother! cried Hippolita and Matilda at once.—Yes, ſaid Iſabella; and to complete his crime, he meditates—I cannot ſpeak it! What can ſurpaſs what thou haſt already uttered? ſaid Matilda. Hippolita was ſilent. Grief choked her ſpeech: and the recollection of Manfred's late ambiguous diſcourſes confirmed what ſhe heard. Excellent, dear lady! madam! mother! cried Iſabella, flinging herſelf at Hippolita's feet in a tranſport of paſſion; truſt me, believe me, I will die a thouſand deaths ſooner than conſent to injure you, than yield to ſo odious—oh!—This is too much! cried Hippolita: what crimes does one crime ſuggeſt! Riſe, dear Iſabella; I do not doubt your virtue. Oh! Matilda, this ſtroke is too heavy for thee! Weep not, my child; and not a murmur, I charge thee. Remember, he is *thy* father ſtill.—But you are my mother too, ſaid Matilda fervently; and *you* are virtuous, *you* are guiltleſs!—Oh! muſt not I, muſt not I complain? You muſt not, ſaid Hippolita—Come, all will yet be well. Manfred, in the agony for the loſs of thy brother, knew not what he ſaid: perhaps Iſabella miſunderſtood him: his heart is good—and, my child, thou knoweſt not all. There is a deſtiny hangs over us; the hand of Providence is ſtretched out—Oh! could I but ſave thee from the wreck!—Yes, continued ſhe in a firmer tone, perhaps the ſacrifice of myſelf may atone for all——I will go and offer myſelf to this divorce—it boots not what becomes of me. I will withdraw into the neighbouring monaſtery, and waſte the remainder of life in prayers and tears for my child and—the prince! Thou art as much too good for this world, ſaid Iſabella, as Manfred is execrable—But think not, lady, that thy weakneſs ſhall determine for me. I ſwear—hear me, all ye angels——Stop, I

adjure thee, cried Hippolita; remember, thou doſt not depend on thyſelf; thou haſt a father.—My father is too pious, too noble, interrupted Iſabella, to command an impious deed. But ſhould he command it, can a father enjoin a curſed act? I was contracted to the ſon; can I wed the father?—No, madam, no; force ſhould not drag me to Manfred's hated bed. I loathe him, I abhor him: divine and human laws forbid.—And my friend, my deareſt Matilda! would I wound her tender ſoul by injuring her adored mother? my own mother—I never have known another.——Oh! ſhe is the mother of both! cried Matilda. Can we, can we, Iſabella, adore her too much? My lovely children, ſaid the touched Hippolita, your tenderneſs overpowers me—but I muſt not give way to it. It is not ours to make election for ourſelves; heaven, our fathers, and our huſbands, muſt decide for us. Have patience until you hear what Manfred and Frederic have determined. If the marquis accepts Matilda's hand, I know ſhe will readily obey. Heaven may interpoſe and prevent the reſt. What means my child? continued ſhe, ſeeing Matilda fall at her feet with a flood of ſpeechleſs tears—But no; anſwer me not, my daughter; I muſt not hear a word againſt the pleaſure of thy father. Oh! doubt not my obedience, my dreadful obedience to him and to you! ſaid Matilda. But can I, moſt reſpected of women, can I experience all this tenderneſs, this world of goodneſs, and conceal a thought from the beſt of mothers? What art thou going to utter? ſaid Iſabella trembling. Recollect thyſelf, Matilda. No, Iſabella, ſaid the princeſs, I ſhould not deſerve this incomparable parent, if the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul harboured a thought without her permiſſion—Nay, I have offended her; I have ſuffered a paſſion to enter my heart without her avowal—But here I diſclaim it; here I vow to heaven and her——My child! my child! ſaid Hippolita, what words are theſe? What new calamities has fate in ſtore for us? Thou a paſſion! thou, in this hour of deſtruction——Oh! I ſee all my guilt! ſaid Matilda. I abhor myſelf, if I coſt my mother a pang. She is the deareſt thing I have on earth—Oh! I will never, never behold him more! Iſabella, ſaid Hippolita, thou art conſcious to this unhappy ſecret, whatever it is. Speak—What! cried Matilda, have I ſo forfeited my mother's love that ſhe will not permit me even to ſpeak my own guilt? Oh! wretched, wretched Matilda!—Thou art too cruel, ſaid Iſabella to Hippolita: canſt thou behold this anguiſh of a virtuous mind, and not commiſerate it? Not pity my child! ſaid Hippolita, catching Matilda in her arms—Oh! I know ſhe is good, ſhe

is

is all virtue, all tenderneſs, and duty. I do forgive thee, my excellent, my only hope! The princeſſes then revealed to Hippolita their mutual inclination for Theodore, and the purpoſe of Iſabella to reſign him to Matilda. Hippolita blamed their imprudence, and ſhewed them the improbability that either father would conſent to beſtow his heireſs on ſo poor a man, though nobly born. Some comfort it gave her to find their paſſion of ſo recent a date, and that Theodore had but little cauſe to ſuſpect it in either. She ſtrictly enjoined them to avoid all correſpondence with him. This Matilda fervently promiſed: but Iſabella, who flattered herſelf that ſhe meant no more than to promote his union with her friend, could not determine to avoid him; and made no reply. I will go to the convent, ſaid Hippolita, and order new maſſes to be ſaid for a deliverance from theſe calamities.—Oh! my mother, ſaid Matilda, you mean to quit us: you mean to take ſanctuary, and to give my father an opportunity of purſuing his fatal intention. Alas! on my knees I ſupplicate you to forbear—Will you leave me a prey to Frederic? I will follow you to the convent.—Be at peace, my child, ſaid Hippolita: I will return inſtantly. I will never abandon thee, until I know it is the will of heaven, and for thy benefit. Do not deceive me, ſaid Matilda. I will not marry Frederic until thou commandeſt it. Alas! what will become of me?—Why that exclamation? ſaid Hippolita. I have promiſed thee to return.—Ah! my mother, replied Matilda, ſtay and ſave me from myſelf. A frown from thee can do more than all my father's ſeverity. I have given away my heart, and you alone can make me recall it. No more, ſaid Hippolita: thou muſt not relapſe, Matilda. I can quit Theodore, ſaid ſhe, but muſt I wed another? Let me attend thee to the altar, and ſhut myſelf from the world forever. Thy fate depends on thy father, ſaid Hippolita: I have ill beſtowed my tenderneſs, if it has taught thee to revere aught beyond him. Adieu, my child! I go to pray for thee.

Hippolita's real purpoſe was to demand of Jerome, whether in conſcience ſhe might not conſent to the divorce. She had oft urged Manfred to reſign the principality, which the delicacy of her conſcience rendered an hourly burthen to her. Theſe ſcruples concurred to make the ſeparation from her huſband appear leſs dreadful to her than it would have ſeemed in any other ſituation.

Jerome, at quitting the caſtle overnight, had queſtioned Theodore ſeverely why he had accuſed him to Manfred of being privy to his eſcape. Theodore owned it had been with deſign to prevent Manfred's ſuſpicion from alighting on Matilda; and added, the holineſs of Jerome's life and character ſecured him from the tyrant's wrath. Jerome was heartily grieved to diſcover his ſon's inclination for that princeſs; and, leaving him to his reſt, promiſed in the morning to acquaint him with important reaſons for conquering his paſſion. Theodore, like Iſabella, was too recently acquainted with parental authority to ſubmit to its deciſions againſt the impulſe of his heart. He had little curioſity to learn the friar's reaſons, and leſs diſpoſition to obey them. The lovely Matilda had made ſtronger impreſſions on him than filial affection. All night he pleaſed himſelf with viſions of love; and it was not till late after the morning-office, that he recollected the friar's commands to attend him at Alfonſo's tomb.

Young man, ſaid Jerome, when he ſaw him, this tardineſs does not pleaſe me. Have a father's commands already ſo little weight? Theodore made awkward excuſes, and attributed his delay to having overſlept himſelf. And on whom were thy dreams employed? ſaid the friar ſternly. His ſon bluſhed. Come, come, reſumed the friar, inconſiderate youth, this muſt not be; eradicate this guilty paſſion from thy breaſt.—Guilty paſſion! cried Theodore: can guilt dwell with innocent beauty and virtuous modeſty? It is ſinful, replied the friar, to cheriſh thoſe whom heaven has doomed to deſtruction. A tyrant's race muſt be ſwept from the earth to the third and fourth generation. Will heaven viſit the innocent for the crimes of the guilty? ſaid Theodore. The fair Matilda has virtues enough—To undo thee, interrupted Jerome. Haſt thou ſo ſoon forgotten that twice the ſavage Manfred has pronounced thy ſentence? Nor have I forgotten, ſir, ſaid Theodore, that the charity of his daughter delivered me from his power. I can forget injuries, but never benefits. The injuries thou haſt received from Manfred's race, ſaid the friar, are beyond what thou canſt conceive.—Reply not, but view this holy image! Beneath this marble monument reſt the aſhes of the good Alfonſo; a prince adorned with every virtue: the father of his people! the delight of mankind! Kneel, head-ſtrong boy, and liſt, while a father unfolds a tale of horror, that will expel every ſentiment from thy ſoul, but

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ſenſations of ſacred vengeance.—Alfonſo! much-injured prince! let thy unſatisfied ſhade ſit awful on the troubled air, while theſe trembling lips—Ha! who comes there?—The moſt wretched of women, ſaid Hippolita, entering the choir. Good father, art thou at leiſure?—But why this kneeling youth? what means the horror imprinted on each countenance? why at this venerable tomb—Alas! haſt thou ſeen aught? We were pouring forth our oriſons to heaven, replied the friar with ſome confuſion, to put an end to the woes of this deplorable province. Join with us, lady! thy ſpotleſs ſoul may obtain an exemption from the judgments which the portents of theſe days but too ſpeakingly denounce againſt thy houſe. I pray fervently to heaven to divert them, ſaid the pious princeſs. Thou knoweſt it has been the occupation of my life to wreſt a bleſſing for my lord and my harmleſs children—One, alas! is taken from me! Would heaven but hear me for my poor Matilda! Father, intercede for her!—Every heart will bleſs her, cried Theodore with rapture.—Be dumb, raſh youth! ſaid Jerome. And thou, fond princeſs, contend not with the powers above! The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away: bleſs his holy name, and ſubmit to his decrees. I do moſt devoutly, ſaid Hippolita: but will he not ſpare my only comfort? muſt Matilda periſh too?—Ah! father, I came—But diſmiſs thy ſon. No ear but thine muſt hear what I have to utter. May heaven grant thy every wiſh, moſt excellent princeſs! ſaid Theodore retiring. Jerome frowned.

Hippolita then acquainted the friar with the propoſal ſhe had ſuggeſted to Manfred, his approbation of it, and the tender of Matilda that he was gone to make to Frederic. Jerome could not conceal his diſlike of the motion, which he covered under pretence of the improbability that Frederic, the neareſt of blood to Alfonſo, and who was come to claim his ſucceſſion, would yield to an alliance with the uſurper of his right. But nothing could equal the perplexity of the friar, when Hippolita confeſſed her readineſs not to oppoſe the ſeparation, and demanded his opinion on the legality of her acquieſcence. The friar catched eagerly at her requeſt of his advice; and without explaining his averſion to the propoſed marriage of Manfred and Iſabella, he painted to Hippolita in the moſt alarming colours the ſinfulneſs of her conſent, denounced judgments againſt her if ſhe complied, and enjoined her in the ſevereſt terms to treat any ſuch propoſition with every mark of indignation and refuſal.

Manfred, in the mean time, had broken his purpoſe to Frederic, and propoſed the double marriage. That weak prince, who had been ſtruck with the charms of Matilda, liſtened but too eagerly to the offer. He forgot his enmity to Manfred, whom he ſaw but little hope of diſpoſſeſſing by force; and flattering himſelf that no iſſue might ſucceed from the union of his daughter with the tyrant, he looked upon his own ſucceſſion to the principality as facilitated by wedding Matilda. He made faint oppoſition to the propoſal; affecting, for form only, not to acquieſce unleſs Hippolita ſhould conſent to the divorce. Manfred took that upon himſelf. Tranſported with his ſucceſs, and impatient to ſee himſelf in a ſituation to expect ſons, he haſtened to his wife's apartment, determined to extort her compliance. He learned with indignation that ſhe was abſent at the convent. His guilt ſuggeſted to him that ſhe had probably been informed by Iſabella of his purpoſe. He doubted whether her retirement to the convent did not import an intention of remaining there, until ſhe could raiſe obſtacles to their divorce; and the ſuſpicions he had already entertained of Jerome, made him apprehend that the friar would not only traverſe his views, but might have inſpired Hippolita with the reſolution of taking ſanctuary. Impatient to unravel this clue, and to defeat its ſucceſs, Manfred haſtened to the convent, and arrived there as the friar was earneſtly exhorting the princeſs never to yield to the divorce.

Madam, ſaid Manfred, what buſineſs drew you hither? Why did not you await my return from the marquis? I came to implore a bleſſing on your councils, replied Hippolita. My councils do not need a friar's intervention, ſaid Manfred—and of all men living is that hoary traitor the only one whom you delight to confer with? Profane prince! ſaid Jerome: is it at the altar that thou chooſeſt to inſult the ſervants of the altar?—But, Manfred, thy impious ſchemes are known. Heaven and this virtuous lady know them. Nay, frown not, prince. The church deſpiſes thy menaces. Her thunders will be heard above thy wrath. Dare to proceed in thy curſt purpoſe of a divorce, until her ſentence be known, and here I lance her anathema at thy head. Audacious rebel! ſaid Manfred, endeavouring to conceal the awe with which the friar's words inſpired him; doſt thou preſume to threaten thy lawful prince? Thou art no lawful prince, ſaid Jerome; thou art no prince—Go, diſcuſs

diſcuſs thy claim with Frederic; and when that is done—It is done, replied Manfred: Frederic accepts Matilda's hand, and is content to wave his claim, unleſs I have no male iſſue.—As he ſpoke thoſe words three drops of blood fell from the noſe of Alfonſo's ſtatue. Manfred turned pale, and the princeſs ſunk on her knees. Behold! ſaid the friar: mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alfonſo will never mix with that of Manfred! My gracious lord, ſaid Hippolita, let us ſubmit ourſelves to heaven. Think not thy ever obedient wife rebels againſt thy authority. I have no will but that of my lord and the church. To that revered tribunal let us appeal. It does not depend on us to burſt the bonds that unite us. If the church ſhall approve the diſſolution of our marriage, be it ſo—I have but few years, and thoſe of ſorrow, to paſs. Where can they be worn away ſo well as at the foot of this altar, in prayers for thine and Matilda's ſafety?—But thou ſhalt not remain here until then, ſaid Manfred. Repair with me to the caſtle, and there I will adviſe on the proper meaſures for a divorce.—But this meddling friar comes not thither; my hoſpitable roof ſhall never more harbour a traitor—and for thy reverence's offspring, continued he, I baniſh him from my dominions. He, I ween, is no ſacred perſonage, nor under the protection of the church. Whoever weds Iſabella, it ſhall not be father Falconara's ſtarted-up ſon. They ſtart up, ſaid the friar, who are ſuddenly beheld in the ſeat of lawful princes; but they wither away like the graſs, and their place knows them no more. Manfred, caſting a look of ſcorn at the friar, led Hippolita forth; but at the door of the church whiſpered one of his attendants to remain concealed about the convent, and bring him inſtant notice, if any one from the caſtle ſhould repair thither.

CHAP. V.

EVERY reflection which Manfred made on the friar's behaviour, conſpired to perſuade him that Jerome was privy to an amour between Iſabella and Theodore. But Jerome's new preſumption, ſo diſſonant from his former meekneſs, ſuggeſted ſtill deeper apprehenſions. The prince even ſuſpected that the friar depended on ſome ſecret ſupport from Frederic, whoſe arrival coinciding

coinciding with the novel appearance of Theodore ſeemed to beſpeak a correſpondence. Still more was he troubled with the reſemblance of Theodore to Alfonſo's portrait. The latter he knew had unqueſtionably died without iſſue. Frederic had conſented to beſtow Iſabella on him. Theſe contradictions agitated his mind with numberleſs pangs. He ſaw but two methods of extricating himſelf from his difficulties. The one was to reſign his dominions to the marquis.—Pride, ambition, and his reliance on ancient prophecies, which had pointed out a poſſibility of his preſerving them to his poſterity, combated that thought. The other was to preſs his marriage with Iſabella. After long ruminating on theſe anxious thoughts, as he marched ſilently with Hippolita to the caſtle, he at laſt diſcourſed with that princeſs on the ſubject of his diſquiet, and uſed every inſinuating and plauſible argument to extract her conſent to, even her promiſe of promoting, the divorce. Hippolita needed little perſuaſion to bend her to his pleaſure. She endeavoured to win him over to the meaſure of reſigning his dominions; but finding her exhortations fruitleſs, ſhe aſſured him, that as far as her conſcience would allow, ſhe would raiſe no oppoſition to a ſeparation, though, without better founded ſcruples than what he yet alleged, ſhe would not engage to be active in demanding it.

This compliance, though inadequate, was ſufficient to raiſe Manfred's hopes. He truſted that his power and wealth would eaſily advance his ſuit at the court of Rome, whither he reſolved to engage Frederic to take a journey on purpoſe. That prince had diſcovered ſo much paſſion for Matilda, that Manfred hoped to obtain all he wiſhed by holding out or withdrawing his daughter's charms, according as the marquis ſhould appear more or leſs diſpoſed to co-operate in his views. Even the abſence of Frederic would be a material point gained, until he could take farther meaſures for his ſecurity.

Diſmiſſing Hippolita to her apartment, he repaired to that of the marquis; but croſſing the great hall through which he was to paſs, he met Bianca. That damſel he knew was in the confidence of both the young ladies. It immediately occurred to him to ſift her on the ſubject of Iſabella and Theodore. Calling her aſide into the receſs of the oriel window of the hall, and ſoothing her with many fair words and promiſes, he demanded of her whether ſhe knew aught of the ſtate of Iſabella's affections. I! my lord? No,

my

my lord—Yes, my lord—Poor lady! ſhe is wonderfully alarmed about her father's wounds; but I tell her he will do well; don't your highneſs think ſo? I do not aſk you, replied Manfred, what ſhe thinks about her father: but you are in her ſecrets: come, be a good girl and tell me, is there any young man—ha?—you underſtand me. Lord bleſs me! underſtand your highneſs? No, not I: I told her a few vulnerary herbs and repoſe——I am not talking, replied the prince impatiently, about her father: I know he will do well. Bleſs me, I rejoice to hear your highneſs ſay ſo; for though I thought it right not to let my young lady deſpond, methought his greatneſs had a wan look, and a ſomething—I remember when young Ferdinand was wounded by the Venetian. Thou anſwereſt from the point, interrupted Manfred; but here, take this jewel, perhaps that may fix thy attention—Nay, no reverences; my favour ſhall not ſtop here—Come, tell me truly; how ſtands Iſabella's heart? Well, your highneſs has ſuch a way, ſaid Bianca—to be ſure—but can your highneſs keep a ſecret? If it ſhould ever come out of your lips——It ſhall not, it ſhall not, cried Manfred. Nay, but ſwear, your highneſs—by my halidame, if it ſhould ever be known that I ſaid it—Why, truth is truth, I do not think my lady Iſabella ever much affectioned my young lord, your ſon: yet he was a ſweet youth as one ſhould ſee. I am ſure if I had been a princeſs—But bleſs me! I muſt attend my lady Matilda; ſhe will marvel what is become of me.—Stay, cried Manfred, thou haſt not ſatisfied my queſtion. Haſt thou ever carried any meſſage, any letter?—I! Good gracious! cried Bianca: I carry a letter? I would not to be a queen. I hope your highneſs thinks, though I am poor, I am honeſt. Did your highneſs never hear what count Marſigli offered me, when he came a-wooing to my lady Matilda?—I have not leiſure, ſaid Manfred, to liſten to thy tales. I do not queſtion thy honeſty; but it is thy duty to conceal nothing from me. How long has Iſabella been acquainted with Theodore?—Nay, there is nothing can eſcape your highneſs, ſaid Bianca—not that I know any thing of the matter. Theodore, to be ſure, is a proper young man, and, as my lady Matilda ſays, the very image of good Alfonſo: Has not your highneſs remarked it? Yes, yes—No—thou tortureſt me, ſaid Manfred: Where did they meet? when?—Who, my lady Matilda? ſaid Bianca. No, no, not Matilda; Iſabella: When did Iſabella firſt become acquainted with this Theodore?—Virgin Mary! ſaid Bianca, how ſhould I know? Thou doſt know, ſaid Manfred; and I muſt know; I will.—Lord! your highneſs is not jealous of young Theodore? ſaid Bianca.—Jealous! No, no: why ſhould I be jealous?—Per-

haps I mean to unite them—if I was ſure Iſabella would have no repugnance.—Repugnance! No, I'll warrant her, ſaid Bianca: he is as comely a youth as ever trod on chriſtian ground: we are all in love with him: there is not a ſoul in the caſtle but would be rejoiced to have him for our prince—I mean, when it ſhall pleaſe heaven to call your highneſs to itſelf.—Indeed! ſaid Manfred: has it gone ſo far? Oh! this curſed friar!—But I muſt not loſe time—Go, Bianca, attend Iſabella; but I charge thee, not a word of what has paſſed. Find out how ſhe is affected towards Theodore; bring me good news, and that ring has a companion. Wait at the foot of the winding ſtaircaſe: I am going to viſit the marquis, and will talk farther with thee at my return.

Manfred, after ſome general converſation, deſired Frederic to diſmiſs the two knights his companions, having to talk with him on urgent affairs. As ſoon as they were alone, he began in artful guiſe to ſound the marquis on the ſubject of Matilda; and finding him diſpoſed to his wiſh, he let drop hints on the difficulties that would attend the celebration of their marriage, unleſs—— At that inſtant Bianca burſt into the room, with a wildneſs in her look and geſtures that ſpoke the utmoſt terror. Oh! my lord, my lord! cried ſhe, we are all undone! It is come again! it is come again!—What is come again? cried Manfred amazed.—Oh! the hand! the giant! the hand!—Support me! I am terrified out of my ſenſes, cried Bianca: I will not ſleep in the caſtle to-night. Where ſhall I go? My things may come after me to-morrow.—Would I had been content to wed Franceſco! This comes of ambition!—What has terrified thee thus, young woman? ſaid the marquis: thou art ſafe here; be not alarmed. Oh! your greatneſs is wonderfully good, ſaid Bianca, but I dare not—No, pray let me go—I had rather leave every thing behind me, than ſtay another hour under this roof. Go to, thou haſt loſt thy ſenſes, ſaid Manfred. Interrupt us not; we were communing on important matters.—My lord, this wench is ſubject to fits—Come with me, Bianca.—Oh! the ſaints! No, ſaid Bianca—for certain it comes to warn your highneſs; why ſhould it appear to me elſe? I ſay my prayers morning and evening. Oh! if your highneſs had believed Diego! 'Tis the ſame hand that he ſaw the foot to in the gallery-chamber—Father Jerome has often told us the prophecy would be out one of theſe days—Bianca, ſaid he, mark my words.—Thou raveſt, ſaid Manfred in a rage: Begone, and keep theſe fooleries to frighten thy companions—What! my lord, cried Bianca, do you

think I have ſeen nothing? Go to the foot of the great ſtairs yourſelf—As I live I ſaw it. Saw what? Tell us, fair maid, what thou haſt ſeen, ſaid Frederic. Can your highneſs liſten, ſaid Manfred, to the delirium of a ſilly wench, who has heard ſtories of apparitions until ſhe believes them? This is more than fancy, ſaid the marquis; her terror is too natural and too ſtrongly impreſſed to be the work of imagination. Tell us, fair maiden, what it is has moved thee thus. Yes, my lord, thank your greatneſs, ſaid Bianca—I believe I look very pale; I ſhall be better when I have recovered myſelf.—I was going to my lady Iſabella's chamber by his highneſs's order—We do not want the circumſtances, interrupted Manfred: ſince his highneſs will have it ſo, proceed; but be brief.—Lord, your highneſs thwarts one ſo! replied Bianca—I fear my hair—I am ſure I never in my life—Well! as I was telling your greatneſs, I was going by his highneſs's order to my lady Iſabella's chamber: ſhe lies in the watchet-coloured chamber, on the right hand, one pair of ſtairs: ſo when I came to the great ſtairs—I was looking on his highneſs's preſent here. Grant me patience! ſaid Manfred, will this wench never come to the point? What imports it to the marquis, that I gave thee a bawble for thy faithful attendance on my daughter? We want to know what thou ſaweſt. I was going to tell your highneſs, ſaid Bianca, if you would permit me.—So, as I was rubbing the ring—I am ſure I had not gone up three ſteps, but I heard the rattling of armour; for all the world ſuch a clatter, as Diego ſays he heard when the giant turned him about in the gallery-chamber.—What does ſhe mean, my lord? ſaid the marquis. Is your caſtle haunted by giants and goblins?—Lord, what, has not your greatneſs heard the ſtory of the giant in the gallery-chamber? cried Bianca. I marvel his highneſs has not told you—mayhap you do not know there is a prophecy—This trifling is intolerable, interrupted Manfred. Let us diſmiſs this ſilly wench, my lord: we have more important affairs to diſcuſs. By your favour, ſaid Frederic, theſe are no trifles: the enormous ſabre I was directed to in the wood; yon caſque, its fellow—are theſe viſions of this poor maiden's brain?—So Jaquez thinks, may it pleaſe your greatneſs, ſaid Bianca. He ſays this moon will not be out without our ſeeing ſome ſtrange revolution. For my part, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed if it was to happen to-morrow; for, as I was ſaying, when I heard the clattering of armour, I was all in a cold ſweat—I looked up, and, if your greatneſs will believe me, I ſaw upon the uppermoſt baniſter of the great ſtairs a hand in armour as big, as big—I thought I ſhould have ſwooned—I never ſtopped until I came hither—Would I were well out of

this caſtle! My lady Matilda told me but yeſter-morning that her highneſs Hippolita knows ſomething—Thou art an inſolent! cried Manfred—Lord marquis, it much miſgives me that this ſcene is concerted to affront me. Are my own domeſtics ſuborned to ſpread tales injurious to my honour? Purſue your claim by manly daring; or let us bury our feuds, as was propoſed, by the intermarriage of our children: but truſt me, it ill becomes a prince of your bearing to practiſe on mercenary wenches.—I ſcorn your imputation, ſaid Frederic; until this hour I never ſet eyes on this damſel: I have given her no jewel!—My lord, my lord, your conſcience, your guilt accuſes you, and would throw the ſuſpicion on me—But keep your daughter, and think no more of Iſabella: the judgments already fallen on your houſe forbid me matching into it.

Manfred, alarmed at the reſolute tone in which Frederic delivered theſe words, endeavoured to pacify him. Diſmiſſing Bianca, he made ſuch ſubmiſſions to the marquis, and threw in ſuch artful encomiums on Matilda, that Frederic was once more ſtaggered. However, as his paſſion was of ſo recent a date, it could not at once ſurmount the ſcruples he had conceived. He had gathered enough from Bianca's diſcourſe to perſuade him that heaven declared itſelf againſt Manfred. The propoſed marriages too removed his claim to a diſtance: and the principality of Otranto was a ſtronger temptation, than the contingent reverſion of it with Matilda. Still he would not abſolutely recede from his engagements; but purpoſing to gain time, he demanded of Manfred if it was true in fact that Hippolita conſented to the divorce. The prince, tranſported to find no other obſtacle, and depending on his influence over his wife, aſſured the marquis it was ſo, and that he might ſatisfy himſelf of the truth from her own mouth.

As they were thus diſcourſing, word was brought that the banquet was prepared. Manfred conducted Frederic to the great hall, where they were received by Hippolita and the young princeſſes. Manfred placed the marquis next to Matilda, and ſeated himſelf between his wife and Iſabella. Hippolita comported herſelf with an eaſy gravity; but the young ladies were ſilent and melancholy. Manfred, who was determined to purſue his point with the marquis in the remainder of the evening, puſhed on the feaſt until it waxed late; affecting unreſtrained gaiety, and plying Frederic with repeated goblets of wine. The latter, more upon his guard than Manfred wiſhed,

declined his frequent challenges, on pretence of his late loſs of blood; while the prince, to raiſe his own diſordered ſpirits, and to counterfeit unconcern, indulged himſelf in plentiful draughts, though not to the intoxication of his ſenſes.

The evening being far advanced, the banquet concluded. Manfred would have withdrawn with Frederic; but the latter, pleading weakneſs and want of repoſe, retired to his chamber, gallantly telling the prince, that his daughter ſhould amuſe his highneſs until himſelf could attend him. Manfred accepted the party; and, to the no ſmall grief of Iſabella, accompanied her to her apartment. Matilda waited on her mother, to enjoy the freſhneſs of the evening on the ramparts of the caſtle.

Soon as the company was diſperſed their ſeveral ways, Frederic, quitting his chamber, enquired if Hippolita was alone; and was told by one of her attendants, who had not noticed her going forth, that at that hour ſhe generally withdrew to her oratory, where he probably would find her. The marquis during the repaſt had beheld Matilda with increaſe of paſſion. He now wiſhed to find Hippolita in the diſpoſition her lord had promiſed. The portents that had alarmed him were forgotten in his deſires. Stealing ſoftly and unobſerved to the apartment of Hippolita, he entered it with a reſolution to encourage her acquieſcence to the divorce, having perceived that Manfred was reſolved to make the poſſeſſion of Iſabella an unalterable condition, before he would grant Matilda to his wiſhes.

The marquis was not ſurpriſed at the ſilence that reigned in the princeſs's apartment. Concluding her, as he had been advertiſed, in her oratory, he paſſed on. The door was a-jar; the evening gloomy and overcaſt. Puſhing open the door gently, he ſaw a perſon kneeling before the altar. As he approached nearer, it ſeemed not a woman, but one in a long woollen weed, whoſe back was towards him. The perſon ſeemed abſorbed in prayer. The marquis was about to return, when the figure riſing, ſtood ſome moments fixed in meditation, without regarding him. The marquis, expecting the holy perſon to come forth, and meaning to excuſe his uncivil interruption, ſaid, Reverend father, I ſought the lady Hippolita.—Hippolita! replied a hollow voice: cameſt thou to this caſtle to ſeek Hippolita?—And then the figure, turning ſlowly round, diſcovered to Frederic the fleſhleſs jaws and

empty ſockets of a ſkeleton, wrapt in a hermit's cowl. Angels of grace, protect me! cried Frederic recoiling. Deſerve their protection, ſaid the ſpectre. Frederic, falling on his knees, adjured the phantom to take pity on him. Doſt thou not remember me? ſaid the apparition. Remember the wood of Joppa! Art thou that holy hermit? cried Frederic trembling—can I do aught for thy eternal peace?—Waſt thou delivered from bondage, ſaid the ſpectre, to purſue carnal delights? Haſt thou forgotten the buried ſabre, and the beheſt of heaven engraven on it?—I have not, I have not, ſaid Frederic—But ſay, bleſt ſpirit, what is thy errand to me? what remains to be done? To forget Matilda! ſaid the apparition—and vaniſhed.

Frederic's blood froze in his veins. For ſome minutes he remained motionleſs. Then falling proſtrate on his face before the altar, he beſought the interceſſion of every ſaint for pardon. A flood of tears ſucceeded to this tranſport; and the image of the beauteous Matilda ruſhing in ſpite of him on his thoughts, he lay on the ground in a conflict of penitence and paſſion. Ere he could recover from this agony of his ſpirits, the princeſs Hippolita, with a taper in her hand, entered the oratory alone. Seeing a man without motion on the floor, ſhe gave a ſhriek, concluding him dead. Her fright brought Frederic to himſelf. Riſing ſuddenly, his face bedewed with tears, he would have ruſhed from her preſence; but Hippolita, ſtopping him, conjured him in the moſt plaintive accents to explain the cauſe of his diſorder, and by what ſtrange chance ſhe had found him there in that poſture. Ah! virtuous princeſs! ſaid the marquis, penetrated with grief—and ſtopped. For the love of heaven, my lord, ſaid Hippolita, diſcloſe the cauſe of this tranſport! What mean theſe doleful ſounds, this alarming exclamation on my name? What woes has heaven ſtill in ſtore for the wretched Hippolita?—Yet ſilent?—By every pitying angel, I adjure thee, noble prince, continued ſhe, falling at his feet, to diſcloſe the purport of what lies at thy heart—I ſee thou feeleſt for me; thou feeleſt the ſharp pangs that thou inflicteſt—Speak, for pity!—Does aught thou knoweſt concern my child?—I cannot ſpeak, cried Frederic, burſting from her—Oh! Matilda!

Quitting the princeſs thus abruptly, he haſtened to his own apartment. At the door of it he was accoſted by Manfred, who, fluſhed by wine and love, had come to ſeek him, and to propoſe to waſte ſome hours of the night in muſic and revelling. Frederic, offended at an invitation ſo diſſonant from the mood

mood of his ſoul, puſhed him rudely aſide, and, entering his chamber, flung the door intemperately againſt Manfred, and bolted it inwards. The haughty prince, enraged at this unaccountable behaviour, withdrew in a frame of mind capable of the moſt fatal exceſſes. As he croſſed the court, he was met by the domeſtic whom he had planted at the convent as a ſpy on Jerome and Theodore. This man, almoſt breathleſs with the haſte he had made, informed his lord, that Theodore and ſome lady from the caſtle were at that inſtant in private conference at the tomb of Alfonſo in St. Nicholas's church. He had dogged Theodore thither, but the gloomineſs of the night had prevented his diſcovering who the woman was.

Manfred, whoſe ſpirits were inflamed, and whom Iſabella had driven from her on his urging his paſſion with too little reſerve, did not doubt but the inquietude ſhe had expreſſed had been occaſioned by her impatience to meet Theodore. Provoked by this conjecture, and enraged at her father, he haſtened ſecretly to the great church. Gliding ſoftly between the aiſles, and guided by an imperfect gleam of moonſhine that ſhone faintly through the illuminated windows, he ſtole towards the tomb of Alfonſo, to which he was directed by indiſtinct whiſpers of the perſons he ſought. The firſt ſounds he could diſtinguiſh were—Does it, alas, depend on me? Manfred will never permit our union.—No, this ſhall prevent it! cried the tyrant, drawing his dagger, and plunging it over her ſhoulder into the boſom of the perſon that ſpoke—Ah me, I am ſlain! cried Matilda ſinking: Good heaven, receive my ſoul!—Savage, inhuman monſter! what haſt thou done? cried Theodore, ruſhing on him, and wrenching his dagger from him.—Stop, ſtop thy impious hand, cried Matilda; it is my father!—Manfred, waking as from a trance, beat his breaſt, twiſted his hands in his locks, and endeavoured to recover his dagger from Theodore to diſpatch himſelf. Theodore, ſcarce leſs diſtracted, and only maſtering the tranſports of his grief to aſſiſt Matilda, had now by his cries drawn ſome of the monks to his aid. While part of them endeavoured in concert with the afflicted Theodore to ſtop the blood of the dying princeſs, the reſt prevented Manfred from laying violent hands on himſelf.

Matilda, reſigning herſelf patiently to her fate, acknowledged with looks of grateful love the zeal of Theodore. Yet oft as her faintneſs would permit her ſpeech its way, ſhe begged the aſſiſtants to comfort her father. Jerome

by

by this time had learnt the fatal news, and reached the church. His looks ſeemed to reproach Theodore; but turning to Manfred, he ſaid, Now, tyrant! behold the completion of woe fulfilled on thy impious and devoted head! The blood of Alfonſo cried to heaven for vengeance; and heaven has permitted its altar to be polluted by aſſaſſination, that thou mighteſt ſhed thy own blood at the foot of that prince's ſepulchre!—Cruel man! cried Matilda, to aggravate the woes of a parent! May heaven bleſs my father, and forgive him as I do! My lord, my gracious ſire, doſt thou forgive thy child? Indeed I came not hither to meet Theodore! I found him praying at this tomb, whither my mother ſent me to intercede for thee, for her—Deareſt father, bleſs your child, and ſay you forgive her.—Forgive thee! Murderous monſter! cried Manfred—can aſſaſſins forgive? I took thee for Iſabella; but heaven directed my bloody hand to the heart of my child!—Oh! Matilda—I cannot utter it—canſt thou forgive the blindneſs of my rage?—I can, I do, and may heaven confirm it! ſaid Matilda—But while I have life to aſk it—oh, my mother! what will ſhe feel!—Will you comfort her, my lord? Will you not put her away? Indeed ſhe loves you—Oh, I am faint! bear me to the caſtle—can I live to have her cloſe my eyes?

Theodore and the monks beſought her earneſtly to ſuffer herſelf to be borne into the convent; but her inſtances were ſo preſſing to be carried to the caſtle, that, placing her on a litter, they conveyed her thither as ſhe requeſted. Theodore ſupporting her head with his arm, and hanging over her in an agony of deſpairing love, ſtill endeavoured to inſpire her with hopes of life. Jerome on the other ſide comforted her with diſcourſes of heaven, and holding a crucifix before her, which ſhe bathed with innocent tears, prepared her for her paſſage to immortality. Manfred, plunged in the deepeſt affliction, followed the litter in deſpair.

Ere they reached the caſtle, Hippolita, informed of the dreadful cataſtrophe, had flown to meet her murdered child; but when ſhe ſaw the afflicted proceſſion, the mightineſs of her grief deprived her of her ſenſes, and ſhe fell lifeleſs to the earth in a ſwoon. Iſabella and Frederic, who attended her, were overwhelmed in almoſt equal ſorrow. Matilda alone ſeemed inſenſible to her own ſituation: every thought was loſt in tenderneſs for her mother. Ordering the litter to ſtop, as ſoon as Hippolita was brought to herſelf, ſhe aſked for her father. He approached, unable to ſpeak. Matilda, ſeizing his hand

hand and her mother's, locked them in her own, and then claſped them to her heart. Manfred could not ſupport this act of pathetic piety. He daſhed himſelf on the ground, and curſed the day he was born. Iſabella, apprehenſive that theſe ſtruggles of paſſion were more than Matilda could ſupport, took upon herſelf to order Manfred to be borne to his apartment, while ſhe cauſed Matilda to be conveyed to the neareſt chamber. Hippolita, ſcarce more alive than her daughter, was regardleſs of every thing but her: but when the tender Iſabella's care would have likewiſe removed her, while the ſurgeons examined Matilda's wound, ſhe cried, Remove me? Never! never! I lived but in her, and will expire with her. Matilda raiſed her eyes at her mother's voice, but cloſed them again without ſpeaking. Her ſinking pulſe, and the damp coldneſs of her hand, ſoon diſpelled all hopes of recovery. Theodore followed the ſurgeons into the outer chamber, and heard them pronounce the fatal ſentence with a tranſport equal to phrenſy—Since ſhe cannot live mine, cried he, at leaſt ſhe ſhall be mine in death!—Father! Jerome! will you not join our hands? cried he to the friar, who with the marquis had accompanied the ſurgeons. What means thy diſtracted raſhneſs? ſaid Jerome: is this an hour for marriage? It is, it is, cried Theodore: alas, there is no other! Young man, thou art too unadviſed, ſaid Frederic: doſt thou think we are to liſten to thy fond tranſports in this hour of fate? What pretenſions haſt thou to the princeſs? Thoſe of a prince, ſaid Theodore; of the ſovereign of Otranto. This reverend man, my father, has informed me who I am. Thou raveſt, ſaid the marquis: there is no prince of Otranto but myſelf, now Manfred by murder, by ſacrilegious murder, has forfeited all pretenſions. My lord, ſaid Jerome, aſſuming an air of command, he tells you true. It was not my purpoſe the ſecret ſhould have been divulged ſo ſoon; but fate preſſes onward to its work. What his hot-headed paſſion has revealed, my tongue confirms. Know, prince, that when Alfonſo ſet ſail for the Holy Land—Is this a ſeaſon for explanations? cried Theodore. Father, come and unite me to the princeſs: ſhe ſhall be mine—in every other thing I will dutifully obey you. My life! my adored Matilda! continued Theodore, ruſhing back into the inner chamber, will you not be mine? will you not bleſs your——Iſabella made ſigns to him to be ſilent, apprehending the princeſs was near her end. What, is ſhe dead? cried Theodore: is it poſſible? The violence of his exclamations brought Matilda to herſelf. Lifting up her eyes ſhe looked round for her mother—Life of my ſoul! I am here, cried Hippolita: think not I will quit thee!—Oh! you are too good, ſaid

Matilda.

Matilda—but weep not for me, my mother! I am going where ſorrow never dwells.—Iſabella, thou haſt loved me; wot thou not ſupply my fondneſs to this dear, dear woman? Indeed I am faint!—Oh! my child! my child! ſaid Hippolita in a flood of tears, can I not withhold thee a moment?—It will not be, ſaid Matilda—Commend me to heaven—Where is my father? Forgive him, deareſt mother—forgive him my death; it was an error—Oh! I had forgotten—Deareſt mother, I vowed never to ſee Theodore more—Perhaps that has drawn down this calamity—but it was not intentional—can you pardon me?—Oh! wound not my agonizing ſoul! ſaid Hippolita; thou never couldſt offend me.—Alas, ſhe faints! Help! help!—I would ſay ſomething more, ſaid Matilda ſtruggling, but it wonnot be—Iſabella—Theodore—for my ſake—oh!—She expired. Iſabella and her women tore Hippolita from the corſe; but Theodore threatened deſtruction to all who attempted to remove him from it. He printed a thouſand kiſſes on her clay-cold hands, and uttered every expreſſion that deſpairing love could dictate.

Iſabella, in the mean time, was accompanying the afflicted Hippolita to her apartment; but in the middle of the court they were met by Manfred, who, diſtracted with his own thoughts, and anxious once more to behold his daughter, was advancing to the chamber where ſhe lay. As the moon was now at its height, he read in the countenances of this unhappy company the event he dreaded. What! is ſhe dead? cried he in wild confuſion—A clap of thunder at that inſtant ſhook the caſtle to its foundations; the earth rocked, and the clank of more than mortal armour was heard behind. Frederic and Jerome thought the laſt day was at hand. The latter, forcing Theodore along with them, ruſhed into the court. The moment Theodore appeared, the walls of the caſtle behind Manfred were thrown down with a mighty force, and the form of Alfonſo, dilated to an immenſe magnitude, appeared in the centre of the ruins. Behold in Theodore, the true heir of Alfonſo! ſaid the viſion: and having pronounced thoſe words, accompanied by a clap of thunder, it aſcended ſolemnly towards heaven, where the clouds parting aſunder, the form of ſaint Nicholas was ſeen; and receiving Alfonſo's ſhade, they were ſoon wrapt from mortal eyes in a blaze of glory.

The beholders fell proſtrate on their faces, acknowledging the divine will. The firſt that broke ſilence was Hippolita. My lord, ſaid ſhe to the deſponding Manfred, behold the vanity of human greatneſs! Conrad is gone! Matilda

tilda is no more! in Theodore we view the true prince of Otranto. By what miracle he is ſo, I know not—ſuffice it to us, our doom is pronounced! Shall we not, can we but dedicate the few deplorable hours we have to live, in deprecating the farther wrath of heaven? Heaven ejects us—whither can we fly, but to yon holy cells that yet offer us a retreat?—Thou guiltleſs but unhappy woman! unhappy by my crimes! replied Manfred, my heart at laſt is open to thy devout admonitions. Oh! could—but it cannot be—ye are loſt in wonder—let me at laſt do juſtice on myſelf! To heap ſhame on my own head is all the ſatisfaction I have left to offer to offended heaven. My ſtory has drawn down theſe judgments: let my confeſſion atone—But ah! what can atone for uſurpation and a murdered child? a child murdered in a conſecrated place!——Liſt, ſirs, and may this bloody record be a warning to future tyrants!

Alfonſo, ye all know, died in the Holy Land—Ye would interrupt me; ye would ſay he came not fairly to his end—It is moſt true—why elſe this bitter cup which Manfred muſt drink to the dregs? Ricardo, my grandfather, was his chamberlain—I would draw a veil over my anceſtor's crimes—but it is in vain: Alfonſo died by poiſon. A fictitious will declared Ricardo his heir. His crimes purſued him—yet he loſt no Conrad, no Matilda! I pay the price of uſurpation for all! A ſtorm overtook him. Haunted by his guilt, he vowed to ſaint Nicholas to found a church and two convents if he lived to reach Otranto. The ſacrifice was accepted: the ſaint appeared to him in a dream, and promiſed that Ricardo's poſterity ſhould reign in Otranto until the rightful owner ſhould be grown too large to inhabit the caſtle, and as long as iſſue-male from Ricardo's loins ſhould remain to enjoy it.—Alas! alas! nor male nor female, except myſelf, remains of all his wretched race! —I have done—the woes of theſe three days ſpeak the reſt. How this young man can be Alfonſo's heir I know not—yet I do not doubt it. His are theſe dominions; I reſign them—yet I knew not Alfonſo had an heir—I queſtion not the will of heaven—poverty and prayer muſt fill up the woeful ſpace, until Manfred ſhall be ſummoned to Ricardo.

What remains is my part to declare, ſaid Jerome. When Alfonſo ſet ſail for the Holy Land, he was driven by a ſtorm on the coaſt of Sicily. The other veſſel, which bore Ricardo and his train, as your *lordſhip* muſt have heard, was ſeparated from him. It is moſt true, ſaid Manfred; and the title

you give me is more than an out-caſt can claim—Well, be it ſo—proceed. Jerome bluſhed, and continued. For three months lord Alfonſo was wind-bound in Sicily. There he became enamoured of a fair virgin named Victoria. He was too pious to tempt her to forbidden pleaſures. They were married. Yet deeming this amour incongruous with the holy vow of arms by which he was bound, he was determined to conceal their nuptials until his return from the cruſado, when he purpoſed to ſeek and acknowledge her for his lawful wife. He left her pregnant. During his abſence ſhe was delivered of a daughter: but ſcarce had ſhe felt a mother's pangs, ere ſhe heard the fatal rumour of her lord's death, and the ſucceſſion of Ricardo. What could a friendleſs, helpleſs woman do? would her teſtimony avail?—Yet, my lord, I have an authentic writing.—It needs not, ſaid Manfred; the horrors of theſe days, the viſion we have but now ſeen, all corroborate thy evidence beyond a thouſand parchments. Matilda's death and my expulſion—Be compoſed, my lord, ſaid Hippolita; this holy man did not mean to recall your griefs. Jerome proceeded.

I ſhall not dwell on what is needleſs. The daughter of which Victoria was delivered, was at her maturity beſtowed in marriage on me. Victoria died; and the ſecret remained locked in my breaſt. Theodore's narrative has told the reſt.

The friar ceaſed. The diſconſolate company retired to the remaining part of the caſtle. In the morning Manfred ſigned his abdication of the principality, with the approbation of Hippolita, and each took on them the habit of religion in the neighbouring convents. Frederic offered his daughter to the new prince, which Hippolita's tenderneſs for Iſabella concurred to promote: but Theodore's grief was too freſh to admit the thought of another love; and it was not till after frequent diſcourſes with Iſabella, of his dear Matilda, that he was perſuaded he could know no happineſs but in the ſociety of one with whom he could forever indulge the melancholy that had taken poſſeſſion of his ſoul.

A N

A C C O U N T

OF THE

G I A N T S

LATELY DISCOVERED:

In a Letter to a Friend in the Country.

First Printed in the Year 1766.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

GIANTS

LATELY DISCOVERED.

DEAR WILL.

THOUGH people in the country are enough diſpoſed to believe wonders, yet are they prudently apt to ſuſpend giving credit to all that are ſent from London, except of a political caſt. You good folks ſtill believe in an uninterrupted generation of patriots; and though they ſeldom come to years of maturity, you truſt in them as faſt as they are produced in ſaint Stephen's chapel. For other monſtrous births, you are fonder of them, the farther they come. Ghoſts and witches are entirely of your own growth. Excepting the famous ghoſt of a ſound in Cock-lane, from which the Methodiſts expected ſuch a rich harveſt (for what might not a riſing church promiſe itſelf from ſuch well-imagined nonſenſe as the apparition of a noiſe?) I think many, many years have elapſed, ſince the capital could boaſt of having regenerated a ſpirit. Your ſagacity will therefore incline you to doubt the marvellous account I am going to give you of a new-diſcovered race of giants.

Perhaps

Perhaps you will take the relation for ſome political allegory, or think it a new-vamped edition of Swift's Brobdignags. My good friend, it is neither the one nor the other; though I muſt own a political myſtery, and a wonderful one too, for it is really kept a ſecret.—The very crew of the ſhip, who ſaw five hundred of theſe lofty perſonages, did not utter a word of the matter for a whole year; and even now, that a general idea has taken wind, can ſcarce be brought to give any particulars to their moſt intimate friends.

All that the public can yet learn is, that captain Byron and his men have ſeen on the coaſt of Patagonia five hundred giants on horſeback. Giants! you will cry; what do you call giants? Why, my friend, not men of fifty or an hundred feet high, yet ſtill very perſonable giants, and much taller than any individual ever exhibited at Charing-croſs. Come, what do you think of nine or ten feet high? and what do you think of five hundred ſuch? Will Mrs. —— cry, "Piſh! that is no giant, it is only a well-made man."

I am told, for I am no reader of travels, that this gigantic nation was known to exiſt as early as the diſcovery of that continent: that ſir John Narborough mentions them; and of late years Maupertuis. The Spaniards aſſert that they have long been acquainted with their exiſtence—ſo *they*, you ſee, can keep a ſecret too. But the reaſons given why we know ſo little of the matter are, that few ſhips ever touch on that coaſt, ſtanding more out to ſea in order to double the Cape; and that theſe giants are a roving nation, and ſeldom come down to the coaſt; and then I ſuppoſe only *to bob for whales*.

You will be eager to know a great deal more than I can tell you; but thus much I think is allowed: That captain Byron, being on that coaſt, ſaw a body of men at a diſtance on very ſmall horſes: as he approached, he perceived that the horſes were common-ſized horſes; but that the riders were enormouſly tall, though I do not hear that their legs trailed much on the ground. This was fine game for a man ſent on diſcoveries. The captain and part of his crew immediately landed, on which meſſieurs the giants as quickly retreated. Whether this timidity was owing to the terror which the Engliſh arms have ſtruck into all parts of the known and, I conclude, unknown world; whether they took captain Byron for Mr. Pitt; whether they took

took our men for Spaniards, whoſe name muſt be an horror to all Americans; or whether they had any apprehenſions of fire-arms; I cannot tell. Be that as it may, the more the captain and his men advanced, the faſter the giants kept trotting off. Seeing this, the captain took a bold and ſenſible reſolution: he ordered his men to lay down their arms and remain ſtock ſtill, himſelf alone advancing. I doubt much whether Homer would have cared to venture his Jupiter alone againſt five hundred Titans.

Captain Byron's Titans had more of the *ſçavoir vivre*, and, ſeeing him advance alone, ſtopped. He came up with them, and addreſſed them in all the languages he knew, and that they did not. They replied in the giant-tongue, which I am told a very reverend critic, upon the ſtrength of one ſyllable which the captain remembered, affirms is plainly Phœnician. The captain, not being maſter of that exceedingly uſeful and obſolete language, had the misfortune of not comprehending a word they ſaid. Had he been a deep ſcholar, he would undoubtedly have had recourſe to hieroglyphics, which the Learned tell us was the firſt way of conveying inſtruction: but I muſt beg leave to obſerve, that it was very lucky the captain had not ſo much erudition. I do not know whether he can draw or not, but moſt probably, if he can, he had not his implements with him; at moſt, perhaps, a black-lead pencil, or a pen and ink, and the cover of a letter. He could not with ſuch tools have aſked many queſtions; and as the giants are probably not better painters than the Egyptians, he would have underſtood their anſwers as little as the Learned do the figures on obeliſks. Thus he would have loſt his time, and got no information; or, what is worſe, to every man but a critic, have made a thouſand abſurd gueſſes. The captain having a great deal more ſenſe, and the ſavages ſome, they naturally fell into that *ſuccedaneum* to language, ſigns. Yet I do not hear that either ſide gained much information.

The firſt thing, or rather firſt ſign, he ſaid to them in this dilemma was, *Sit down;* which he explained by ſitting down on the ground himſelf. The poor good giants underſtood him, diſmounted and ſat down too. It is ſaid, but far be it from me to affirm it, that, when the captain (who I am told is upwards of ſix feet) roſe again, the neareſt giant to him, though ſitting, was taller than he.

An

An hour or two was ſpent in fruitleſsly endeavouring to underſtand one another: all I hear the eaptain eomprehended was, that the giants invited him very eivilly to go with them into the woods, where I ſuppoſe Gigantopolis ſtands, and their king reſides, who, no doubt, is at leaſt two feet taller than the talleſt of his grenadiers. The captain deelined the offer; at which theſe polite ſavages expreſſed mueh concern, but never onee, as any ſtill more polite people would have done, attempted to force him.

When he took his leave, they remained motionleſs, and eontinued ſo, as he obſerved by his glaſſes, till the ſhip was out of their ſight.

Very few other partieulars are eome to my knowledge, except that they were clothed in ſkins of beaſts, and had their eyes painted of different colours; that they had no weapons, but ſpears pointed with fiſh-bones; that they devour fiſh raw, and that they ſhowed great repugnance to taſte any liquids offered to them by the eaptain; and that though they were too polite abſolutely to refuſe his toaſt, they ſpit the liquor out of their mouths again; whether from apprehenſion of intoxieation or poiſon, is not certain: however, it looks as if they had ſome notion of ſueh European arts. What is more remarkable; the weather being very ſevere at that ſeaſon, the whole coloſſal troop ſeemed as ſenſible of the cold, and ſhivered like us little delicate mortals of ſix feet high. They had a few gianteſſes with them; but as the captain did not ſurvey them with the ſmall end of his ſpying-glaſs, I do not hear that he was much ſtruek with their charms.

This, my dear friend, is all the ſatisfaction I ean give you. However, I am proud to be the firſt who has communicated this important diſcovery to Europe.

The ſpeculations it has already occaſioned, and will occaſion, are infinite. The wolf of the Gevaudan, that terror of the Freneh monarchy, is already forgotten. Naturaliſts, politieians, divines, and writers of romance, have a new field opened to them. The ſcale of being aſcends; we mount from the pigmies of Lapland, to the giants of Patagonia.

You will aſk, but I cannot anſwer you, Whether the ſcale of the country is in proportion to ſuch inhabitants? Whether their oaks are half as lofty again as the Britiſh? And ſuch is your zeal for England, you will already figure a fleet built of their timber. How large is the grain of their corn? Of what ſize their ſheep, cows, and poultry? Do not go and compute by Gulliver's meaſures, and tell me, that a populous nation of ſuch dimenſions would devour the products of ſuch a country as Great Tartary in half a year. Giants there are; but what proportionable food they have, except elephants and leviathans, is more than I can tell. They probably do not live upon Bantam-chickens.

As you are ſtill more of a politician than a naturaliſt, you will be impatient to know if captain Byron took poſſeſſion of the country for the crown of England, and to have his majeſty's ſtyle run, George the third, by the grace of God, king of Great-Britain, France, Ireland, and the Giants! You will aſk why ſome of their women were not brought away to mend our breed, which all good patriots aſſert has been dwindling for ſome hundreds of years; and whether there is any gold or diamonds in the country? Mr. Whitfield wants to know the ſame thing, and it is ſaid intends a viſit for the converſion of theſe poor blinded ſavages.

As ſoon as they are properly civilized, that is, enſlaved, due care will undoubtedly be taken to ſpecify in their charter that theſe giants ſhall be ſubject to the parliament of Great-Britain, and ſhall not wear a ſheep's ſkin that is not legally **ſtamped*. A riot of giants would be very unpleaſant to an infant colony. But experience, I hope, will teach us, that the invaluable liberties of Engliſhmen are not to be wantonly ſcattered all over the globe. Let us enjoy them ourſelves, but they are too ſacred to be communicated. If giants once get an idea of freedom, they will ſoon be our maſters inſtead of our ſlaves. But what pretenſions can they have to freedom? They are as diſtinct from the common ſpecies as blacks, and, by being larger, may be more uſeful. I would adviſe our prudent merchants to employ them in the ſugar-trade: they are capable of more labour; but even then they muſt be worſe treated, if poſſible, than our black ſlaves: they muſt be lamed and maimed, and have their ſpirits well broken, or they may become dangerous. This

* This was written during the conteſts on the famous ſtamp-act.

too will give a little reſpite to Africa, where we have half exhauſted the human, I mean the black breed, by that wiſe maxim of our planters, that if a ſlave lives four years he has earned his purchaſe-money, conſequently you may afford to work him to death in that time.

The mother-country is not only the firſt, but ought to be the ſole object of our political conſiderations. If we once begin to extend the idea of the love of our country, it will embrace the univerſe, and conſequently annihilate all notion of our country. The Romans, ſo much the object of modern admiration, were with difficulty perſuaded to admit even the reſt of Italy to be their countrymen. The true patriots never regarded any thing without the walls of Rome, except their own villas, as their country. Every thing was done for immortal Rome, and it was immortal Rome that did every thing. Conquered nations, which to them anſwered to diſcovered nations with us, for they conquered as faſt as they diſcovered, were always treated accordingly; and it is remarkable, that two men equally famous for their eloquence have been the only two that ever had the weakneſs to think that conquered countries were entitled to all the bleſſings of the mother-country. Cicero treated Sicily and Cilicia as tenderly as the diſtrict of Arpinum, and I doubt it was the folly of that example that miſled his too exact * imitator on a late occaſion. However, the giants muſt be impreſſed with other ideas: Bleſs us! if, like that pigmy old Oliver, they ſhould come to think the Speaker's mace a bawble!

What have we to do with America, but to conquer, enſlave, and make it tend to the advantage of our commerce? Shall the nobleſt rivers in the world roll for ſavages? Shall mines teem with gold for the natives of the ſoil? And ſhall the world produce any thing but for England, France, and Spain? It is enough that the overflowings of riches in thoſe three countries are every ten years waſted in Germany.

Still, my political friend, I am not for occupying Patagonia, as we did Virginia, Carolina, &c. Such might be the politics of queen Elizabeth's days: but modern improvements are wiſer. If the giants in queſtion are maſters of a rich and flouriſhing empire, I think they ought to be put under their majeſties, a Weſt-Indian company; the directors of which may retail

* Alluding to Mr. Pitt's ſpeeches againſt the ſtamp-act.

out a ſmall portion of their imperial revenues to the proprietors, under the name of a dividend. This is an excellent ſcheme of government, totally unknown to the ancients. I can but think how poor Livy or Tacitus would have been hampered in giving an account of ſuch an *imperium in imperio.* * Caſſimirus Alius Caunus (for they latinized every proper name, inſtead of delivering it as uncouthly pronounced by their ſoldiers and ſailors) would have ſounded well enough: but dividends, diſcounts, India bonds, &c. were not made for the majeſty of hiſtory. But I am wandering from my ſubject; though, while I am talking of the ſtocks and funds, I could chalk out a very pretty new South-ſea ſcheme, *à propos* to the Patagonians. It would not ruin above half the nation, and would make the fortunes of ſuch induſtrious gentlemen, as during the want of a war in Germany cannot turn commiſſaries.

Command is the object of every man's ambition; but by the impolitic aſſent of ages and nations to hereditary monarchy, you muſt be begotten on a queen, or are for ever excluded from wearing a diadem; except in a very few inſtances; as in Poland, where the throne is elective; in Corſica, where they will not acknowledge hereditary right in the republic of Genoa; in † Ruſſia, where a ſoldier's trull ſucceeded her huſband the czar, and where there are other ways of ſucceeding a huſband; in Peru, where they are tired of exchanging their gold for tyrants; and in Paraguay, where the ‡ outcaſts of the earth, and the inventors of the oath of obedience, have thrown off all ſubmiſſion to their prince, and, having mounted the throne, will probably renounce the oath of chaſtity too. But it is to England that perſons of the loweſt birth are indebted for the invention and facility of wielding at leaſt part of a ſceptre. Buy but an India bond, and you have a property in the kingdom of Bengal. Riſe to be a director, and the Mogul has not more power of appointing and diſplacing nabobs. Indian ſovereigns may now be born in Threadneedle-ſtreet.

What the government means by pocketing a whole nation of giants, is not to be conceived. It ought again to draw down the vengeance of their antagoniſts on the preſent § miniſters. I am ſure they have done nothing worſe.

* Caſſim Ali Caun.

† Alluding to the czarinas, Catherine 1ſt and 2d.

‡ The jeſuits.

§ This was written before the change of the miniſtry in July.

Who knows but at this inſtant they may be preparing to pour in forty or fifty thouſand giants upon us? Their love of liberty, their tenderneſs of the conſtitution, their lenity, mildneſs, and diſintereſtedneſs, their attention to the merchants, in ſhort, all their virtues may be affected, and only calculated to lull us aſleep until the fatal blow is ſtruck. I own my apprehenſions are gloomy; yet, thank God, we have a pretty tall * oppoſition, who will not ſuffer us to be enſlaved by any thing higher than themſelves.

In the mean time, till we know ſomething of the matter, it is to be hoped that all ſpeculative authors, who are ſo kind as to govern and reform the world through the channel of the newſpapers, will turn their thoughts to plans for ſettling this new-acquired country. I call it new-acquired, becauſe whoever finds a country, though nobody has loſt it, is from that inſtant entitled to take poſſeſſion of it for himſelf, or his ſovereign. Europe has no other title to America, except force and murder, which are rather the executive parts of government than a right. Though Spain pretends a knowledge of our giants, ſhe has forfeited all pretenſions to their allegiance, by concealing the diſcovery; as is plain from the deciſion of the canon law, *tit. De novis regionibus non abſcondendis.*

The firſt thought that will occur to every good chriſtian is, that this race of giants ought to be exterminated, and their country colonized; but I have already mentioned the great utility that may be drawn from them in the light of ſlaves. I have alſo ſaid, that a moderate importation might be tolerated for the ſake of mending our breed; but I would by no means come into a project I have heard dropped, and in which propagation would not be concerned: I mean the ſcheme of bringing over a number of giants for ſecond huſbands to dowagers. Ireland is already kept in a ſtate of humiliation. We check their trade, and do not allow them to avail themſelves of the beſt ſituated harbours in the world. Matrimony is their only branch of commerce unreſtricted, and it would be a moſt crying injuſtice to clog that too.

In truth, we are not ſufficiently acquainted with theſe Goliahs to decide peremptorily on their properties. No account of them has been yet tranſmitted to the Royal Society: but it would be exceedingly adviſable, that a jury of matrons ſhould be ſent in the next embarkation to make a report;

* The Grenvilles.

and

and old women for old women, I would truſt to the analyſis of the matrons in preference to that of the philoſophers.

I will now, my friend, drop the political part of this diſcuſſion, and inform you what effect this phænomenon has had on another ſet of men. It has ſtarted an obvious and very perplexing queſtion, viz. whether theſe giants are aborigines; if they are not, from which of the ſons of Noah they are deſcended, and in that caſe how we ſhall account for this extraordinary increaſe of ſtature?

The modern philoſophers are peremptory that theſe giants are aborigines; that is, that their country has been inhabited by giants from the creation of the world. The ſcriptures, ſay thoſe gentlemen, mention giants, but never poſterior to the flood; whence we ought to believe that they periſhed in the general deluge. Neither, add they, are we told that any ſon of Noah was of ſtature ſupereminent to his brethren. Yet we will ſuppoſe, ſay they, that ſome of their deſcendants might have ſhot up to an extraordinary height, without notice being taken of it in ſacred writ. Nay, they allow that this increaſe of ſtature might not have appeared till after the date of holy writ. Yet, is it credible, ſay they, that a race of giants ſhould have been formed, and remain unknown to all ages, all nations, all hiſtory? Did theſe monſters paſs unobſerved from the moſt eaſtern part of the continent (the ſuppoſed communication by which America was peopled) to the northern parts of the other world, and migrate down that whole continent to the moſt ſouthern point of it, without leaving any trace, even by tradition, in the memory of mankind? Or are we to believe, that tribes of giants ſailed from Africa to America? What veſſels wafted them? Was navigation ſo perfected in the infant ages of the world, that fleets enormouſly larger than any now exiſting were conſtructed for a race of Polyphemes? Or, to come to the third point, is it the climate that has ripened them, as Jamaica ſwells oranges to ſhadocks, to this ſtupendous volume? But north and ſouth of them are men of the ordinary ſize; nor have the ſame latitudes produced any thing ſimilar. Natural philoſophers cannot account for it, therefore divines certainly can; and when this people ſhall be better known, I do not doubt but the myſtery will be cleared up; for, as theſe giants have indubitably remained unmixed longer than any other people, we ſhall probably diſcover ſtronger traces of their Jewiſh origin. Their cult is in all likelihood leſs corrupted from that

of

of the ſons of Noah, than is to be found elſewhere; their language poſſibly the genuine Hebrew, not Phœnician; and, if I might hazard a conjecture, theſe giants are probably the deſcendants of the ten tribes ſo long loſt, and ſo fruitleſsly ſought by the learned; and having deviated leſs from the true religion of their forefathers, may have been reſtored to, or preſerved in, their primitive ſtature and vigour. I offer this opinion with much modeſty, though I think it more reaſonable than any *hypotheſis* I have yet heard on the ſubject.

Whatever their religion ſhall appear to be, it will be matter of great curioſity. We ſcarce know of any people, except the Hottentots, or the heroes who lived in the days of Fingal, among whom no traces of any religious notions or worſhip have been diſcovered.

If they are not Jews, but idolaters, the ſtatues of their divinities, their ſacrificing inſtruments, or whatever are the trinkets of their devotion, will be great rarities, and worthy of a place in any muſeum.

Their poetry will be another object of enquiry, and, if their minds are at all in proportion to their bodies, muſt abound in the moſt lofty images, in the true ſublime. Oh! if we could come at an heroic poem penned by a giant! We ſhould ſee other images than our puny writers of romance have conceived; and a little different from the cold * tale of a late notable author, who did not know better what to do with his giant than to make him grow till he ſhook his own caſtle about his own ears.

In ſhort, my good friend, here is ample room for ſpeculation: but I hope we ſhall go calmly and ſyſtematically to work: that we ſhall not exterminate theſe poor monſters till we are fully acquainted with their hiſtory, laws, opinions, police, &c. that we ſhall not convert them to chriſtianity, only to cut their throats afterwards; that nobody will beg a million of acres of giant-land, till we have determined what to do with the preſent occupiers; and that we ſhall not throw away fifteen or twenty thouſand men in conquering their country, as we did at the Havannah, only to reſtore it to the Spaniards.

Yours,

July 1, 1766.

S. T.

* The Caſtle of Otranto.

Vertue delin

Grignion sculps.

KING RICHARD the III.

HISTORIC DOUBTS

ON THE

LIFE AND REIGN

OF

KING RICHARD the THIRD.

L'Hiſtoire n'eſt fondée que ſur le temoignage des auteurs qui nous l'ont tranſmiſe. Il importe donc extrêmement, pour la ſçavoir, de bien connoître quels étoient ces auteurs. Rien n'eſt à negliger en ce point; le tems où ils ont vécu, leur naiſſance, leur patrie, la part qu'ils ont eue aux affaires, les moyens par leſquels ils ont été inſtruits, et l'intérêt qu'ils y pouvoient prendre, ſont des circonſtances eſſentielles qu'il n'eſt pas permis d'ignorer: delà depend le plus ou le moins d'autorité qu'ils doivent avoir: et ſans cette connoiſſance, on courra riſque très ſouvent de prendre pour guide un hiſtorien de mauvaiſe foi, ou du moins mal informé.

Hiſt. de l'Acad. des Inſcript. Vol. X.

PREFACE.

SO incompetent has the generality of hiſtorians been for the province they have undertaken, that it is almoſt a queſtion, whether, if the dead of paſt ages could revive, they would be able to reconnoitre the events of their own times, as tranſmitted to us by ignorance and miſrepreſentation. All very ancient hiſtory, except that of the illuminated Jews, is a perfect fable. It was written by prieſts, or collected from their reports; and calculated ſolely to raiſe lofty ideas of the origin of each nation. Gods and demi-gods were the principal actors; and truth is ſeldom to be expected where the perſonages are ſupernatural. The Greek hiſtorians have no advantage over the Peruvian, but in the beauty of their language, or from that language being more familiar to us. Mango Capac, the ſon of the ſun, is as authentic a founder of a royal race, as the progenitor of the Heraclidæ. What truth indeed could be expected, when even the identity of perſon is uncertain? The actions of one were aſcribed to many, and of many to one. It is not known whether there was a ſingle Hercules or twenty.

As nations grew poliſhed, hiſtory became better authenticated. Greece itſelf learned to ſpeak a little truth. Rome, at the hour of its fall, had the conſolation of ſeeing the crimes of its uſurpers publiſhed. The vanquiſhed inflicted eternal wounds on their conquerors—but who knows, if Pompey had ſucceeded, whether Julius Cæſar would not have been decorated as a martyr to public liberty? At ſome periods the ſuffering criminal captivates all hearts; at others, the triumphant tyrant. Auguſtus, drenched in the blood of his fellow-citizens, and Charles Stuart, falling in his own blood, are held up to admiration. Truth is left out of the diſcuſſion; and odes and anniverſary ſermons give the law to hiſtory and credulity.

But if the crimes of Rome are authenticated, the caſe is not the ſame with its virtues. An able critic has ſhown that nothing is more problematic than

the hiſtory of the three or four firſt ages of that city. As the confuſions of the ſtate increaſed, ſo do the confuſions in its ſtory. The empire had maſters, whoſe names are only known from medals. It is uncertain of what princes ſeveral empreſſes were the wives. If the jealouſy of two antiquaries intervenes, the point becomes inexplicable. Oriuna, on the medals of Carauſius, uſed to paſs for the moon: of late years it is become a doubt whether ſhe was not his conſort. It is of little importance whether ſhe was moon or empreſs: but how little muſt we know of thoſe times, when thoſe land-marks to certainty, royal names, do not ſerve even that purpoſe! In the cabinet of the king of France are ſeveral coins of ſovereigns, whoſe country cannot now be gueſſed at.

The want of records, of letters, of printing, of critics; wars, revolutions, factions, and other cauſes, occaſioned theſe defects in ancient hiſtory. Chronology and aſtronomy are forced to tinker up and reconcile, as well as they can, thoſe uncertainties. This ſatisfies the learned—but what ſhould we think of the reign of George the ſecond to be calculated two thouſand years hence by eclipſes, leſt the conqueſt of Canada ſhould be aſcribed to James the firſt?

At the very moment that the Roman empire was reſettled, nay, when a new metropolis was erected, in an age of ſcience and arts, while letters ſtill held up their heads in Greece; conſequently, when the great outlines of truth, I mean events, might be expected to be eſtabliſhed; at that very period a new deluge of error burſt upon the world. Chriſtian monks and ſaints laid truth waſte; and a mock ſun roſe at Rome, when the Roman ſun ſunk at Conſtantinople. Virtues and vices were rated by the ſtandard of bigotry; and the militia of the church became the only hiſtorians. The beſt princes were repreſented as monſters; the worſt, at leaſt the moſt uſeleſs, were deified, according as they depreſſed or exalted turbulent and enthuſiaſtic prelates and friars. Nay, theſe men were ſo deſtitute of temper and common ſenſe, that they dared to ſuppoſe that common ſenſe would never reviſit the earth; and accordingly wrote with ſo little judgment, and committed ſuch palpable forgeries, that, if we cannot diſcover what really happened in thoſe ages, we can at leaſt be very ſure what did not. How many general perſecutions does the church record, of which there is not the ſmalleſt trace!

What

What donations and charters were forged, for which thoſe holy perſons would loſe their ears, if they were in this age to preſent them in the moſt common court of judicature! Yet how long were thoſe impoſtors the only perſons who attempted to write hiſtory!

But let us lay aſide their intereſted lies, and conſider how far they were qualified in other reſpects to tranſmit faithful memorials to poſterity. In the ages I ſpeak of, the barbarous monkiſh ages, the ſhadow of learning that exiſted was confined to the clergy: they generally wrote in Latin, or in verſe, and their compoſitions in both were truly barbarous. The difficulties of rhime, and the want of correſpondent terms in Latin, were no ſmall impediments to the ſevere march of truth. But there were worſe obſtacles to encounter. Europe was in a continual ſtate of warfare. Little princes and great lords were conſtantly ſkirmiſhing and ſcrambling for trifling additions of territory, or waſting each others borders. Geography was very imperfect; no police exiſted; roads, ſuch as they were, were dangerous; and poſts were not eſtabliſhed. Events were only known by rumour, from pilgrims, or by letters carried by couriers to the parties intereſted: the public did not enjoy even thoſe fallible vehicles of intelligence, news-papers. In this ſituation did monks, at twenty, fifty, an hundred, nay a thouſand miles diſtance, (and under the circumſtances I have mentioned even twenty miles were conſiderable) undertake to write hiſtory—and they wrote it accordingly.

If we take a ſurvey of our own hiſtory, and examine it with any attention, what an unſatisfactory picture does it preſent to us! How dry, how ſuperficial, how void of information! How little is recorded beſides battles, plagues, and religious foundations! That this ſhould be the caſe, before the conqueſt, is not ſurpriſing. Our empire was but forming itſelf, or re-collecting its divided members into one maſs, which, from the deſertion of the Romans, had ſplit into petty kingdoms. The invaſions of nations as barbarous as ourſelves, interfered with every plan of policy and order that might have been formed to ſettle the emerging ſtate; and ſwarms of foreign monks were turned looſe upon us with their new faith and myſteries, to bewilder and confound the plain good ſenſe of our anceſtors. It was too much to have Danes, Saxons, and popes to combat at once!

Our language ſuffered as much as our government; and, not having acquired much from our Roman maſters, was miſerably diſfigured by the ſubſequent invaders. The unconquered parts of the iſland retained ſome purity and ſome preciſion. The Welſh and Erſe tongues wanted not harmony: but never did exiſt a more barbarous jargon than the dialect ſtill venerated by antiquaries, and called *Saxon*. It was ſo uncouth, ſo inflexible to all compoſition, that the monks, retaining the idiom, were reduced to write in what they took or meant for Latin.

The Norman tyranny ſucceeded, and gave this Babel of ſavage ſounds a wrench towards their own language. Such a mixture neceſſarily required ages to bring it to ſome ſtandard: and, conſequently, whatever compoſitions were formed during its progreſs, were ſure of growing obſolete. However, the authors of thoſe days were not likely to make theſe obvious reflections; and indeed ſeemed to have aimed at no one perfection. From the conqueſt to the reign of Henry the eighth it is difficult to diſcover any one beauty in our writers, but their ſimplicity. They told their tale like ſtory-tellers; that is, they related without art or ornament: and they related whatever they heard. No councils of princes, no motives of conduct, no remoter ſprings of action, did they inveſtigate or learn. We have even little light into the characters of the actors. A king or an archbiſhop of Canterbury are the only perſons with whom we are made much acquainted. The barons are all repreſented as brave patriots; but we have not the ſatisfaction of knowing which of them were really ſo; nor whether they were not all turbulent and ambitious. The probability is, that both kings and nobles wiſhed to encroach on each other: and if any ſparks of liberty were ſtruck out, in all likelihood it was contrary to the intention of either the flint or the ſteel.

Hence it has been thought neceſſary to give a new dreſs to Engliſh hiſtory. Recourſe has been had to records, and they are far from corroborating the teſtimonies of our hiſtorians. Want of authentic materials has obliged our later writers to leave the maſs pretty much as they found it. Perhaps all the requiſite attention that might have been beſtowed, has not been beſtowed. It demands great induſtry and patience to wade into ſuch abſtruſe ſtores as records and charters: and they being jejune and narrow in themſelves, very

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acute criticiſm is neceſſary to ſtrike light from their aſſiſtance. If they ſolemnly contradict hiſtorians in material facts, we may loſe our hiſtory; but it is impoſſible to adhere to our hiſtorians. Partiality man cannot entirely diveſt himſelf of; it is ſo natural, that the bent of a writer to one ſide or the other of a queſtion is almoſt always diſcoverable. But there is a wide difference between favouring and lying—and yet I doubt whether the whole ſtream of our hiſtorians, miſled by their originals, have not falſified one reign in our annals in the groſſeſt manner. The moderns are only guilty of taking on truſt what they ought to have examined more ſcrupulouſly, as the authors whom they copied were all ranked on one ſide in a flagrant ſeaſon of party. But no excuſe can be made for the original authors, who, I doubt, have violated all rules of truth.

The confuſions which attended the civil war between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, threw an obſcurity over that part of our annals, which it is almoſt impoſſible to diſpel. We have ſcarce any authentic monuments of the reign of Edward the fourth; and ought to read his hiſtory with much diſtruſt, from the boundleſs partiality of the ſucceeding writers to the oppoſite cauſe. That diffidence ſhould increaſe as we proceed to the reign of his brother.

It occurred to me ſome years ago, that the picture of Richard the third, as drawn by hiſtorians, was a character formed by prejudice and invention. I did not take Shakeſpeare's tragedy for a genuine repreſentation, but I did take the ſtory of that reign for a tragedy of imagination. Many of the crimes imputed to Richard ſeemed improbable; and, what was ſtronger, contrary to his intereſt. A few incidental circumſtances corroborated my opinion; an original and important inſtrument was pointed out to me laſt winter, which gave riſe to the following ſheets; and as it was eaſy to perceive, under all the glare of encomiums which hiſtorians have heaped on the wiſdom of Henry the ſeventh, that he was a mean and unfeeling tyrant, I ſuſpected that they had blackened his rival, till Henry, by the contraſt, ſhould appear in a kind of amiable light. The more I examined their ſtory, the more I was confirmed in my opinion:—and with regard to Henry, one conſequence I could not help drawing; that we have either no authentic memorials of Richard's crimes, or, at moſt, no account of them but from Lancaſtrian hiſtorians;

whereas the vices and injuſtice of Henry are, though palliated, avowed by the concurrent teſtimony of his panegyriſts. Suſpicions and calumny were faſtened on Richard as ſo many aſſaſſinations. The murders committed by Henry were indeed executions—and executions paſs for prudence with prudent hiſtorians; for when a ſucceſsful king is chief-juſtice, hiſtorians become a voluntary jury.

If I do not flatter myſelf, I have unravelled a conſiderable part of that dark period. Whether ſatisfactorily or not, my readers muſt decide. Nor is it of any importance whether I have or not. The attempt was mere matter of curioſity and ſpeculation. If any man, as idle as myſelf, ſhould take the trouble to review and canvaſs my arguments, I am ready to yield ſo indifferent a point to better reaſons. Should declamation alone be uſed to contradict me, I ſhall not think I am leſs in the right.

Nov. 28th, 1767.

HISTORIC

Vertue delin. Grignion Sculp.

KING RICHARD III. and QUEEN ANNE.

HISTORIC DOUBTS

ON THE

Life and Reign of King RICHARD III.

THERE is a kind of literary ſuperſtition which men are apt to contract from habit, and which makes them look on any attempt towards ſhaking their belief in any eſtabliſhed characters, no matter whether good or bad, as a ſort of profanation. They are determined to adhere to their firſt impreſſions, and are equally offended at any innovation, whether the perſon, whoſe character is to be raiſed or depreſſed, were patriot or tyrant, ſaint or ſinner. No indulgence is granted to thoſe who would aſcertain the truth. The more the teſtimonies on either ſide have been multiplied, the ſtronger is the conviction; though it generally happens that the original evidence is wondrous ſlender, and that the number of writers have but copied one another; or, what is worſe, have only added to the original, without any new authority. Attachment ſo groundleſs is not to be regarded; and in mere matters of curioſity, it were ridiculous to pay any deference to it. If time brings new materials to light, if facts and dates confute hiſtorians, what does it ſignify that we have been for two or three hundred years under an error? Does antiquity conſecrate darkneſs? Does a lie become venerable from its age?

Hiſtoric

Hiſtoric juſtice is due to all characters. Who would not vindicate Henry the eighth or Charles the ſecond, if found to be falſely traduced? Why then not Richard the third? Of what importance is it to any man living, whether or not he was as bad as he is repreſented? No one noble family is ſprung from him.

However, not to diſturb too much the erudition of thoſe who have read the diſmal ſtory of his cruelties, and ſettled their ideas of his tyranny and uſurpation, I declare I am not going to write a vindication of him. All I mean to ſhow is, that though he may have been as execrable as we are told he was, we have little or no reaſon to believe ſo. If the propenſity of habit ſhould ſtill incline a ſingle man to *ſuppoſe* that all he has read of Richard is true, I beg no more, than that that perſon would be ſo impartial as to own that he has little or no foundation for ſuppoſing ſo.

I will ſtate the liſt of the crimes charged on Richard; I will ſpecify the authorities on which he was accuſed; I will give a faithful account of the hiſtorians by whom he was accuſed; and will then examine the circumſtances of each crime and each evidence; and, laſtly, ſhow that ſome of the crimes were contrary to Richard's intereſt, and almoſt all inconſiſtent with probability or with dates, and ſome of them involved in material contradictions.

Suppoſed crimes of Richard the third.

1ſt. His murder of Edward prince of Wales, ſon of Henry the ſixth.
2d. His murder of Henry the ſixth.
3d. The murder of his brother George duke of Clarence.
4th. The execution of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.
5th. The execution of lord Haſtings.
6th. The murder of Edward the fifth and his brother.
7th. The murder of his own queen.

To which may be added, as they are thrown into the liſt to blacken him, his intended match with his own niece Elizabeth, the penance of Jane Shore, and his own perſonal deformities.

I. Of

I. Of the murder of Edward prince of Wales, ſon of Henry the ſixth.

Edward the fourth had indubitably the hereditary right to the crown; which he purſued with ſingular bravery and addreſs, and with all the arts of a politician and the cruelty of a conqueror. Indeed on neither ſide do there ſeem to have been any ſcruples: Yorkiſts and Lancaſtrians, Edward and Margaret of Anjou, entered into any engagements, took any oaths, violated them, and indulged their revenge, as often as they were depreſſed or victorious. After the battle of Tewkſbury, in which Margaret and her ſon were made priſoners, young Edward was brought to the preſence of Edward the fourth; "But after the king," ſays Fabian, the oldeſt hiſtorian of thoſe times, "had queſtioned with the ſaid ſir Edwarde, and he had anſwered unto hym contrary his pleaſure, he then ſtrake him with his gauntlet upon the face; after which ſtroke, ſo by him received, he was by the kynges ſervants incontinently ſlaine." The Chronicle of Croyland of the ſame date ſays, the prince was ſlain "ultricibus quorundam manibus;" but names nobody.

Hall, who cloſes his work with the reign of Henry the eighth, ſays, that "The prince beyinge bold of ſtomache and of a good courage, anſwered the king's queſtion (of how he durſt ſo preſumptuouſly enter into his realme with banner diſplayed) ſaiynge, To recover my father's kingdome and enheritage, &c. at which wordes kyng Edward ſaid nothing, but with his hand thruſt him from him, or, as ſome ſay, ſtroke him with his gauntlet, whome incontinent, they that ſtode about, which were George duke of Clarence, Richard duke of Glouceſter, Thomas marques Dorſet (ſon of queen Elizabeth Widville) and William lord Haſtynges, ſodainly murthered and pitiouſly manquelled." Thus much had the ſtory gained from the time of Fabian to that of Hall.

Hollingſhed repeats theſe very words, conſequently is a tranſcriber and no new authority.

John Stowe reverts to Fabian's account, as the only one not grounded on hearſay, and affirms no more, than that the king cruelly ſmote the young prince on the face with his gauntlet, and after his ſervants ſlew him.

Of modern hiſtorians, Rapin and Carte, the only two who ſeem not to have ſwallowed implicitly all the vulgar tales propagated by the Lancaſtrians to blacken the houſe of York, warn us to read with allowance the exaggerated relations of thoſe times. The latter ſuſpects, that at the diſſolution of the monaſteries all evidences were ſuppreſſed that tended to weaken the right of the prince on the throne; but as Henry the eighth concentred in himſelf both the claim of Edward the fourth and that ridiculous one of Henry the ſeventh, he ſeems to have had leſs occaſion to be anxious leſt the truth ſhould come out; and indeed his father had involved that truth in ſo much darkneſs, that it was little likely to force its way. Nor was it neceſſary then to load the memory of Richard the third, who had left no offſpring. Henry the eighth had no competitor to fear but the deſcendants of Clarence, of whom he ſeems to have had ſufficient apprehenſion, as appeared by his murder of the old counteſs of Saliſbury, daughter of Clarence, and his endeavours to root out her poſterity. This jealouſy accounts for Hall charging the duke of Clarence, as well as the duke of Glouceſter, with the murder of prince Edward. But in accuſations of ſo deep a dye, it is not ſufficient ground for our belief, that an hiſtorian reports them with ſuch a frivolous palliative as that phraſe, *as ſome ſay*. A cotemporary names the king's *ſervants* as perpetrators of the murder: is not that more probable, than that the king's own brothers ſhould have dipped their hands in ſo foul an aſſaſſination? Richard, in particular, is allowed on all hands to have been a brave and martial prince: he had great ſhare in the victory at Tewkſbury: ſome years afterwards he commanded his brother's troops in Scotland, and made himſelf maſter of Edinburgh. At the battle of Boſworth, where he fell, his courage was heroic: he fought Richmond, and endeavoured to decide their quarrel by a perſonal combat, ſlaying ſir William Brandon, his rival's ſtandard-bearer, with his own hand, and felling to the ground ſir John Cheney, who endeavoured to oppoſe his fury. Such men may be carried by ambition to command the execution of thoſe who ſtand in their way; but are not likely to lend their hand, in cold blood, to a baſe, and, to themſelves, uſeleſs aſſaſſination. How did it import Richard in what manner the young prince was put to death? If he had ſo early planned the ambitious deſigns aſcribed to him, he might have truſted to his brother Edward, ſo much more immediately concerned, that the young prince would not be ſpared. If thoſe views did not, as is probable, take root in his heart till long afterwards, what intereſt had Richard to murder an unhappy young prince?

This

This crime therefore was ſo unneceſſary, and is ſo far from being eſtabliſhed by any authority, that he deſerves to be entirely acquitted of it.

II. The murder of Henry the ſixth.

This charge, no better ſupported than the preceding, is ſtill more improbable. "Of the death of this prince, Henry the ſixth," ſays Fabian, "divers tales wer told. But the moſt common fame went, that he was ſticken with a dagger by the handes of the duke of Gloceter."

The author of the Continuation of the Chronicle of Croyland ſays only, that the body of king Henry was found lifeleſs (exanime) in the Tower. "Parcat Deus," adds he, "& ſpatium pœnitentiæ ei donet, *quicunque* ſacrilegas manus in chriſtum Domini auſus eſt immittere. Unde et agens tyranni, patienſque glorioſi martyris titulum mereatur." The prayer for the murderer, that he may live to repent, proves that the paſſage was written immediately after the murder was committed. That the aſſaſſin deſerved the appellation of tyrant, evinces that the hiſtorian's ſuſpicions went high; but as he calls him *quicunque*, and as we are uncertain whether he wrote before the death of Edward the fourth, or between his death and that of Richard the third, we cannot aſcertain which of the brothers he meant. In ſtrict conſtruction he ſhould mean Edward, becauſe, as he is ſpeaking of Henry's death, Richard, then only duke of Glouceſter, could not properly be called a tyrant. But as monks were not good grammatical critics, I ſhall lay no ſtreſs on this objection. I do think he alluded to Richard; having treated him ſeverely in the ſubſequent part of his hiſtory, and having a true monkiſh partiality to Edward, whoſe cruelty and vices he ſlightly noticed, in favour to that monarch's ſeverity to heretics and eccleſiaſtic expiations. "Is princeps, licet diebus ſuis cupiditatibus & luxui nimis intemperanter indulſiſſe credatur, in fide tamen catholicus ſummè, hereticorum ſeveriſſimus hoſtis, ſapientium & doctorum hominum clericorumque promotor amantiſſimus, ſacramentorum eccleſiæ devotiſſimus venerator, peccatorumque ſuorum omnium pœnitentiſſimus fuit." That monſter Philip the ſecond poſſeſſed juſt the ſame virtues. Still, I ſay, let the monk ſuſpect whom he would, if Henry was found dead, the monk was not likely to know who murdered him—and if he did, he has not told us.

Hall ſays, "Poore kyng Henry the ſixte, a little before deprived of hys realme and imperial croune, was now in the Tower of London ſpoyled of his life and all worldly felicite by Richard duke of Glouceſter (as the conſtant fame ranne) which, to thintent that king Edward his brother ſhould be clere out of al ſecret ſuſpicyon of ſudden invaſion, murthered the ſaid king with a dagger." Whatever Richard was, it ſeems he was a moſt excellent and kind-hearted brother, and ſcrupled not on any occaſion to be the Jack Ketch of the times. We ſhall ſee him ſoon (if the evidence were to be believed) perform the ſame friendly office for Edward on their brother Clarence. And we muſt admire that he, whoſe dagger was ſo fleſhed in murder for the ſervice of another, ſhould be ſo put to it to find the means of making away with his nephews, whoſe deaths were conſiderably more eſſential to him. But can this accuſation be allowed gravely? If Richard aſpired to the crown, whoſe whole conduct during Edward's reign was a ſcene, as we are told, of plauſibility and decorum, would he officiouſly and unneceſſarily have taken on himſelf the odium of ſlaying a ſaint-like monarch, adored by the people? Was it his intereſt to ſave Edward's character at the expence of his own? Did Henry ſtand in *his* way, depoſed, impriſoned, and now *childleſs?* The blind and indiſcriminate zeal with which every crime committed in that bloody age was placed to Richard's account, makes it greatly probable, that intereſt of party had more hand than truth in drawing his picture. Other cruelties, which I ſhall mention, and to which we know his motives, he certainly commanded; nor am I deſirous to purge him where I find him guilty: but mob-ſtories or Lancaſtrian forgeries ought to be rejected from ſober hiſtory; nor can they be repeated, without expoſing the writer to the imputation of weakneſs and vulgar credulity.

III. The murder of his brother Clarence.

In the examination of this article, I ſhall ſet aſide our hiſtorians (whoſe goſſiping narratives, as we have ſeen, deſerve little regard) becauſe we have better authority to direct our enquiries: and this is, the attainder of the duke of Clarence, as it is ſet forth in the Parliamentary Hiſtory (copied indeed from Habington's Life of Edward the fourth), and by the editors of that hiſtory juſtly ſuppoſed to be taken from Stowe, who had ſeen the original bill

of attainder. The crimes and conſpiracy of Clarence are there particularly enumerated, and even his dealing with conjurers and necromancers; a charge, however abſurd, yet often made uſe of in that age. Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey duke of Glouceſter, had been condemned on a parallel accuſation. In France it was a common charge; and I think, ſo late as the reign of Henry the eighth, Edward duke of Buckingham was ſaid to have conſulted aſtrologers and ſuch like cattle, on the ſucceſſion of the crown. Whether Clarence was guilty we cannot eaſily tell; for in thoſe times neither the public nor the priſoner were often favoured with knowing the evidence on which ſentence was paſſed. Nor was much information of that ſort given to or aſked by parliament itſelf, previous to bills of attainder. The duke of Clarence appears to have been at once a weak, volatile, injudicious, and ambitious man. He had abandoned his brother Edward, had eſpouſed the daughter of Warwick, the great enemy of their houſe, and had even been declared ſucceſſor to Henry the ſixth and his ſon prince Edward. Conduct ſo abſurd muſt have left laſting impreſſions on Edward's mind, not to be effaced by Clarence's ſubſequent treachery to Henry and Warwick. The Chronicle of Croyland mentions the ill-humour and diſcontents of Clarence; and all our authors agree, that he kept no terms with the queen and her relations *. Habington adds, that theſe diſcontents were ſecretly fomented by the duke

* That Chronicle, which now and then, tho' ſeldom, is circumſtantial, gives a curious account of the marriage of Richard duke of Glouceſter and Anne Nevil, which I have found in no other author; and which ſeems to tax the envy and rapaciouſneſs of Clarence as the cauſes of the diſſenſion between the brothers. This account, and from a cotemporary, is the more remarkable, as the lady Anne is poſitively ſaid to have been only *betrothed* to Edward prince of Wales, ſon of Henry the ſixth, and not his widow, as ſhe is careleſsly called by all our hiſtorians, and repreſented in Shakeſpeare's maſterly ſcene. "Poſtquam filius regis Henrici, cui domina Anna, minor filia comitis Warwici, *deſponſata* fuit, in prefato bello de Tewkſbury occubuit." Richard duke of Glouceſter deſired her for his wife. Clarence, who had married the eldeſt ſiſter, was unwilling to ſhare ſo rich an inheritance with his brother, and concealed the young lady. Glouceſter was too alert for him, and diſcovered the lady Anne in the dreſs of a cookmaid in London, and removed her to the ſanctuary of ſaint Martin. The brothers pleaded each his cauſe in perſon before their elder brother in council; and every man, ſays the author, admired the ſtrength of their reſpective arguments. The king compoſed their differences, beſtowed the maiden on Glouceſter, and parted the eſtate between him and Clarence; the counteſs of Warwick, mother of the heireſſes, and who had brought that vaſt wealth to the houſe of Nevil, remaining the only ſufferer, being reduced to a ſtate of abſolute neceſſity, as appears from Dugdale. In ſuch times, under ſuch deſpotic diſpenſations, the greateſt crimes were only conſequences of the œconomy of government.—Note, that ſir Richard Baker is ſo abſurd as to make Richard eſpouſe the lady Anne after his acceſſion, though he had a ſon by her ten years old at that time.

of

of Glouceſter. Perhaps they were: Glouceſter certainly kept fair with the queen, and profited largely by the forfeiture of his brother. But where jealouſies are ſecretly fomented in a court, they ſeldom come to the knowledge of an hiſtorian; and though he may have gueſſed right from collateral circumſtances, theſe inſinuations are mere *gratis dicta*, and can only be treated as ſurmiſes*. Hall, Hollingſhed, and Stowe, ſay not a word of Richard being the perſon who put the ſentence in execution; but, on the contrary, they all ſay he openly reſiſted the murder of Clarence: all too record another circumſtance, which is perfectly ridiculous, that Clarence was drowned in a barrel or butt of malmſey. Whoever can believe that a butt of wine was the engine of his death, may believe that Richard helped him into it, and kept him down till he was ſuffocated. But the ſtrong evidence on which Richard muſt be acquitted, and indeed even of having contributed to his death, was the teſtimony of Edward himſelf. Being ſome time afterward ſolicited to pardon a notorious criminal, the king's conſcience broke forth: "Unhappy brother!" cried he, "for whom no man would interceed—yet ye can all be interceſſors for a villain!" If Richard had been inſtigator or executioner, it is not likely that the king would have aſſumed the whole mercileſs criminality to himſelf, without beſtowing a due ſhare on his brother Glouceſter. Is it poſſible to renew the charge, and not recollect this acquittal!

The three preceding accuſations are evidently uncertain and improbable. What follows is more obſcure; and it is on the enſuing tranſactions that I venture to pronounce that we have little or no authority on which to form poſitive concluſions. I ſpeak more particularly of the deaths of Edward the fifth and his brother. It will, I think, appear very problematic whether they were murdered or not: and even if they were murdered, it is impoſſible to believe the account as fabricated and divulged by Henry the ſeventh, on whoſe teſtimony the murder muſt reſt at laſt; for they who ſpeak moſt poſitively, revert to the ſtory which he was pleaſed to publiſh eleven years after their ſuppoſed

* The Chronicle above quoted aſſerts, that the ſpeaker of the houſe of commons demanded the execution of Clarence. Is it credible that on a proceeding ſo public and ſo ſolemn for that age, the brother of the offended monarch and of the royal criminal ſhould have been deputed, or would have ſtooped to ſo vile an office? On ſuch occaſions do arbitrary princes want tools? Was Edward's court ſo virtuous or ſo humane, that it could furniſh no aſſaſſin but the firſt prince of the blood? When the houſe of commons undertook to colour the king's reſentment, was every member of it too ſcrupulous to lend his hand to the deed?

deaths,

deaths, and which is ſo abſurd, ſo incoherent, and ſo repugnant to dates and other facts, that, as it is no longer neceſſary to pay court to his majeſty, it is no longer neceſſary not to treat his aſſertions as an impudent fiction. I come directly to this point, becauſe the intervening articles of the execution of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan, and Haſtings, will naturally find their place in that diſquiſition.

And here it will be important to examine thoſe hiſtorians on whoſe relation the ſtory firſt depends. Previous to this I muſt aſcertain one or two dates, for they are ſtubborn evidence and cannot be rejected: they exiſt every where, and cannot be proſcribed even from a court calendar.

Edward the fourth died April 9th, 1483.
Edward, his eldeſt ſon, was then thirteen years of age.
Richard, duke of York, his ſecond ſon, was then about nine.

We have but two cotemporary hiſtorians, the author of the Chronicle of Croyland, and John Fabian. The firſt, who wrote in his convent, and only mentioned incidentally affairs of ſtate, is very barren and conciſe: he appears indeed not to have been ill informed, and ſometimes even in a ſituation of perſonally knowing the tranſactions of the times; for in one place we are told in a marginal note, that the doctor of the canon law, and one of the king's counſellors, who was ſent to Calais, was the author of the Continuation. Whenever therefore his aſſertions are poſitive, and not merely flying reports, he ought to be admitted as fair evidence, ſince we have no better. And yet a monk who buſies himſelf in recording the inſignificant events of his own order or monaſtery, and who was at moſt occaſionally made uſe of, was not likely to know the moſt important and moſt myſterious ſecrets of ſtate; I mean, as he was not employed in thoſe iniquitous tranſactions—If he had been, we ſhould learn or might expect ſtill leſs truth from him.

John Fabian was a merchant, and had been ſheriff of London, and died in 1512: he conſequently lived on the ſpot at that very intereſting period. Yet no ſheriff was ever leſs qualified to write a hiſtory of England. His narrative is dry, uncircumſtantial, and unimportant: he mentions the deaths of princes and revolutions of government, with the ſame phlegm and brevity as he

would ſpeak of the appointment of churchwardens. I ſay not this from any partiality, or to decry the ſimple man as croſſing my opinion; for Fabian's teſtimony is far from bearing hard againſt Richard, even though he wrote under Henry the ſeventh, who would have ſuffered no apology for his rival, and whoſe reign was employed not only in extirpating the houſe of York, but in forging the moſt atrocious calumnies to blacken their memories, and invalidate their juſt claim.

But the great ſource from whence all later hiſtorians have taken their materials for the reign of Richard the third, is ſir Thomas More. Grafton, the next in order, has copied him verbatim: ſo does Hollingſhed—and we are told by the former in a marginal note, that ſir Thomas was under-ſheriff of London when he compoſed his work. It is in truth a compoſition, and a very beautiful one. He was then in the vigour of his fancy, and freſh from the ſtudy of the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, whoſe manner he has imitated in divers imaginary orations. They ſerve to lengthen an unknown hiſtory of little more than two months into a pretty ſizeable volume; but are no more to be received as genuine, than the facts they are adduced to countenance. An under-ſheriff of London, aged but twenty-eight, and recently marked with the diſpleaſure of the crown, was not likely to be furniſhed with materials from any high authority, and could not receive them from the beſt authority, I mean the adverſe party, who were proſcribed, and all their chiefs baniſhed or put to death. Let us again recur to dates *. Sir Thomas More was born in 1480: he was appointed under-ſheriff in 1508, and three years before had offended Henry the ſeventh in the tender point of oppoſing a ſubſidy. Buck, the apologiſt of Richard the third, aſcribes the authorities of ſir Thomas to the information of archbiſhop Morton; and it is true that he had been brought up under that prelate; but Morton died in 1500, when ſir Thomas was but twenty years old, and when he had ſcarce thought of writing hiſtory. What materials he had gathered from his maſter were probably nothing more than a general narrative of the preceding times in diſcourſe at dinner or in a winter's evening, if ſo raw a youth can be ſuppoſed to have been admitted to familiarity with a prelate of that rank and prime miniſter. But granting that ſuch pregnant parts as More's had leaped the barrier of dignity, and inſinuated himſelf into the archbiſhop's favour; could

* Vide Biog. Britannica, p. 3159.

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he have drawn from a more corrupted ſource? Morton had not only violated his allegiance to Richard, but had been the chief engine to dethrone him and to plant a baſtard ſcion on the throne. Of all men living there could not be more ſuſpicious teſtimony than the prelate's, except the king's: and had the archbiſhop ſelected More for the hiſtorian of thoſe dark ſcenes; who had ſo much intereſt to blacken Richard, as the man who had riſen to be prime miniſter to his rival? Take it therefore either way, that the archbiſhop did or did not pitch on a young man of twenty to write that hiſtory, his authority was as ſuſpicious as could be.

It may be ſaid, on the other hand, that ſir Thomas, who had ſmarted for his boldneſs (for his father, a judge of the king's bench, had been impriſoned and fined for his ſon's offence), had had little inducement to flatter the Lancaſtrian cauſe. It is very true; nor am I inclined to impute adulation to one of the honeſteſt ſtateſmen and brighteſt names in our annals. He who ſcorned to ſave his life by bending to the will of the ſon, was not likely to canvaſs the favour of the father, by proſtituting his pen to the humour of the court. I take the truth to be, that ſir Thomas wrote his Reign of Edward the fifth as he wrote his Utopia; to amuſe his leiſure and exerciſe his fancy. He took up a paltry canvas, and embroidered it with a flowing deſign as his imagination ſuggeſted the colours. I ſhould deal more ſeverely with his reſpected memory on any other hypotheſis. He has been guilty of ſuch palpable and material falſehoods, as, while they deſtroy his credit as an hiſtorian, would reproach his veracity as a man, if we could impute them to premeditated perverſion of truth, and not to youthful levity and inaccuracy. Standing as they do, the ſole ground-work of that reign's hiſtory, I am authorized to pronounce the work, invention and romance.

Polidore Virgil, a foreigner, and author of a light Latin hiſtory, was here during the reigns of Henry the ſeventh and eighth. I may quote him now-and-then, and the Chronicle of Croyland; but neither furniſhes us with much light.

There was another foreign writer in that age of far greater authority, whoſe negligent ſimplicity and veracity are unqueſtionable; who had great opportunities of knowing our ſtory, and whoſe teſtimony is corroborated by

our records: I mean Philip de Comines. He and Buck agree with one another, and with the rolls of parliament; ſir Thomas More with none of them.

Buck, ſo long exploded as a lover of paradoxes, and as an advocate for a monſter, gains new credit the deeper this dark ſcene is fathomed. Undoubtedly Buck has gone too far; nor are his ſtyle and method to be admired. With every intention of vindicating Richard, he does but authenticate his crimes, by ſearching in other ſtory for parallel inſtances of what he calls policy. No doubt politicians will acquit Richard, if confeſſion of his crimes be pleaded in defence of them. Policy will juſtify his taking off opponents. Policy will maintain him in removing thoſe who would have barred his obtaining the crown, whether he thought he had a right to it, or was determined to obtain it. Morality, eſpecially in the latter caſe, cannot take his part. I ſhall ſpeak more to this immediately. Rapin conceived doubts; but, inſtead of purſuing them, wandered after judgments; and they will lead a man wherever he has a mind to be led. Carte, with more manly ſhrewdneſs, has ſifted many parts of Richard's ſtory, and gueſſed happily. My part has leſs penetration; but the Parliamentary Hiſtory, the compariſon of dates, and the authentic monument lately come to light, and from which I ſhall give extracts, have convinced me, that if Buck is too favourable, all our other hiſtorians are blind guides, and have not made out a twentieth part of their aſſertions.

The ſtory of Edward the fifth is thus related by ſir Thomas More, and copied from him by all our hiſtorians.

When the king his father died, the prince kept his court at Ludlow, under the tuition of his maternal uncle Anthony earl Rivers. Richard duke of Glouceſter was in the north, returning from his ſucceſsful expedition againſt the Scots. The queen wrote inſtantly to her brother to bring up the young king to London, with a train of two thouſand horſe: a fact allowed by hiſtorians, and which, whether a prudent caution or not, was the firſt overt-act of the new reign; and likely to ſtrike, as it did ſtrike, the duke of Glouceſter and the ancient nobility with a jealouſy, that the queen intended to exclude them from the adminiſtration, and to govern in concert with her own family. It is not improper to obſerve, that no precedent authorized her to aſſume ſuch power. Joan, princeſs dowager of Wales, and widow of the black

black prince, had no ſhare in the government during the minority of her ſon Richard the ſecond. Catharine of Valois, widow of Henry the fifth, was alike excluded from the regency, though her ſon was but a year old. And if Iſabella governed on the depoſition of Edward the ſecond, it was by an uſurped power, by the ſame power that had contributed to dethrone her huſband; a power ſanctified by no title, and confirmed by no act of parliament *. The firſt ſtep to a female regency † enacted, though it never took place, was many years afterwards, in the reign of Henry the eighth.

Edward, on his death-bed, had patched up a reconciliation between his wife's kindred and the great lords of the court; particularly between the marquis Dorſet, the queen's ſon, and the lord chamberlain Haſtings. Yet whether the diſguſted lords had only ſeemed to yield, to ſatisfy the dying king, or whether the ſteps taken by the queen gave them new cauſe of umbrage, it appears that the duke of Buckingham was the firſt to communicate his ſuſpicions to Glouceſter, and to dedicate himſelf to his ſervice. Lord Haſtings was ſcarce leſs forward to join in like meaſures: and all three, it is pretended, were ſo alert, that they contrived to have it inſinuated to the queen, that it would give much offence if the young king ſhould be brought to London with ſo great a force as ſhe had ordered; on which ſuggeſtions ſhe wrote to lord Rivers to countermand her firſt directions.

It is difficult not to ſuſpect, that our hiſtorians have imagined more plotting in this tranſaction than could eaſily be compaſſed in ſo ſhort a period, and in an age when no communication could be carried on but by ſpecial meſſengers, in bad roads, and with no relays of poſt-horſes.

Edward the fourth died April 9th, and his ſon made his entrance into London ‡ May 4th. It is not probable that the queen communicated her directions for bringing up her ſon with an armed force to the lords of the council, and her newly reconciled enemies. But ſhe might be betrayed. Still it required ſome time for Buckingham to ſend his ſervant Percival

* Twelve guardians were appointed by parliament, and the earl of Lancaſter entruſted with the care of the king's perſon. The latter being excluded from exerciſing his charge by the queen and Mortimer, gave that as a reaſon for not obeying a ſummons to parliament. *Vide Parliam. Hiſt.* vol. 1, p. 208, 215.

† Vide the act of ſucceſſion in Parliam. Hiſt. vol. 3, p. 127.

‡ Fabian.

(though ſir Thomas More vaunts his expedition) to York, where the duke of Glouceſter then lay * ; for Percival's return (it muſt be obſerved too that the duke of Buckingham was in Wales, conſequently did not learn the queen's orders upon the ſpot, but either received the account from London, or learnt it from Ludlow); for the two dukes to ſend inſtructions to their confederates in London ; for the impreſſion to be made on the queen, and for her diſpatching her counter-orders ; for Percival to poſt back and meet Glouceſter at Nottingham, and for returning thence and bringing his maſter Buckingham to meet Richard at Northampton, at the very time of the king's arrival there. All this might happen, undoubtedly ; and yet who will believe, that ſuch myſterious and rapid negotiations came to the knowledge of ſir Thomas More twenty-five years afterwards, when, as it will appear, he knew nothing of very material and public facts that happened at the ſame period ?

But whether the circumſtances are true, or whether artfully imagined, it is certain that the king with a ſmall force arrived at Northampton, and thence proceeded to Stony Stratford. Earl Rivers remained at Northampton, where he was cajoled by the two dukes till the time of reſt, when the gates of the inn were ſuddenly locked, and the earl made priſoner. Early in the morning the two dukes haſtened to Stony Stratford, where in the king's preſence they picked a quarrel with his other half-brother the lord Richard Grey, accuſing him, the marquis Dorſet, and their uncle Rivers, of ambitious and hoſtile deſigns, to which end the marquis had entered the Tower, taken treaſure thence, and ſent a force to ſea.

" *Theſe things*, ſays ſir Thomas, *the dukes knew were done for good and neceſſary purpoſes, and by appointment of the council ; but ſomewhat they muſt ſay.*" As ſir Thomas has not been pleaſed to ſpecify thoſe purpoſes, and as in thoſe times at leaſt privy councillors were exceedingly complaiſant to the ruling powers, he muſt allow us to doubt whether the purpoſes of the queen's

* It ſhould be remarked too, that the duke of Glouceſter is poſitively ſaid to be celebrating his brother's obſequies there. It not only ſtrikes off part of the term by allowing the neceſſary time for the news of king Edward's death to reach York, and for the preparations to be made there to ſolemnize a funeral for him ; but this very circumſtance takes off from the probability of Richard having as yet laid any plan for diſpoſſeſſing his nephew. Would he have loitered at York at ſuch a criſis, if he had intended to ſtep into the throne ?

relations

relations were quite ſo innocent as he would make us believe; and whether the princes of the blood and the ancient nobility had not ſome reaſon to be jealous that the queen was uſurping more power than the laws had given her. The cataſtrophe of her whole family ſo truly deſerves commiſeration, that we are apt to ſhut our eyes to all her weakneſs and ill-judged policy; and yet at every ſtep we find how much ſhe contributed to draw ruin on their heads and her own, by the confeſſion even of her apologiſts. The duke of Glouceſter was the firſt prince of the blood: the conſtitution pointed him out as regent: no will, no diſpoſition of the late king was even alleged to bar his pretenſions: he had ſerved the ſtate with bravery, ſucceſs and fidelity; and the queen herſelf, who had been inſulted by Clarence, had had no cauſe to complain of Glouceſter. Yet all her conduct intimated deſigns of governing by force in the name of her ſon*. If theſe facts are impartially ſtated, and grounded on the confeſſion of thoſe who inveigh moſt bitterly againſt Richard's memory, let us allow that at leaſt *thus far* he acted as moſt princes would have done in his ſituation, in a lawleſs and barbarous age; and rather inſtigated by others, than from any before-conceived ambition and ſyſtem. If the journies of Percival are true, Buckingham was the devil that tempted Richard; and if Richard ſtill wanted inſtigation, then it muſt follow, that he had not murdered Henry the ſixth, his ſon, and Clarence, to pave his own way to the crown. If this fine ſtory of Buckingham and Percival is not true, what becomes of ſir Thomas More's credit, on which the whole fabric leans?

Lord Richard, ſir Thomas Vaughan, and ſir Richard Hawte, were arreſted, and, with lord Rivers, ſent priſoners to Pomfret, while the dukes conducted the king by eaſy ſtages to London.

The queen, hearing what had happened, took ſanctuary at Weſtminſter,

* Grafton ſays, "and in effect every one as he was neereſt of kinne unto the queene, ſo was he planted nere about the prince." p. 761: and again, p. 762, "the duke of Glouceſter underſtanding that the lordes, which were about the king, entended to bring him up to his coronation, accompanied with ſuch power of their friendes, that it ſhould be hard for him, to bring his purpoſe to paſſe, without gatherying and aſſemble of people, and in manner of open war," &c. In the ſame place it appears, that the argument uſed to diſſuade the queen from employing force was, that it would be a breach of the accommodation made by the late king between her relations and the great lords: and ſo undoubtedly it was: and though they are accuſed of violating the peace, it is plain that the queen's inſincerity had been at leaſt equal to theirs, and that the infringement of the reconciliation commenced on her ſide.

with.

with her other ſon the duke of York, and the princeſſes her daughters. Rotheram, archbiſhop of York and lord-chancellor, repaired to her with the great ſeal, and endeavoured to comfort her diſmay with a friendly meſſage he had received from Haſtings, who was with the confederate lords on the road. "A woe worth him!" quoth the queen, "for *it is he* that goeth about to deſtroy me and my blood!" Not a word is ſaid of her ſuſpecting the duke of Glouceſter. The archbiſhop ſeems to have been the firſt who entertained any ſuſpicion; and yet, if all that our hiſtorian ſays of him is true, Rotheram was far from being a ſhrewd man: witneſs the indiſcreet anſwer which he is ſaid to have made on this occaſion. "Madam," quoth he, "be of good comfort, and aſſure you, if they crown any other king than your ſon whom they now have, we ſhall on the morrow crown his brother whom you have here with you." Did the ſilly prelate think that it would be much conſolation to a mother, whoſe eldeſt ſon might be murthered, that her younger ſon would be crowned in priſon? Or was ſhe to be ſatisfied with ſeeing one ſon entitled to the crown, and the other enjoying it nominally?

He then delivered the ſeal to the queen, and as lightly ſent for it back immediately after.

The dukes continued their march, declaring they were bringing the king to his coronation. Haſtings, who ſeems to have preceded them, endeavoured to pacify the apprehenſions which had been raiſed in the people, acquainting them that the arreſted lords had been impriſoned for plotting againſt the dukes of Glouceſter and Buckingham. As both thoſe princes were of the blood royal *, this accuſation was not ill founded, it having evidently been

* Henry duke of Buckingham was the immediate deſcendant and heir of Thomas of Woodſtock duke of Glouceſter, the youngeſt ſon of Edward the third, as will appear by this table:

Thomas duke of Glouceſter.
|
Anne——Edmund earl of Stafford.
ſole dr. and heireſs. |
Humphrey duke of Bucks.
|
Humphrey lord Stafford.
|
Henry duke of Bucks.

It is plain that Buckingham was influenced by this nearneſs to the crown; for it made him overlook his own alliance with the queen, whoſe ſiſter he had married. Henry the eighth did not overlook the proximity of blood, when he afterwards put to death the ſon of this duke.

the intention, as I have ſhown, to bar them from any ſhare in the adminiſtration, to which, by the cuſtom of the realm, they were entitled. So much depends on this foundation, that I ſhall be excuſed from enforcing it. The queen's party were the aggreſſors; and though that alone would not juſtify all the following exceſſes, yet we muſt not judge of thoſe times by the preſent. Neither the crown nor the great men were reſtrained by ſober eſtabliſhed forms and proceedings as they are at preſent; and from the death of Edward the third, force alone had dictated. Henry the fourth had ſtepped into the throne contrary to all juſtice. A title ſo defective had opened a door to attempts as violent; and the various innovations introduced in the latter years of Henry the ſixth had annihilated all ideas of order. Richard duke of York had been declared ſucceſſor to the crown during the life of Henry and of his ſon prince Edward, and, as appears by the Parliamentary Hiſtory, though not noticed by our careleſs hiſtorians, was even appointed prince of Wales. The duke of Clarence had received much ſuch another declaration in his favour during the ſhort reſtoration of Henry. What temptations were theſe precedents to an affronted prince! We ſhall ſee ſoon what encouragement they gave him to examine cloſely into his nephew's pretenſions; and how imprudent it was in the queen to provoke Glouceſter, when her very exiſtence as queen was liable to ſtrong objections. Nor ought the ſubſequent executions of lord Rivers, lord Richard Grey, and of lord Haſtings himſelf, to be conſidered in ſo very ſtrong a light, as they would appear in if acted in modern times. During the wars of York and Lancaſter, no forms of trial had been obſerved. Not only peers taken in battle had been put to death without proceſs, but whoever, though not in arms, was made priſoner by the victorious party, underwent the ſame fate; as was the caſe of Tiptoft earl of Worceſter, who had fled and was taken in diſguiſe. Trials had never been uſed with any degree of ſtrictneſs, as at preſent; and though Richard was purſued and killed as an uſurper, the Solomon that ſucceeded him was not a jot leſs a tyrant. Henry the eighth was ſtill leſs of a temper to give greater latitude to the laws. In fact, little ceremony or judicial proceeding was obſerved on trials, till the reign of Elizabeth, who, though decried of late for her deſpotiſm, in order to give ſome ſhadow of countenance to the tyranny of the Stuarts, was the firſt of our princes under whom any gravity or equity was allowed in caſes of treaſon. To judge impartially therefore, we ought to recall the temper and manners of the times we read of. It is ſhocking to eat our enemies; but it is not ſo ſhocking in an Iroquois, as it would

would be in the king of Pruſſia. And this is all I contend for, that the crimes of Richard, which he really committed, at leaſt which we have reaſon to believe he committed, were more the crimes of the age than of the man; and except thoſe executions of Rivers, Grey, and Haſtings, I defy any body to prove one other of thoſe charged to his account, from any good authority.

It is alleged that the partiſans of Glouceſter ſtrictly guarded the ſanctuary, to prevent farther reſort thither; but Sir Thomas confeſſes too, that *divers lords, knights, and gentlemen, either for favour of the queen, or for fear of themſelves, aſſembled companies, and went flocking together in harneſs.* Let us ſtrip this paragraph of its hiſtoric buſkins, and it is plain that *the queen's party took up arms* *. This is no indifferent circumſtance. She had plotted to keep poſſeſſion of the king, and to govern in his name by force, but had been outwitted, and her family had been impriſoned for the attempt. Conſcious that ſhe was diſcovered, perhaps reaſonably alarmed at Glouceſter's deſigns, ſhe had ſecured herſelf and her younger children in ſanctuary. Neceſſity rather than law juſtified her proceedings: But what excuſe can be made for her faction having recourſe to arms? Who was authorized, by the tenour of former reigns, to guard the king's perſon till parliament ſhould declare a regency, but his uncle and the princes of the blood? Endeavouring to eſtabliſh the queen's authority by force, was rebellion againſt the laws. I ſtate this minutely, becauſe the fact has never been attended to; and later hiſtorians paſs it over, as if Richard had hurried on the depoſition of his nephews without any colour of decency, and without the leaſt provocation to any of his proceedings. Haſtings is even ſaid to have warned the citizens that matters were likely *to come to a field* (to a battle) from the oppoſition of the adverſe party, though as yet no ſymptom had appeared of deſigns againſt the king, whom the two dukes were bringing to his coronation. Nay, it is not probable that Glouceſter had as yet meditated more than ſecuring the regency; for, had he had deſigns on the crown, would he have weakened his own claim by aſſuming the protectorate, which he could not accept but by acknowledging the title of his nephew? This in truth ſeems to me to have been the caſe. The ambition of the queen and her family alarmed the princes and the nobility: Glouceſter, Buckingham, Haſtings, and many more had

* This is confirmed by the Chronicle of Croyland, p. 566.

checked

checked thoſe attempts. The next ſtep was to ſecure the regency: but none of theſe acts could be done without grievous provocation to the queen. As ſoon as her ſon ſhould come of age, ſhe might regain her power and the means of revenge. Self-ſecurity prompted the princes and lords to guard againſt this reverſe; and what was equally dangerous to the queen, the depreſſion of her fortune called forth and revived all the hatred of her enemies. Her marriage had given univerſal offence to the nobility, and been the ſource of all the late diſturbances and bloodſhed. The great earl of Warwick, provoked at the contempt ſhewn to him by king Edward while negotiating a match for him in France, had abandoned him for Henry the ſixth, whom he had again ſet on the throne. Theſe calamities were ſtill freſh in every mind, and no doubt contributed to raiſe Glouceſter to the throne, which he could not have attained without almoſt general concurrence: yet if we are to believe hiſtorians, he, Buckingham, the mayor of London, and one Dr. Shaw, operated this revolution by a ſermon and a ſpeech to the people, though the people would not even give a huzza to the propoſal. The change of government in The Rehearſal is not effected more eaſily by the phyſician and gentleman uſher,

Do you take this, and I'll ſeize t'other chair.

In what manner Richard aſſumed or was inveſted with the protectorate does not appear. Sir Thomas More, ſpeaking of him by that title, ſays, "the protector which always you muſt take for the duke of Glouceſter." Fabian, after mentioning the ſolemn * arrival of the king in London, adds, "Than proviſyon was made for the kinge's coronation; in which paſtime (interval) the duke being admitted for lord protectour." As the parliament was not ſitting, this dignity was no doubt conferred on him by the aſſent of the lords and privy-council; and as we hear of no oppoſition, none was probably made. He was the only perſon to whom that rank was due; his right could not and does not ſeem to have been queſtioned. The Chronicle of Croyland corroborates my opinion, ſaying, "Accepitque dictus Ricardus dux Gloceſtriæ illum

* He was probably eye-witneſs of that ceremony; for he ſays, "The king was of the maior and his citizens met at Harneſey park, the maior and his brethren being clothed in ſcarlet, and the citizens in violet, to the number of V. C. horſes, and than from thence conveyed unto the citie, the king beynge in blewe velvet, and all his lords and ſervauntes in blacke cloth." p. 513.

ſolennem magiſtratum, qui duci Humfrido Gloceſtriæ, ſtante minore ætate regis Henrici, ut regni protector appellaretur, olim contingebat. Eâ igitur auctoritate uſus eſt, de conſenſu & beneplacito *omnium dominorum.*" p. 556.

Thus far therefore it muſt be allowed that Richard acted no illegal part, nor diſcovered more ambition than became him. He had defeated the queen's innovations, and ſecured her accomplices. To draw off our attention from ſuch regular ſteps, ſir Thomas More has exhauſted all his eloquence and imagination to work up a piteous ſcene, in which the queen is made to excite our compaſſion in the higheſt degree, and is furniſhed by that able pen with ſtrains of pathetic oratory, which no part of her conduct affords us reaſon to believe ſhe poſſeſſed. This ſcene is occaſioned by the demand of delivering up her ſecond ſon. Cardinal Bourchier, archbiſhop of Canterbury, is the inſtrument employed by the protector to effect this purpoſe. The fact is confirmed by Fabian in his rude and brief manner, and by the Chronicle of Croyland, and therefore cannot be diſputed. But though the latter author affirms that force was uſed to oblige the cardinal to take that ſtep, he by no means agrees with ſir Thomas More in the repugnance of the queen to comply, nor in that idle diſcuſſion on the privileges of ſanctuaries, on which ſir Thomas has waſted ſo many words. On the contrary, the Chronicle declares, that the queen "verbis gratanter annuens, dimiſit puerum." The king, who had been lodged in the palace of the biſhop of London, was now removed with his brother to the Tower.

This laſt circumſtance has not a little contributed to raiſe horror in vulgar minds, who of late years have been accuſtomed to ſee no perſons of rank lodged in the Tower but ſtate criminals. But in that age the caſe was widely different. It not only appears by a map engraven ſo late as the reign of queen Elizabeth, that the Tower was a royal palace, in which were ranges of buildings called the king's and queen's apartments, now demoliſhed; but it is a known fact, that they did often lodge there, eſpecially previous to their coronations. The queen of Henry the ſeventh lay-in there: queen Elizabeth went thither after her triumphant entry into the city; and many other inſtances might be produced: but for brevity I omit them, to come to one of the principal tranſactions of this dark period: I mean Richard's aſſumption of the crown. Sir Thomas More's account of this extraordinary event is totally

totally improbable, and poſitively falſe in the ground-work of that revolution. He tells us, that Richard meditating uſurpation, divided the lords into two ſeparate councils, aſſembling the king's or queen's party at Baynard's caſtle, but holding his own private junto at Croſby-place. From the latter he began with ſpreading murmurs, whiſpers, and reports againſt the legality of the late king's marriage.—Thus far we may credit him—but what man of common ſenſe can believe, that Richard went ſo far as publicly to aſperſe the honour of his own mother? That mother, Cecily ducheſs dowager of York, a princeſs of a ſpotleſs character, was then living: ſo were two of her daughters, the ducheſſes of Suffolk and Burgundy, Richard's own ſiſters: one of them, the ducheſs of Suffolk, walked at his enſuing coronation, and her ſon the earl of Lincoln was by Richard himſelf, after the death of his own ſon, declared heir apparent to the crown. Is it, can it be credible, that Richard actuated a venal preacher * to declare to the people from the pulpit at Paul's croſs, that his mother had been an adultereſs, and that her two eldeſt ſons †, Edward the fourth and the duke of Clarence ‡, were ſpurious? and that the good lady had not given a legitimate child to her huſband but the protector, and I ſuppoſe the ducheſs of Suffolk, though no mention is ſaid to be made of her in the ſermon? For as the ducheſs of Suffolk was older than Richard, and conſequently would have been involved in the charge of baſtardy, could he have declared her ſon his heir, he who ſet aſide his brother's children for their illegitimacy? Ladies of the leaſt diſputable gallantry generally ſuffer their huſband to beget his heir; and if doubts ariſe on the legitimacy of their iſſue, the younger branches ſeem moſt liable to ſuſpicion. But a tale ſo groſs could not have paſſed even on the mob:—no proof, no preſumption of

* What ſhould we think of a modern hiſtorian, who ſhould ſink all mention of the convention parliament, and only tell us that one doctor Burnet got up into the pulpit, and aſſured the people that Henrietta Maria (a little more ſuſpected of gallantry than ducheſs Cecily) produced Charles the ſecond and James the ſecond in adultery, and gave no legitimate iſſue to Charles the firſt but Mary princeſs of Orange, mother of king William; that the people laughed at him, and *ſo* the prince of Orange became king?

† The earl of Rutland, another ſon, elder than Richard, had been murthered at the battle of Wakefield, and ſo was omitted in that imaginary accuſation.

‡ Clarence is the firſt who is ſaid to have propagated this ſlander; and it was much more conſonant to his levity and indigeſted politics, than to the good ſenſe of Richard. Who can believe that Richard renewed this ſtory, eſpecially as he muſt have altered the dates of his mother's amours, and made them continue to her conception of him, as Clarence had made them ſtop in his own favour?

the fact was pretended. Were the * ducheſs and her daughters ſilent on ſo ſcandalous an inſinuation? Agrippina would ſcarce have heard it with patience. Moriar modo imperet! ſaid that empreſs in her wild wiſh of crowning her ſon: but had he, unprovoked, aſperſed her honour in the open forum, would the mother have ſubmitted to ſo unnatural an inſult? In Richard's caſe the imputation was beyond meaſure atrocious and abſurd. What! taint the fame of his mother to pave his way to the crown! Who had heard of her guilt? And if guilty, how came ſhe to ſtop the career of her intrigues? But Richard had better pretenſions, and had no occaſion to ſtart doubts even on his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be toſſed and bandied about before the multitude. Clarence had been ſolemnly attainted by act of parliament, and his children were out of the queſtion. The doubts on the validity of Edward's marriage were better grounds for Richard's proceedings than aſperſion of his mother's honour. On that invalidity he claimed the crown, and obtained it; and with ſuch univerſal concurrence, that the nation undoubtedly was on his ſide:—but as he could not deprive his nephews on that foundation, without baſtardizing their ſiſters too, no wonder the hiſtorians who wrote under the Lancaſtrian domination, have uſed all their art and induſtry to miſrepreſent the fact. If the marriage of Edward the fourth with the widow Grey was bigamy, and conſequently null, what became of the title of Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry the ſeventh? What became of it? Why, a baſtard branch of Lancaſter, matched with a baſtard of York, were obtruded on the nation as the right heirs of the crown; and, as far as two negatives can make an affirmative, they were ſo.

* It appears from Rymer's Fœdera, that the very firſt act of Richard's reign is dated from quadam alterâ camerâ juxta capellam in hoſpitio dominæ Ceciliæ duciſſæ Eborum. It does not look much as if he had publicly accuſed his mother of adultery, when he held his firſt council at her houſe. Among the Harleian MSS. in the Muſeum, N° 2236, art. 6, is the following letter from Richard to this very princeſs his mother, which is an additional proof of the good terms on which they lived: "Madam, I recomaunde me to you as hertely as is to me poſſible, beſeching you in my moſt humble and affectuouſe wiſe of your daly bleſſing to my ſynguler comfort and defence in my nede; and, madam, I hertely beſeche you, that I may often here from you to my comfort; and ſuche newes as be here, my ſervaunt Thomas Bryan this berer ſhall ſhowe you, to whom pleaſe it you to yeve credence unto. And, madam, I beſeche you to be good and graciouſe lady to my lord my chamberlayn to be your officer in Wiltſhire in ſuche as Colinbourne had: I truſt he ſhall therin do you good ſervyce; and that it pleſe you, that by this berer I may underſtande your pleaſur in this behalve. And I praye God ſende you th' accompliſhement of your noble deſires. Written at Pountfreit, the thirde day of Juyn, with the hande of your moſt humble ſon,

Ricardus Rex."

Buck,

Buck, whoſe integrity will more and more appear, affirms that, before Edward had eſpouſed the lady Grey, he had been contracted to the lady Eleanor Butler, and married to her by the biſhop of Bath. Sir Thomas More, on the contrary (and here it is that I am unwillingly obliged to charge that great man with wilful falſehood), pretends that the ducheſs of York, his mother, endeavouring to diſſuade him from ſo diſproportionate an alliance, urged him with a pre-contract to one Elizabeth Lucy, who however, being preſſed, confeſſed herſelf his concubine; but denied any marriage. Doctor Shaw too, the preacher, we are told by the ſame authority, pleaded from the pulpit the king's former marriage with Elizabeth Lucy; and the duke of Buckingham is ſaid to have harangued the people to the ſame effect. But now let us ſee how the caſe really ſtood: Elizabeth Lucy was the daughter of one Wyat of Southampton, a mean gentleman, ſays Buck, and the wife of one Lucy, as mean a man as Wyat. The miſtreſs of Edward ſhe notoriouſly was; but what if, in Richard's purſuit of the crown, no queſtion at all was made of this Elizabeth Lucy? We have the beſt and moſt undoubted authorities to aſſure us, that Edward's pre-contract or marriage, urged to invalidate his match with the lady Grey, was with the lady Eleanor Talbot, widow of the lord Butler of Sudely, and ſiſter of the earl of Shrewſbury, one of the greateſt peers in the kingdom; her mother was the lady Katherine Stafford, daughter of Humphrey duke of Buckingham, prince of the blood: an alliance in that age never reckoned unſuitable. Hear the evidence. Honeſt Philip de Comines ſays*, "that the biſhop of Bath informed Richard, that he had married king Edward to an Engliſh lady; & dit cet eveſque qu'il les avoit eſpouſes, & que n'y avoit que luy & ceux deux." This is not poſitive, and yet the deſcription marks out the lady Butler, and not Elizabeth Lucy. But the Chronicle of Croyland is more expreſs. "Color autem introitus & captæ poſſeſſionis hujuſmodi is erat. Oſtendebatur per modum ſupplicationis in quodam rotulo pergameni quod filii regis Edwardi erant baſtardi, ſupponendo illum precontraxiſſe cum quâdam dominâ Alienorâ Boteler, antequam reginam Elizabeth duxiſſet uxorem; atque inſuper, quod ſanguis alterius

* Liv. 5, p. 151. In the 6th book, Comines inſinuates that the biſhop acted out of revenge for having been impriſoned by Edward. It might be ſo; but as Comines had before alleged that the biſhop had actually ſaid he had married them, it might be the truth that the prelate told out of revenge, and not a lie; nor is it probable that his tale would have had any weight, if falſe, and unſupported by other circumſtances.

fratris

fratris ſui, Georgii ducis Clarentiæ, fuiſſet attinctus; ita quod hodie nullus certus & incorruptus ſanguis linealis ex parte Richardi ducis Eboraci poterat inveniri, niſi in perſonâ dicti Richardi ducis Gloceſtriæ. Quo circa ſupplicabatur ei in fine ejuſdem rotuli, *ex parte dominorum & communitatis regni*, ut jus ſuum in ſe aſſumeret." Is this full? Is this evidence? Here we ſee the origin of the tale relating to the ducheſs of York; *nullus certus & incorruptus ſanguis:* from theſe miſtaken or perverted words flowed the report of Richard's aſperſing his mother's honour. But as if truth was doomed to emerge, though ſtifled for near three hundred years, the roll of parliament is at length come to light (with other wonderful diſcoveries), and ſets forth, "that though *the three eſtates* which petitioned Richard to aſſume the crown were not aſſembled in form of parliament;" yet it rehearſes the ſupplication (recorded by the Chronicle above), and declares, "that king Edward was and ſtood married and troth plight to one dame Eleanor Butler, daughter to the earl of Shrewſbury, with whom the ſaid king Edward had made a pre-contract of matrimony, long before he made his pretended marriage with Elizabeth Grey." Could ſir Thomas More be ignorant of this fact? Or, if ignorant, where is his competence as an hiſtorian? And how egregiouſly abſurd is his romance of Richard's aſſuming the crown in conſequence of doctor Shaw's ſermon and Buckingham's harangue, to neither of which he pretends the people aſſented! Doctor Shaw no doubt tapped the matter to the people; for Fabian aſſerts that he never durſt ſhew his face afterwards; and as Henry the ſeventh ſucceeded ſo ſoon, and as the ſlanders againſt Richard increaſed, that might happen: but it is evident that the nobility were diſpoſed to call the validity of the queen's marriage in queſtion, and that Richard was ſolemnly invited by the three eſtates to accept the regal dignity; and that is farther confirmed by the Chronicle of Croyland, which ſays that Richard, having brought together a great force from the north, from Wales and other parts, did on the twenty-ſixth of June claim the crown, "ſeque eodem die apud magnam aulam Weſtmonaſterij in cathedram marmoream ibi intruſit;" *but* the ſupplication afore-mentioned had firſt been preſented to him. This will no doubt be called violence and a force laid on the three eſtates; and yet that appears by no means to have been the caſe; for ſir Thomas More, partial as he was againſt Richard, ſays, "that to be ſure of all enemies, he ſent for five thouſand men out of the north againſt his coronation, which came up evill apparelled and worſe harneſſed, in ruſty harneſſe, neither defenſable

fenſable nor ſcoured to the ſale, which muſtered in Finſbury field, to the great diſdain of all lookers on." Theſe ruſty companions, deſpiſed by the citizens, were not likely to intimidate a warlike nobility; and had force been uſed to extort their aſſent, ſir Thomas would have been the firſt to have told us ſo. But he ſuppreſſed an election that appears to have been voluntary, and invented a ſcene, in which, by his own account, Richard met with nothing but backwardneſs and ſilence, that amounted to a refuſal. The probability therefore remains, that the nobility met Richard's claim at leaſt half-way, from their hatred and jealouſy of the queen's family, and many of them from the conviction of Edward's pre-contract. Many might concur from provocation at the attempts that had been made to diſturb the due courſe of law, and ſome from apprehenſion of a minority. This laſt will appear highly probable from three ſtriking circumſtances that I ſhall mention hereafter. The great regularity with which the coronation was prepared and conducted, and the extraordinary concourſe of the nobility at it, have not at all the air of an unwelcome revolution, accompliſhed merely by violence. On the contrary, it bore great reſemblance to a much later event, which, being the laſt of the kind, we term *The Revolution*. The three eſtates of nobility, clergy, and people, which called Richard to the crown, and whoſe act was confirmed by the ſubſequent parliament, trod the ſame ſteps as the convention did which elected the prince of Orange; both ſetting aſide an illegal pretender, the legitimacy of whoſe birth was called in queſtion. And though the partiſans of the Stuarts may exult in my comparing king William to Richard the third, it will be no matter of triumph, ſince it appears that Richard's cauſe was as good as king William's, and that in both inſtances it was a free election. The art uſed by ſir Thomas More (when he could not deny a pre-contract) in endeavouring to ſhift that objection on Elizabeth Lucy, a married woman, contrary to the ſpecific words of the act of parliament, betrays the badneſs of the Lancaſtrian cauſe, which would make us doubt or wonder at the conſent of the nobility in giving way to the act for baſtardizing the children of Edward the fourth. But reinſtate the claim of the lady Butler, which probably was well known, and conceive the intereſt that her great relations muſt have made to ſet aſide the queen's marriage, nothing appears more natural than Richard's ſucceſſion. His uſurpation vaniſhes, and in a few pages more I ſhall ſhew that his conſequential cruelty vaniſhes too, or at moſt is very problematic: but firſt I muſt revert to ſome intervening circumſtances.

In

In this whole ſtory nothing is leſs known to us than the grounds on which lord Haſtings was put to death. He had lived in open enmity with the queen and her family, and had been but newly reconciled to her ſon the marquis Dorſet; yet ſir Thomas owns that lord Haſtings was one of the firſt to abet Richard's proceedings againſt her, and concurred in all the protector's meaſures. We are amazed therefore to find this lord the firſt ſacrifice under the new government. Sir Thomas More ſuppoſes (and he could only ſuppoſe, for, whatever archbiſhop Morton might tell him of the plots of Henry of Richmond, Morton was certainly not entruſted with the ſecrets of Richard), ſir Thomas, I ſay, ſuppoſes that Haſtings either withſtood the depoſition of Edward the fifth, or was accuſed of ſuch a deſign by Cateſby, who was deeply in his confidence; and he owns that the protector *undoubtedly loved him well, and loth he was to have him loſt.* What then is the preſumption? Is it not, that Haſtings really was plotting to defeat the new ſettlement contrary to the intention of the three eſtates? And who can tell whether the ſuddenneſs of the execution was not the effect of neceſſity? The gates of the Tower were ſhut during that rapid ſcene; the protector and his adherents appeared in the firſt ruſty armour that was at hand: but this circumſtance is alleged againſt them, as an incident contrived to gain belief, as if they had been in danger of their lives. The argument is gratis dictum; and as Richard loved Haſtings and had uſed his miniſtry, the probability lies on the other ſide: and it is more reaſonable to believe that Richard acted in ſelf-defence, than that he exerciſed a wanton, unneceſſary, and diſguſting cruelty. The collateral circumſtances introduced by More do but weaken * his account, and take from its probability. I do not mean the ſilly recapitulation of ſilly omens which forewarned Haſtings of his fate, and, as omens generally do, to no manner of purpoſe; but I ſpeak of the idle accuſations put into the mouth of Richard, ſuch as his baring his withered arm, and imputing it to ſorcery,

* Except the proclamation which ſir Thomas ſays appeared to have been prepared before hand. The death of Haſtings, I allow, is the fact of which we are moſt ſure, without knowing the immediate motives: we muſt conclude it was determined on his oppoſing Richard's claim: farther we do not know, nor whether that oppoſition was made in a legal or hoſtile manner. It is impoſſible to believe, that an hour before his death he ſhould have exulted in the deaths of their common enemies, and vaunted, as ſir Thomas More aſſerts, his connexion with Richard, if he was then actually at variance with him; nor that Richard ſhould, without provocation, have maſſacred ſo excellent an accomplice. This ſtory, therefore, muſt be left in the dark, as we find it.

and to his blending the queen and Jane Shore in the ſame plot. Cruel or not, Richard was no fool; and therefore it is highly improbable that he ſhould lay the withering of his arm on recent witchcraft, if it was true, as ſir Thomas More pretends, that it never had been otherwiſe.—But of the blemiſhes and deformity of his perſon I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak hereafter. For the other accuſation of a league between Elizabeth and Jane Shore, ſir Thomas More ridicules it himſelf, and treats it as highly unlikely. But, being unlikely, was it not more natural for him to think that it never was urged by Richard? And though ſir Thomas again draws aſide our attention by the penance of Jane, which ſhe certainly underwent, it is no kind of proof that the protector accuſed the queen of having plotted * with miſtreſs Shore. What relates to that unhappy fair one I ſhall examine at the end of this work.

The very day on which Haſtings was executed, were beheaded earl Rivers, lord Richard Grey, Vaughan, and Haute. Theſe executions are indubitable; were conſonant to the manners and violence of the age; and perhaps juſtifiable by that wicked code, ſtate-neceſſity. I have never pretended to deny them, becauſe I find them fully authenticated. I have in another place † done juſtice to the virtues and excellent qualities of earl Rivers: let therefore my impartiality be believed, when I reject other facts, for which I can diſcover no good authority. I can have no intereſt in Richard's guilt or innocence; but as Henry the ſeventh was ſo much intereſted to repreſent him as guilty, I cannot help imputing to the greater uſurper, and to the worſe tyrant of the two, all that appears to me to have been calumny and miſrepreſentation.

All obſtacles thus removed, and Richard being ſolemnly inſtated in the throne by the concurrent voice of the three eſtates, "He openly," ſays ſir

* So far from it, that, as Mr. Hume remarks, there is in Rymer's Fœdera a proclamation of Richard, in which he accuſes, not the lord Haſtings, but the marquis Dorſet, of connection with Jane Shore. Mr. Hume thinks ſo authentic a paper not ſufficient to overbalance the credit due to ſir Thomas More. What little credit was due to him appears from the courſe of this work in various and indubitable inſtances. The proclamation againſt the lord Dorſet and Jane Shore is not dated till the 23d of October following. Is it credible that Richard would have made uſe of this woman's name again, if he had employed it before to blacken Haſtings? It is not probable that, immediately on the death of the king, ſhe had been taken into keeping by lord Haſtings; but near ſeven months had elapſed between that death and her connection with the marquis.

† In the Catalogue of royal and noble authors, vol. 1.

Thomas More, "took upon him to be king the * ninth day of June, and the morrow after was proclaimed, riding to Weſtminſter with great ſtate; and calling the judges before him, ſtraitly commanded them to execute the laws without favour or delay, with many good exhortations, of the which he followed not one." This is an invidious and falſe accuſation. Richard, in his regal capacity, was an excellent king, and for the ſhort time of his reign enacted many wiſe and wholeſome laws. I doubt even whether one of the beſt proofs of his uſurpation was not the goodneſs of his government, according to a common remark, that princes of doubtful titles make the beſt maſters, as it is more neceſſary for them to conciliate the favour of the people: the natural corollary from which obſervation need not be drawn. Certain it is, that in many parts of the kingdom, not poiſoned by faction, he was much beloved; and even after his death the northern counties gave open teſtimony of their affection to his memory.

On the ſixth of July Richard was crowned, and ſoon after ſet out on a progreſs to York, on his way viſiting Glouceſter, the ſeat of his former duchy. And now it is that I muſt call up the attention of the reader, the capital and bloody ſcene of Richard's life being dated from this progreſs. The narrative teems with improbabilities and notorious falſehoods, and is flatly contradicted by ſo many unqueſtionable facts, that, if we have no other reaſon to believe the murder of Edward the fifth and his brother, than the account tranſmitted to us, we ſhall very much doubt whether they ever were murdered at all. I will ſtate the account, examine it, and produce evidence to confute it, and then the reader will form his own judgment on the matter of fact.

Richard, before he left London, had taken no meaſures to accompliſh the aſſaſſination; but, on the road, "his mind miſgave him †, that while his nephews lived he ſhould not poſſeſs the crown with ſecurity. Upon this reflection he diſpatched one Richard Greene to ſir Robert Brakenbury, lieutenant of the Tower, with a letter and credence alſo, that the ſame ſir Robert in any wiſe ſhould put the two children to death. This John Greene did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who

* Though I have copied our hiſtorian, as the reſt have copied him, in this date, I muſt deſire the reader to take notice, that this very date is another of ſir T. More's errors; for in the public acts is a deed of Edward the fifth, dated June 17.

† Sir Thomas More.

plainly

plainly anſwered that he never would put them to death, to dye therefore." Greene returned with this anſwer to the king, who was then at Warwick, wherewith he took ſuch diſpleaſure and thought, that the ſame night he ſaid unto a ſecret page of his, " Ah! whom ſhall a man truſt? They that I have brought up myſelf, they that I thought would have moſt ſurely ſerved me, even thoſe fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me." " Sir," quoth the page, " there lieth one in the palet-chamber without, that I dare ſay will doe your grace pleaſure; the thing were right hard that he would refuſe;" meaning this by James Tirrel, whom, ſays ſir Thomas a few pages afterwards, as men ſay, he there made a knight. " The man," continues More, " had an high heart, and ſore longed upwards, not riſing yet ſo faſt as he had hoped, being hindered and kept under by ſir Richard Ratcliffe and ſir William Cateſby, who by ſecret drifts kept him out of all ſecret truſt." To be ſhort, Tirrel voluntarily accepted the commiſſion, received warrant to authorize Brakenbury to deliver to him the keys of the Tower for one night; and having ſelected two other villains called Miles Forreſt and John Dighton, the two latter ſmothered the innocent princes in their beds, and then called Tirrel to be witneſs of the execution.

It is difficult to crowd more improbabilities and lies together than are comprehended in this ſhort narrative. Who can believe, if Richard meditated the murder, that he took no care to ſift Brakenbury before he left London? Who can believe that he would truſt ſo atrocious a commiſſion to a letter? And who can imagine, that on * Brakenbury's non-compliance Richard would have ordered him to cede the government of the Tower to Tirrel for one night only, the purpoſe of which had been ſo plainly pointed out by the preceding meſſage? And had ſuch weak ſteps been taken, could the murder itſelf have remained a problem? And yet ſir Thomas More himſelf is forced to confeſs at the outſet of this very narration, " that the deaths and final fortunes of the two young princes have nevertheleſſe ſo far come in queſtion,

* It appears from the Fœdera that Brakenbury was appointed conſtable of the Tower July 7th; that he ſurrendered his patent March 9th of the following year, and had one more ample granted to him. If it is ſuppoſed that Richard renewed this patent to ſir Robert Brakenbury, to prevent his diſcloſing what he knew of a murder in which he had refuſed to be concerned, I then aſk if it is probable that a man too virtuous or too cautious to embark in an aſſaſſination, and of whom the ſuppoſed tyrant ſtood in awe, would have laid down his life in that uſurper's cauſe, as ſir Robert did, being killed on Richard's ſide at Boſworth, when many other of his adherents betrayed him?

that ſome remained long in doubt, whether they were *in his days* deſtroyed* or no." Very memorable words, and ſufficient to balance More's own teſtimony with the moſt ſanguine believers. He adds, "Theſe doubts not only aroſe from the uncertainty men were in, whether Perkin Warbeck was the true duke of York, but for that alſo all things were ſo covertly demeaned, that there was nothing ſo plain and openly proved, but that yet men had it ever inwardly ſuſpect." Sir Thomas goes on to affirm, "that he does not relate the ſtory after every way that he had heard, but after that way that he had heard it by ſuch men and ſuch meanes, as he thought it hard but it ſhould be true." This affirmation reſts on the credibility of certain reporters, we do not know whom, but who we ſhall find were no credible reporters at all. For—to proceed to the confutation—James Tirrel, a man in no ſecret truſt with the king, and kept down by Cateſby and Ratcliffe, is recommended as a proper perſon by a nameleſs page. In the firſt place, Richard was crowned at York (after this tranſaction) September 8th. Edward the fourth had not been dead four months, and Richard in poſſeſſion of any power not above two months, and thoſe very buſtling and active: Tirrel muſt have been impatient indeed, if the page had had time to obſerve his diſcontent at the ſuperior confidence of Ratcliffe and Cateſby. It happens unluckily too, that great part of the time Ratcliffe was abſent, ſir Thomas More himſelf telling us that ſir Richard Ratcliffe had the cuſtody of the priſoners at Pontefract, and preſided at their execution there. But a much more unlucky circumſtance is, that James Tirrel, ſaid to be knighted for this horrid ſervice, was not only a knight before, but a great or very conſiderable officer of the crown; and in that ſituation had walked at Richard's preceding coronation. Should I be told that ſir Thomas More did not mean to confine the ill offices done to Tirrel by Ratcliffe and Cateſby ſolely to the time of Richard's protectorate and regal power, but, being all three attached to him when duke of Glouceſter, the other two might have leſſened Tirrel's credit with the duke even in the preceding reign; then I anſwer, that Richard's appointing him maſter of the horſe on his acceſſion had removed thoſe diſguſts, and left the

* This is confirmed by lord Bacon: "Neither wanted there even at that time ſecret rumours and whiſperings (which afterwards gathered ſtrength, and turned to great trouble) that the two young ſons of king Edward the fourth, or one of them (which were ſaid to be deſtroyed in the Tower), were not indeed murthered, but conveyed ſecretly away, and were yet living." *Reign of Henry the ſeventh*, p. 4. Again, p. 19, "And all this time it was ſtill whiſpered every where that at leaſt one of the children of Edward the fourth was living."

page

page no room to repreſent him as ready through ambition and deſpondency to lend his miniſtry to aſſaſſination. Nor indeed was the maſter of the horſe likely to be ſent to ſuperſede the conſtable of the Tower for one night only. That very act was ſufficient to point out what Richard deſired to, and did, it ſeems, tranſact ſo covertly.

That ſir James Tirrel was and did walk as maſter of the horſe at Richard's coronation cannot be conteſted. A moſt curious, invaluable, and authentic monument has lately been diſcovered, the coronation-roll of Richard the third. Two ſeveral deliveries of parcels of ſtuff are there expreſsly entered, as made to "ſir James Tirrel, knyght, maiſter of the hors of our ſayd ſoverayn lorde the kynge." What now becomes of ſir Thomas More's informers, and of their narrative, which he thought hard but muſt be true?

I will go a ſtep farther, and conſider the evidence of this murder, as produced by Henry the ſeventh ſome years afterwards, when, inſtead of lamenting it, it was neceſſary for his majeſty to hope it had been true; at leaſt to hope the people would think ſo. On the appearance of Perkin Warbeck, who gave himſelf out for the ſecond of the brothers, who was believed ſo by moſt people, and at leaſt feared by the king to be ſo, he beſtirred himſelf to prove that both the princes had been murdered by his predeceſſor. There had been but three actors, beſide Richard who had commanded the execution, and was dead. Theſe were ſir James Tirrel, Dighton, and Forreſt; and theſe were all the perſons whoſe depoſitions Henry pretended to produce; at leaſt two of them, for Forreſt it ſeems had rotted piece-meal away; a kind of death unknown at preſent to the college. But there were ſome others, of whom no notice was taken; as the nameleſs page, Greene, one black Will or Will Slaughter who guarded the princes, the friar who buried them, and ſir Robert Brakenbury, who could not be quite ignorant of what had happened: the latter was killed at Boſworth, and the friar was dead too. But why was no enquiry made after Greene and the page? Still this ſilence was not ſo impudent as the pretended confeſſion of Dighton and ſir James Tirrel. The former certainly did avow the fact, and was ſuffered to go unpuniſhed wherever he pleaſed—undoubtedly that he might ſpread the tale. And obſerve theſe remarkable words of lord Bacon: "John Dighton, who it ſeemeth *ſpake beſt for the king*, was forewith ſet at liberty." In truth, every ſtep of this pretended diſcovery, as it ſtands in lord Bacon, warns us to give no heed

heed to it. Dighton and Tirrel agreed both in a tale, *as the king gave out.* Their confeſſion therefore was not publicly made: and as ſir James Tirrel too was ſuffered to live *, but was ſhut up in the Tower, and put to death afterwards for we know not what treaſon; what can we believe but that Dighton was ſome low mercenary wretch hired to aſſume the guilt of a crime he had not committed, and that ſir James Tirrel never did, never would confeſs what he had not done; and was therefore put out of the way on a fictitious imputation? It muſt be obſerved too, that no enquiry was made into the murder on the acceſſion of Henry the ſeventh, the natural time for it, when the paſſions of men were heated, and when the duke of Norfolk, lord Lovel, Cateſby, Ratcliffe, and the real abettors or accomplices of Richard were attainted and executed. No mention of ſuch a murder was † made in the very act of parliament that attainted Richard himſelf, and which would have been the moſt heinous aggravation of his crimes. And no proſecution of the ſuppoſed aſſaſſins was even thought of till eleven years afterwards, on the appearance of Perkin Warbeck. Tirrel is not named in the act of attainder to which I have had recourſe; and ſuch omiſſions cannot but induce us to ſurmiſe that Henry had never been certain of the deaths of the princes, nor ever intereſted himſelf to prove that both were dead, till he had great reaſon to believe that one of them was alive. Let me add, that if the confeſſions of Dighton and Tirrel were true, ſir Thomas More had no occaſion to recur to the information of his unknown credible informers. If thoſe confeſſions were not true, his informers were not creditable.

Having thus diſproved the *account* of the murder, let us now examine whether we can be ſure that the murder was committed.

Of all men it was moſt incumbent on cardinal Bourchier, archbiſhop of Canterbury, to aſcertain the fact. To him had the queen entruſted her

* It appears by Hall, that ſir James Tirrel had even enjoyed the favour of Henry; for Tirrel is named as captain of Guiſnes in a liſt of valiant officers that were ſent by Henry, in his fifth year, on an expedition into Flanders. Does this look as if Tirrel was ſo much as ſuſpected of the murder? And who can believe his pretended confeſſion afterwards? Sir James was not executed till Henry's ſeventeenth year, on ſuſpicion of treaſon, which ſuſpicion aroſe on the flight of the earl of Suffolk. *Vide Hall's Chronicle, fol.* 18 & 55.

† There is a heap of general accuſations alleged to have been committed by Richard *againſt Henry*, in particular of his having *ſhed infant's blood.* Was this ſufficient ſpecification of the murder of a king? Is it not rather a baſe way of inſinuating a ſlander, of which no proof could be given? Was not it conſonant to all Henry's policy of involving every thing in obſcure and general terms?

younger ſon, and the prelate had pledged himſelf for his ſecurity—unleſs every ſtep of this hiſtory is involved in falſehood. Yet what was the behaviour of the archbiſhop? He appears not to have made the leaſt enquiry into the reports of the murder of both children; nay, not even after Richard's death: on the contrary, Bourchier was the very man who placed the crown on the head of the latter *; and yet not one hiſtorian cenſures this conduct. Threats and fear could not have dictated this ſhameleſs negligence. Every body knows what was the authority of prieſts in that age; an archbiſhop was ſacred, a cardinal inviolable. As Bourchier ſurvived Richard, was it not incumbent on him to ſhow that the duke of York had been aſſaſſinated in ſpite of all his endeavours to ſave him? What can be argued from this inactivity of Bourchier, but that he did not believe the children were murdered †?

Richard's conduct in a parallel caſe is a ſtrong preſumption that this barbarity was falſely laid to his charge. Edward earl of Warwick, his nephew, and ſon of the duke of Clarence, was in his power too, and no indifferent rival, if king Edward's children were baſtards. Clarence had been attainted; but ſo had almoſt every prince who had aſpired to the crown after Richard the ſecond. Richard duke of York, the father of Edward the fourth and Richard the third, was ſon of Richard earl of Cambridge, beheaded for treaſon; yet that duke of York held his father's attainder no bar to his ſucceſſion. Yet how did Richard the third treat his nephew and competitor, the young Warwick? John Rous, a zealous Lancaſtrian and contemporary, ſhall inform

* As cardinal Bourchier ſet the crown on Richard's head at Weſtminſter, ſo did archbiſhop Rotheram at York. Theſe prelates either did not believe Richard had murdered his nephews, or were ſhamefully complaiſant themſelves. Yet their characters ſtand unimpeached in hiſtory. Could Richard be guilty, and the archbiſhops be blameleſs? Could both be ignorant what was become of the young princes, when both had negotiated with the queen dowager? As neither is accuſed of being the creature of Richard, it is probable that neither of them believed he had taken off his nephews. In the Fœdera there is a pardon paſſed to the archbiſhop, which at firſt made me ſuſpect that he had taken ſome part in behalf of the royal children, as he is pardoned for all murders, treaſons, concealments, miſpriſions, riots, routs, &c. but this pardon is not only dated Dec. 13, ſome months after he had crowned Richard; but, on looking farther, I find ſuch pardons frequently granted to the moſt eminent of the clergy. In the next reign Walter, archbiſhop of Dublin, is pardoned all murders, rapes, treaſons, felonies, miſpriſions, riots, routs, extortions, &c.

† Lord Bacon tells us, "that on Simon's and Jude's even, the king (Henry the ſeventh) dined with Thomas Bourchier, archbiſhop of Canterburie, and cardinal: and from Lambeth went by land over the bridge to the Tower." Has not this the appearance of ſome curioſity in the king on the ſubject of the princes, of whoſe fate he was uncertain?

us; and will at the ſame time tell us an important anecdote, maliciouſly ſuppreſſed or ignorantly omitted by all our hiſtorians. Richard actually proclaimed him heir to the crown after the death of his own ſon, and ordered him to be ſerved next to himſelf and the queen, though he afterwards ſet him aſide, and confined him to the caſtle of Sheriff-Hutton *. The very day after the battle of Boſworth, the uſurper Richmond was ſo far from being led aſide from attention to his intereſt by the glare of his new-acquired crown, that he ſent for the earl of Warwick from Sheriff-Hutton and committed him to the Tower, from whence he never ſtirred more, falling a ſacrifice to the inhuman jealouſy of Henry, as his ſiſter, the venerable counteſs of Saliſbury, did afterwards to that of Henry the eighth. Richard, on the contrary, was very affectionate to his family: inſtances appear in his treatment of the earls of Warwick and Lincoln. The lady Anne Poole, ſiſter of the latter, Richard had agreed to marry to the prince of Scotland.

The more generous behaviour of Richard to the ſame young prince (Warwick) ought to be applied to the caſe of Edward the fifth, if no proof exiſts of the murder. But what ſuſpicious words are thoſe of ſir Thomas More, quoted above, and unobſerved by all our hiſtorians: "*Some remained long in doubt*, ſays he, *whether they* (the children) *were in his* (Richard's) *days deſtroyed or no.*" If they were not deſtroyed *in his days*, in *whoſe* days were they murdered? Who will tell me that Henry the ſeventh did not find, the eldeſt at leaſt, priſoner in the Tower? And if he did, what was there in Henry's nature or character to prevent our ſurmiſes going farther?

And here let me lament that two of the greateſt men in our annals have proſtituted their admirable pens, the one to blacken a great prince, the other to varniſh a pitiful tyrant. I mean the two † chancellors, ſir Thomas More

* P. 218. Rous is the more to be credited for this fact, as he ſaw the earl of Warwick in company with Richard at Warwick the year before on the progreſs to York; which ſhows that the king treated his nephew with kindneſs, and did not confine him till, the plots of his enemies thickening, Richard found it neceſſary to ſecure ſuch as had any pretenſions to the crown. This will account for his preferring the earl of Lincoln, who, being his ſiſter's ſon, could have no prior claim before himſelf.

† It is unfortunate, that another great chancellor ſhould have written a hiſtory with the ſame propenſity to miſrepreſentation, I mean lord Clarendon. It is hoped no more chancellors will write our ſtory, till they can diveſt themſelves of that habit of their profeſſion, apologizing for a bad cauſe.

and lord Bacon. The moſt ſenſeleſs ſtories of the mob are converted to hiſtory by the former; the latter is ſtill more culpable: he has held up to the admiration of poſterity, and, what is worſe, to the imitation of ſucceeding princes, a man whoſe neareſt approach to wiſdom was mean cunning; and raiſed into a legiſlator, a ſanguinary, ſordid, and trembling uſurper. Henry was a tyrannic huſband, and ungrateful maſter; he cheated as well as oppreſſed his ſubjects *, bartered the honour of the nation for foreign gold, and cut off every branch of the royal family, to enſure poſſeſſion to his no title. Had he had any title, he could claim it but from his mother, and her he ſet aſide. But of all titles he preferred that of conqueſt, which, if allowable in a foreign prince, can never be valid in a native, but ought to make him the execration of his countrymen.

There is nothing ſtrained in the ſuppoſition of Richard's ſparing his nephew. At leaſt it is certain *now*, that though he diſpoſſeſſed, he undoubtedly treated him at firſt with indulgence, attention, and reſpect: and though the proof I am going to give muſt have mortified the friends of the dethroned young prince, yet it ſhowed great averſion to cruelty, and was an indication that Richard rather aſſumed the crown for a ſeaſon, than as meaning to detain it always from his brother's poſterity. It is well known, that in the Saxon times nothing was more common in caſes of minority than for the uncle to be preferred to the nephew; and though baſtardizing his brother's children was, on this ſuppoſition, double dealing; yet I have no doubt but Richard went ſo far as to inſinuate an intention of reſtoring the crown when young Edward ſhould be of full age. I have three ſtrong proofs of this hypotheſis. In the firſt place, ſir Thomas More reports that the duke of Buckingham in his converſations with Morton, after his defection from Richard, told the biſhop, that the protector's firſt propoſal had been to take the crown till Edward his nephew ſhould attain the age of twenty-four years. Morton was certainly competent evidence of theſe diſcourſes, and therefore a credible one; and the idea is confirmed by the two other proofs I alluded to; the ſecond of which was, that Richard's ſon did *not* walk at his father's coronation. Sir Thomas More indeed ſays that Richard created him prince of Wales on aſſuming the crown: but this is one of ſir Thomas's miſrepreſenta-

* "He had no purpoſe to go through with any warre upon France; but the truth was, that hee did but traffique with that warre to make his returne in money." *Lord Bacon's Reign of Henry the ſeventh*, p. 99.

tions, and is contradicted by fact; for Richard did not create his ſon prince of Wales till he arrived at York: a circumſtance that might lead the people to believe, that in the interval of the two coronations, the latter of which was celebrated at York September 8th, the princes were murdered.

But though Richard's ſon did not walk at his father's coronation, Edward the fifth probably did: and this is my third proof. I conceive all the aſtoniſhment of my readers at this aſſertion, and yet it is founded on ſtrongly preſumptive evidence. In the * coronation-roll itſelf is this amazing entry: "To lord Edward, ſon of late king Edward the fourth, for his apparel and array, that is to ſay, a ſhort gowne made of two yards and three quarters of crymſy clothe of gold, lyned with two yards ¾ of blac velvet, a long gowne made of vi yards D of crymſyn cloth of gold lynned with ſix yards of green damaſk, a ſhorte gowne made of two yards ¾ of purpell velvett lyned with two yards ¾ of green damaſk, a doublett and a ſtomacher made of two yards of blac ſatyn, &c." beſides two foot cloths, a bonet of purple velvet, nine horſe harneſs, and nine ſaddle houſes (houſings) of blue velvet, gilt ſpurs, with many other rich articles, and magnificent apparel for his henchmen or pages.

Let nobody tell me that theſe robes, this magnificence, theſe trappings for a cavalcade, were for the uſe of a priſoner. Marvellous as the fact is, there can be no doubt but the depoſed young king walked, or it was intended ſhould walk, at his uncle's coronation. This precious monument, a terrible reproach to ſir Thomas More and his copyiſts, who have been ſilent on ſo public an event, exiſts in the great wardrobe, and is in the higheſt preſervation; it is written on vellum, and is bound with the coronation-rolls of Henry the ſeventh and eighth. Theſe are written on paper, and are in worſe condition; but that of king Richard is uncommonly fair, accurate, and ample. It is the account of Peter Courteys keeper of the great wardrobe, and dates from the day of king Edward the fourth his death, to the feaſt of the purification in the February of the following year. Peter Courteys ſpecifies what ſtuff he found in the wardrobe, what contracts he made for the

* This ſingular curioſity was firſt mentioned to me by the lord biſhop of Carliſle. Mr. Aſtle lent me an extract of it, with other uſeful aſſiſtances; and Mr. Chamberlain of the great wardrobe obliged me with the peruſal of the original; favours which I take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging.

enſuing coronation, and the deliveries in conſequence. The whole is couched in the moſt minute and regular manner, and is preferable to a thouſand vague and intereſted hiſtories. The concourſe of nobility at that ceremony was extraordinarily great: there were preſent no fewer than three ducheſſes of Norfolk. Has this the air of a forced and precipitate election? Or does it not indicate a voluntary concurrence of the nobility? No mention being made in the roll of the young duke of York, no robes being ordered for him, it looks extremely as if he was not in Richard's cuſtody; and ſtrengthens the probability that will appear hereafter, of his having been conveyed away.

There is another article, rather curious than deciſive of any point of hiſtory. One entry is thus: "To the lady Brygitt, oon of the daughters of K. Edward IIIIth, being ſeeke (ſick) in the ſaid wardrobe, for to have for her uſe two long pillows of fuſtian ſtuffed with downe, and two pilow beres of Holland cloth." The only conjecture that can be formed from this paſſage is, that the lady Bridget, being lodged in the great wardrobe, was not then in ſanctuary.

Can it be doubted now but that Richard meant to have it thought that his aſſumption of the crown was only temporary? But when he proceeded to baſtardize his nephew by act of parliament, then it became neceſſary to ſet him entirely aſide: ſtronger proofs of the baſtardy might have come out: and it is reaſonable to infer this; for on the death of his own ſon, when Richard had no longer any reaſon of family to bar his brother Edward's children, inſtead of again calling them to the ſucceſſion, as he at firſt projected or gave out he would, he ſettled the crown on the iſſue of his ſiſter, Suffolk, declaring her eldeſt ſon the earl of Lincoln his ſucceſſor. That young prince was ſlain in the battle of Stoke againſt Henry the ſeventh, and his younger brother the earl of Suffolk, who had fled to Flanders, was extorted from the archduke Philip, who by contrary winds had been driven into England. Henry took a ſolemn oath not to put him to death; but copying David rather than Solomon, he on his death-bed recommended it to his ſon Henry the eighth to execute Suffolk; and Henry the eighth was too pious not to obey ſo ſcriptural an injunction.

Strange as the fact was of Edward the fifth walking at his ſucceſſor's coronation, I have found an event exactly parallel which happened ſome years

before. It is well known that the famous Joan of Naples was dethroned and murdered by the man ſhe had choſen for her heir, Charles Durazzo. Ingratitude and cruelty were the characteriſtics of that wretch. He had been brought up and formed by his uncle Louis king of Hungary, who left only two daughters. Mary the eldeſt ſucceeded and was declared *king;* for that warlike nation, who regarded the ſex of a word more than of a perſon, would not ſuffer themſelves to be governed by the term *queen.* Durazzo quitted Naples in purſuit of new ingratitude; dethroned *king Mary*, and obliged her to walk at his coronation; an inſult ſhe and her mother ſoon revenged by having him aſſaſſinated.

I do not doubt but the wickedneſs of Durazzo will be thought a proper parallel to Richard's. But parallels prove nothing: and a man muſt be a very poor reaſoner who thinks he has an advantage over me, becauſe I dare produce a circumſtance that reſembles my ſubject in the caſe to which it is applied, and leaves my argument juſt as ſtrong as it was before in every other point.

They who the moſt firmly believe the murder of the two princes, and from what I have ſaid it is plain that they believe it more ſtrongly than the age did in which it was pretended to be committed, urge the diſappearance * of the princes as a proof of the murder; but that argument vaniſhes entirely, at leaſt with regard to one of them, if Perkin Warbeck was the true duke of York, as I ſhall ſhow that it is greatly probable he was.

With regard to the elder, his diſappearance is no kind of proof that he was murdered: he might die in the Tower. The queen pleaded to the archbiſhop of York that both princes were weak and unhealthy. I have inſinuated that it is not impoſſible but Henry the ſeventh might find him alive in the Tower. I mention that as a bare poſſibility—but we may be very ſure that, if he did find Edward alive there, he would not have notified his exiſtence, to acquit Richard and hazard his own crown. The circumſtances of the murder were evidently falſe, and invented by Henry to diſcredit Per-

* Polydore Virgil ſays, "In vulgus fama valuit filios Edwardi regis aliquo terrarum partem migraſſe, atque ita ſuperſtites eſſe." And the prior of Croyland, not his continuator, whom I ſhall quote in the next note but one, and who was ſtill better informed, "Vulgatum eſt regis Edwardi pueros conceſſiſſe in fata, ſed quo genere interitus ignoratur."

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kin: and the time of the murder is abſolutely a fiction; for it appears by the roll of parliament, which baſtardized Edward the fifth, that he was then * alive, which was ſeven months after the time aſſigned by More for his murder. If Richard ſpared him ſeven months, what could ſuggeſt a reaſon for his murder afterwards? To take him off then was ſtrengthening the plan of the earl of Richmond, who aimed at the crown by marrying Elizabeth, eldeſt daughter of Edward the fourth. As the houſe of York never roſe again, as the reverſe of Richard's fortune deprived him of any friend, and as no contemporaries but Fabian and the author of the Chronicle have written a word on that period, and they too ſlightly to inform us, it is impoſſible to know whether Richard ever took any ſteps to refute the calumny. But we know that Fabian only mentions the deaths of the *princes* as *reports*; which is proof that Richard never declared their deaths, or the death of either, as he would probably have done if he had removed them for his own ſecurity. The confeſſions of ſir Thomas More and lord Bacon, that many doubted of the murder, amount to a violent preſumption that they were not murdered; and to

* Buck aſſerts this from the parliament-roll. The annotator in Kennett's collection ſays, "This author would have done much towards the credit he drives at in his hiſtory, to have ſpecified the place of the roll and the words thereof, whence ſuch arguments might be gathered; for, adds he, all hiſtories relate the murders to be committed before this time." I have ſhown that *all hiſtories* are reduced to one hiſtory, ſir Thomas More's; for the reſt copy him verbatim; and I have ſhown that his account is falſe and improbable. As the roll itſelf is now printed in the Parliamentary Hiſtory, vol. 2, I will point out the words that imply Edward the fifth being alive when the act was paſſed. "Alſo it appeareth that *all* the iſſue of the ſaid king Edward *be* baſtards and unable to inherit or claim any thing by inheritance, by the law and cuſtom of England." Had Edward the fifth been dead, would not the act indubitably have run thus, *were and be baſtards*. No, ſays the act, *all* the iſſue *are* baſtards. Who were rendered uncapable to inherit but Edward the fifth, his brother and ſiſters? Would not the act have ſpecified the daughters of Edward the fourth, if the ſons had been dead? It was to baſtardize the brothers, that the act was calculated and paſſed; and as the words *all the iſſue* comprehend males and females, it is clear that both were intended to be baſtardized. I muſt however impartially obſerve, that Philip de Comines ſays, Richard having murdered his nephews, degraded their two ſiſters in full parliament. I will not dwell on his miſtake of mentioning *two* ſiſters inſtead of five; but it muſt be remarked, that neither brothers nor ſiſters being ſpecified in the act, but under the general term of king Edward's iſſue, it would naturally ſtrike thoſe who were uncertain what was become of the ſons, that this act was levelled againſt the daughters. And as Comines did not write till ſome years after the event, he could not well help falling into that miſtake. For my own part, I know not how to believe that Richard would have paſſed that act, if he had murdered the two princes. It was recalling a ſhocking crime, and to little purpoſe; for, as no woman had at that time ever ſat on the Engliſh throne in her own right, Richard had little reaſon to apprehend the claim of his nieces.

a proof

a proof that their deaths were never declared. No man has ever doubted that Edward the ſecond, Richard the ſecond, and Henry the ſixth periſhed at the times that were given out. Nor Henry the fourth nor Edward the fourth thought it would much help their titles to leave it doubtful whether their competitors exiſted or not. Obſerve too, that the Chronicle of Croyland, after relating Richard's ſecond coronation at York, ſays it was adviſed by ſome in the ſanctuary at Weſtminſter to convey abroad ſome of king Edward's daughters, "ut ſi quid dictis maſculis humanitus in Turri contingerat, nihilominus per ſalvandas perſonas filiarum, regnum aliquando ad veros rediret hæredes." He ſays not a word of the princes being murdered, only urges the fear of their friends that it might happen. This was a living witneſs, very bitter againſt Richard, who ſtill never accuſes him of deſtroying his nephews, and who ſpeaks of them as living, after the time in which ſir Thomas More, who was not then five years old, declares they were dead. Thus the Parliament-roll and the Chronicle agree, and both contradict More. "Interim & dum hæc agerentur (the coronation at York) remanſerunt duo predicti Edwardi regis filii ſub certâ deputatâ cuſtodiâ infra Turrim Londoniarum." Theſe are the expreſs words of the Chronicle, p. 567.

As Richard gained the crown by the illegitimacy of his nephews, his cauſing them to be murdered, would not only have ſhown that he did not truſt to that plea, but would have transferred their claim to their ſiſters. And I muſt not be told that his intended marriage with his niece is an anſwer to my argument; for were that imputation true, which is very problematic, it had nothing to do with the murder of her brothers. And here the compariſon and irrefragability of dates puts this matter out of all doubt. It was not till the very cloſe of his reign that Richard is even ſuppoſed to have thought of marrying his niece. The deaths of his nephews are dated in July or Auguſt 1483. His own ſon did not die till April 1484, nor his queen till March 1485. He certainly therefore did not mean to ſtrengthen his title by marrying his niece to the diſinheriſon of his own ſon; and having on the loſs of that ſon, declared his nephew the earl of Lincoln his ſucceſſor, it is plain that he ſtill truſted to the illegitimacy of his brother's children: and in no caſe poſſibly to be put, can it be thought that he wiſhed to give ſtrength to the claim of the princeſs Elizabeth.

Let

Let us now examine the accuſation of his intending to marry that niece; one of the conſequences of which intention is a vague ſuſpicion of poiſoning his wife. Buck ſays that the queen was in a languiſhing condition, and that the phyſicians declared ſhe could not hold out till April; and he affirms having ſeen, in the earl of Arundel's library, a letter written in paſſionate ſtrains of love for her uncle by Elizabeth to the duke of Norfolk, in which ſhe expreſſed doubts that the month of April would never arrive. What is there in this account that looks like poiſon? Does it not prove that Richard would *not* haſten the death of his queen? The tales of poiſoning for a certain time are now exploded; nor is it in nature to believe that the princeſs could be impatient to marry him, if ſhe knew or thought he had murdered her brothers. Hiſtorians tell us that the queen took much to heart the death of her ſon, and never got over it. Had Richard been eager to wed his niece, and had his character been as impetuouſly wicked as it is repreſented, he would not have let the forward princeſs wait for the ſlow decay of her rival; nor did he think of it till nine months after the death of his ſon; which ſhows it was only to prevent Richmond's marrying her. His declaring his nephew his ſucceſſor, implies at the ſame time no thought of his getting rid of his queen, though he did not expect more iſſue from her: and little as Buck's authority is regarded, a cotemporary writer confirms the probability of this ſtory. The Chronicle of Croyland ſays, that at * the Chriſtmas feſtival, men were ſcandalized at ſeeing the queen and the lady Elizabeth dreſſed in robes ſimilar and equally royal. I ſhould ſuppoſe that Richard, learning the projected marriage of Elizabeth and the earl of Richmond, amuſed the young princeſs with the hopes of making her his queen; and that Richard feared that alliance,

* "Per hæc feſta natalia choreis aut tripudiis, variiſque mutatoriis veſtium Annæ reginæ atque dominæ Elizabeth, primogenitæ defuncti regis, eiſdem colore & forma diſtributis nimis intentum eſt: dictumque a multis eſt, ipſum regem aut expectatâ morte reginæ aut per divortium, matrimonio cum dictâ Elizabeth contrahendo mentem omnibus modis applicare." p. 572. If Richard projected this match at Chriſtmas, he was not likely to let theſe intentions be perceived ſo early, nor to wait till March, if he did not know that the queen was incurably ill. The Chronicle ſays, ſhe died of a languiſhing diſtemper. Did that look like poiſon? It is ſcarce neceſſary to ſay that a diſpenſation from the pope was in that age held ſo clear a ſolution of all obſtacles to the marriage of near relations, and was ſo eaſily to be obtained or purchaſed by a great prince, that Richard would not have been thought by his contemporaries to have incurred any guilt, even if he had propoſed to wed his niece, which however is far from being clear to have been his intention.

is plain from his ſending her to the caſtle of Sheriff-Hutton on the landing of Richmond.

The behaviour of the queen-dowager muſt alſo be noticed. She was ſtripped by her ſon-in-law Henry of all her poſſeſſions, and confined to a monaſtery, for delivering up her daughters to Richard. Hiſtorians too are laviſh in their cenſures on her for conſenting to beſtow her daughter on the murderer of her ſons and brother. But if the murder of her ſons is, as we have ſeen, moſt uncertain, this ſolemn charge falls to the ground: and for the deaths of her brother and lord Richard Grey, one of her elder ſons, it has already appeared that ſhe imputed them to Haſtings. It is much more likely that Richard convinced her he had not murdered her ſons, than that ſhe delivered up her daughters to him believing it. The rigour exerciſed on her by Henry the ſeventh on her countenancing Lambert Simnel, evidently ſet up to try the temper of the nation in favour of ſome prince of the houſe of York, is a violent preſumption that the queen-dowager believed her ſecond ſon living: and notwithſtanding all the endeavours of Henry to diſcredit Perkin Warbeck, it will remain highly probable, that many more who ought to know the truth believed ſo likewiſe; and that fact I ſhall examine next.

It was in the ſecond year of Henry the ſeventh that Lambert Simnel appeared. This youth firſt perſonated Richard duke of York, then Edward Earl of Warwick; and was undoubtedly an impoſtor. Lord Bacon owns that it was whiſpered every-where, that *at leaſt one* of the children of Edward the fourth was living. Such whiſpers prove two things: one, that the murder was very uncertain; the ſecond, that it would have been very dangerous to diſprove the murder, Henry being at leaſt as much intereſted as Richard had been to have the children dead. Richard had ſet them aſide as baſtards, and thence had a title to the crown; but Henry was himſelf the iſſue of a baſtard line, and had no title at all. Faction had ſet him on the throne, and his match with the ſuppoſed heireſs of York induced the nation to wink at the defect in his own blood. The children of Clarence and of the ducheſs of Suffolk were living; ſo was the young duke of Buckingham, legitimately ſprung from the youngeſt ſon of Edward the third; whereas Henry came of the ſpurious ſtock of John of Gaunt. Lambert Simnel appeared before Henry had had time to diſguſt the nation, as he did afterwards by

his tyranny, cruelty, and exactions. But what was moſt remarkable, the queen dowager tampered in this plot. Is it to be believed, that mere turbulence and a reſtleſs ſpirit could in a year's time influence that woman to throw the nation again into a civil war, and attempt to dethrone her own daughter? And in favour of whom? Of the iſſue of Clarence, whom ſhe had contributed to have put to death, or in favour of an impoſtor? There is not common ſenſe in the ſuppoſition. No; ſhe certainly knew or believed that Richard, her ſecond ſon, had eſcaped and was living, and was glad to overturn the uſurper without riſking her child. The plot failed, and the queen dowager was ſhut up, where ſhe remained till her death, "in priſon,* poverty, and ſolitude." The king trumped up a ſilly accuſation of her having delivered her daughters out of ſanctuary to king Richard; "which proceeding," ſays the noble hiſtorian, "being even at that time taxed for rigorous and undue, makes it very probable there was ſome greater matter againſt her, which the king, upon reaſon of policie, and to avoid envy, would not publiſh." How truth ſometimes eſcapes from the moſt courtly pens! What interpretation can be put on theſe words, but that the king found the queen dowager was privy to the eſcape at leaſt or the exiſtence of her ſecond ſon, and ſecured her, leſt ſhe ſhould bear teſtimony to the truth, and foment inſurrections in his favour? Lord Bacon adds, "It is likewiſe no ſmall argument that *there was ſome ſecret in it*, for that the prieſt Simon himſelf (who ſet Lambert to work), after he was taken, was never brought to execution; no, not ſo much as to publicke triall, but was only ſhut up cloſe in a dungeon. Adde to this, that after the earl of Lincoln (a principal perſon of the houſe of York) was ſlaine in Stokefield, the king opened himſelf to ſome of his councell, that he was ſorie for the earl's death, becauſe by him (he ſaid) he might have known the bottom of his danger."

The earl of Lincoln had been declared heir to the crown by Richard, and therefore certainly did not mean to advance Simnel, an impoſtor, to it. It will be inſinuated, and lord Bacon attributes that motive to him, that the earl of Lincoln hoped to open a way to the crown for himſelf. It might be ſo: ſtill that will not account for Henry's wiſh, that the earl had been ſaved. On the contrary, one dangerous competitor was removed by his death; and therefore, when Henry wanted to have learned *the bottom of his danger*, it is

* Lord Bacon.

plain he referred to Richard duke of York, of whoſe fate he was ſtill in doubt *. He certainly was: why elſe was it thought dangerous to viſit or ſee the queen dowager after her impriſonment, as lord Bacon owns it was? "For that act," continues he, "the king ſuſtained great obloquie; which nevertheleſs (beſides the reaſon of ſtate) was ſomewhat ſweetened to him by a great confiſcation." Excellent prince! This is the man in whoſe favour Richard the third is repreſented as a monſter!

"For Lambert, the king would not take his life," continues Henry's biographer, "both out of magnanimitie" (a moſt proper picture of ſo mean a mind!) "and likewiſe out of wiſdom, thinking that if he ſuffered death he would be forgotten too ſoon; but being kept alive, he would be a continual ſpectacle, and a kind of remedy againſt the *like inchantments of people* in time to come." What! do lawful princes live in dread of a poſſibility of phantoms †? Oh! no: but Henry knew what he had to fear; and he hoped, by keeping up the memory of Simnel's impoſture, to diſcredit the true duke of York, as another puppet, whenever he ſhould really appear.

That appearance did not happen till ſome years afterwards, and in Henry's eleventh year. Lord Bacon has taken infinite pains to prove a ſecond impoſture; and yet owns, "that the king's manner of ſhewing things by pieces and by darke lights, hath ſo muffled it, that it hath left it almoſt a myſterie to this day." What has he left a myſtery? And what did he try to muffle? Not the impoſture, but the truth. Had ſo politic a man any intereſt to leave the matter doubtful? Did he try to leave it ſo? On the contrary, his diligence to detect the impoſture was prodigious. Did he publiſh his narrative to obſcure or elucidate the tranſaction? Was it his manner to muffle any point that he could clear up, eſpecially when it behoved him to have it cleared?

* The earl of Lincoln aſſuredly did not mean to blacken his uncle Richard, by whom he had been declared heir to the crown. One ſhould therefore be glad to know what account he gave of the eſcape of the young duke of York. Is it probable that the earl of Lincoln gave out, that the elder had been murdered? It is more reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that the earl aſſerted that the child had been conveyed away by means of the queen dowager or ſome other friend; and before I conclude this examination, that I think will appear moſt probably to have been the caſe.

† Henry had ſo great a diſtruſt of his right to the crown, that in his ſecond year he obtained a bull from pope Innocent to qualify the privileges of ſanctuaries, in which was this remarkable clauſe, "That if any took ſanctuarie for caſe of treaſon, the king might appoint him keepers to look to him in ſanctuarie." *Lord Bacon*, p. 39.

When Lambert Simnel firſt perſonated the earl of Warwick, did not Henry exhibit that poor prince on a Sunday throughout all the principal ſtreets of London? Was he not conducted to Paul's croſs, and openly examined by the nobility? "which did in effect marre the pageant in Ireland." Was not Lambert himſelf taken into Henry's ſervice, and kept in his court for the ſame purpoſe? In ſhort, what did Henry ever muffle and diſguiſe but the truth? And why was his whole conduct ſo different in the caſes of Lambert and Perkin, if their caſes were not totally different? No doubt remains on the former: the groſs falſehoods and contradictions in which Henry's account of the latter is involved, make it evident that he himſelf could never detect the impoſture of the latter, if it was one. Dates, which every hiſtorian has neglected, again come to our aid, and cannot be controverted.

Richard duke of York was born in 1474. Perkin Warbeck was not heard of before 1495, when duke Richard would have been twenty-one. Margaret of York, ducheſs dowager of Burgundy, and ſiſter of Edward the fourth, is ſaid by lord Bacon to have been the Juno who perſecuted the pious Æneas, Henry, and ſet up this phantom againſt him. She it was, ſay the hiſtorians, and ſays lord Bacon, p. 115, "who informed Perkin of all the circumſtances and particulars that concerned the perſon of Richard duke of York, which he was to act, deſcribing unto him the perſonages, lineaments, and features of the king and queen, his pretended parents, and of his brothers and ſiſters, and divers others that were neareſt him in his childhood; together with all paſſages, ſome ſecret, ſome common, that were fit for a child's memory, until the death of king Edward. Then ſhe added the particulars of the time from the king's death, until he and his brother were committed to the Tower, as well during the time he was abroad, as while he was in ſanctuary. As for the times while he was in the Tower, and the manner of his brother's death, and his own eſcape, ſhe knew they were things that verie few could controle: and therefore ſhe taught him only to tell a ſmooth and likely tale of thoſe matters, warning him not to vary from it." Indeed! Margaret muſt in truth have been a Juno, a divine power, if ſhe could give all theſe inſtructions to purpoſe. This paſſage is ſo very important, the whole ſtory depends ſo much upon it, that if I can ſhow the utter impoſſibility of its being true, Perkin will remain the true duke of York for any thing we can prove to the contrary; and for Henry, ſir Thomas More, lord

Bacon, and their copyiſts, it will be impoſſible to give any longer credit to their narratives.

I have ſaid that duke Richard was born in 1474. Unfortunately his aunt Margaret was married out of England in 1467, ſeven years before he was born, and never returned thither. Was not ſhe ſingularly capable of deſcribing to Perkin, her nephew whom ſhe had never ſeen? How well informed was ſhe of the times of his childhood, and of all paſſages relating to his brother and ſiſters! Oh, but ſhe had Engliſh refugees about her. She muſt have had many, and thoſe of moſt intimate connection with the court, if ſhe and they together could compoſe a tolerable ſtory for Perkin, that was to take in the moſt minute paſſages of ſo many years *. Who informed Margaret, that ſhe might inform Perkin, of what paſſed in ſanctuary? Ay; and who told her what paſſed in the Tower? Let the warmeſt aſſerter of the impoſture anſwer that queſtion, and I will give up all I have ſaid in this work; yes, all. Forreſt was dead, and the ſuppoſed prieſt; ſir James Tirrel and Dighton were in Henry's hands. Had they trumpeted about the ſtory of their own guilt and infamy, till Henry, *after* Perkin's appearance, found it neceſſary to publiſh it? Sir James Tirrel and Dighton had certainly never gone to the court of Burgundy to make a merit with Margaret of having murdered her nephews. How came ſhe to know accurately and authentically a tale which no mortal elſe knew? Did Perkin or did he not correſpond in his narrative with Tirrel and Dighton? If he did, how was it poſſible for him to know it? If he did not, is it morally credible that Henry would not

* It would have required half the court of Edward the fourth to frame a conſiſtent legend. Let us ſtate this in a manner that muſt ſtrike our apprehenſion. The late princeſs royal was married out of England, before any of the children of the late prince of Wales were born. She lived no farther than the Hague; and yet who thinks that ſhe could have inſtructed a Dutch lad in ſo many paſſages of the courts of her father and brother, that he would not have been detected in an hour's time? Twenty-ſeven years at leaſt had elapſed ſince Margaret had been in the court of England. The marquis of Dorſet, the earl of Richmond himſelf, and moſt of the fugitives had taken refuge in Bretagne, not with Margaret; and yet was ſhe ſo informed of every trifling ſtory, even of thoſe of the nurſery, that ſhe was able to poſe Henry himſelf, and reduce him to invent a tale that had not a ſhadow of probability in it. Why did he not convict Perkin out of his own mouth? Was it ever pretended that Perkin failed in his part? That was the ſureſt and beſt proof of his being an impoſtor. Could not the whole court, the whole kingdom of England, ſo croſs-examine this Flemiſh youth, as to catch him in one lie? No; lord Bacon's Juno had inſpired him with full knowledge of all that had paſſed in the laſt twenty years. If Margaret was Juno, he who ſhall anſwer theſe queſtions ſatisfactorily, "erit mihi magnus Apollo."

have

have made thoſe variations public? If Edward the fifth was murdered, and the duke of York ſaved, Perkin could know it but by being the latter. If he did not know it, what was ſo obvious as his detection? We muſt allow Perkin to be the true duke of York, or give up the whole ſtory of Tirrel and Dighton. When Henry had Perkin, Tirrel, and Dighton in his power, he had nothing to do but to confront them, and the impoſture was detected. It would not have been ſufficient that Margaret had enjoined him *to tell a ſmooth and likely tale of thoſe matters*. A man does not tell a likely tale, nor was a *likely* tale enough, of matters of which he is totally ignorant.

Still farther: why was Perkin never confronted with the queen dowager, with Henry's own queen, and with the princeſſes, her ſiſters? Why were they never aſked, Is this your ſon? Is this your brother? Was Henry afraid to truſt to their natural emotions? Yet "he himſelf," ſays lord Bacon, page 186, "ſaw him ſometimes out of a window, or in paſſage." This implies that the queens and princeſſes never did ſee him; and yet they ſurely were the perſons who could beſt detect the counterfeit, if he had been one. Had the young man made a *voluntary*, coherent, and credible confeſſion, no other evidence of his impoſture would be wanted; but failing that, we cannot help aſking, Why the obvious means of detection were not employed? Thoſe means having been omitted, our ſuſpicions remain in full force.

Henry, who thus neglected every means of confounding the impoſtor, took every ſtep he would have done, if convinced that Perkin was the true duke of York. His utmoſt induſtry was exerted in ſifting to the bottom of the plot, in learning who was engaged in the conſpiracy, and in detaching the chief ſupporters. It is ſaid, though not affirmatively, that to procure confidence to his ſpies, he cauſed them to be ſolemnly curſed at Paul's croſs. Certain it is, that by their information he came to the knowledge, not of the impoſture, but what rather tended to prove that Perkin was a genuine Plantagenet: I mean, ſuch a liſt of great men actually in his court and intruſt about his perſon, that no wonder he was ſeriouſly alarmed. Sir Robert Clifford *, who had fled to Margaret, wrote to England, that he was poſitive that the claimant was the very identical duke of York, ſon of Edward the fourth, whom he had ſo often ſeen, and was perfectly acquainted with.

* A gentleman of fame and family, ſays lord Bacon.

This.

This man, Clifford, was bribed back to Henry's ſervice; and what was the conſequence? He accuſed ſir William Stanley, lord chamberlain, the very man who had ſet the crown on Henry's head in Boſworth field, and own brother to the earl of Derby, the then actual huſband of Henry's mother, of being in the conſpiracy! This was indeed eſſential to Henry to know; but what did it proclaim to the nation? What could ſtagger the allegiance of ſuch truſt and ſuch connections, but the firm perſuaſion that Perkin was the true duke of York? A ſpirit of faction and diſguſt has even in later times hurried men into treaſonable combinations; but however ſir William Stanley might be diſſatisfied, as not thinking himſelf adequately rewarded, yet is it credible that he ſhould riſk ſuch favour, ſuch riches, as lord Bacon allows he poſſeſſed, on the wild bottom of a Flemiſh counterfeit? The lord Fitzwalter and other great men ſuffered in the ſame cauſe; and which is remarkable, the firſt was executed at Calais—another preſumption that Henry would not venture to have his evidence made public. And the ſtrongeſt preſumption of all is, that not one of the ſufferers is pretended to have recanted; they all died then in the perſuaſion that they had engaged in a righteous cauſe. When peers, knights of the garter, privy-counſellors, ſuffer death, from conviction of a matter of which they were proper judges, (for which of them but muſt know their late maſter's ſon?) it would be raſh indeed in us to affirm that they laid down their lives for an impoſture, and died with a lie in their mouths.

What can be ſaid againſt king James of Scotland, who beſtowed a lady of his own blood in marriage on Perkin? At war with Henry, James would naturally ſupport his rival, whether genuine or ſuppoſititious. He and Charles the eighth both gave him aid and both gave him up, as the wind of their intereſt ſhifted about. Recent inſtances of ſuch conduct have been ſeen; but what prince has gone ſo far as to ſtake his belief in a doubtful cauſe, by ſacrificing a princeſs of his own blood in confirmation of it?

But it is needleſs to multiply preſumptions. Henry's conduct, and the narrative * he publiſhed, are ſufficient to ſtagger every impartial reader. Lord Bacon confeſſes *the king did himſelf no good* by the publication of that narrative, and that mankind was aſtoniſhed to find no mention in it of the ducheſs

* To what degree arbitrary power dares to trifle with the common ſenſe of mankind has been ſeen in Portugueſe and Ruſſian manifeſtos.

Margaret's

Margaret's machinations. But how could lord Bacon ſtop there? Why did he not conjecture that there was no proof of that tale? What intereſt had Henry to manage a widow of Burgundy? He had applied to the archduke Philip to baniſh Perkin: Philip replied, he had no power over the lands of the ducheſs's dowry. It is therefore moſt credible that the ducheſs had ſupported Perkin, on the perſuaſion he was her nephew; and Henry not being able to prove the reports he had ſpread of her having trained up an impoſtor, choſe to drop all mention of Margaret, becauſe nothing was ſo natural as her ſupporting the heir of her houſe. On the contrary, in Perkin's confeſſion, as it was called, and which, though preſerved by Grafton, was ſuppreſſed by lord Bacon, not only as repugnant to his lordſhip's account, but to common ſenſe, Perkin affirms, that "having ſailed to Liſbon in a ſhip with the lady Brampton, who, lord Bacon ſays, was ſent by Margaret to conduct him thither, and from thence having reſorted to Ireland, it was at Cork that they of the town firſt threaped upon him that he was ſon of the duke of Clarence; and others afterwards, that he was the duke of York." But the contradictions both in lord Bacon's account, and in Henry's narrative, are irreconcileable and inſurmountable: the former ſolves the likeneſs *, which is allowing the likeneſs, of Perkin to Edward the fourth, by ſuppoſing that the king had an intrigue with his mother; of which he gives this ſilly relation: that Perkin Warbeck, whoſe ſurname it ſeems was Peter Oſbeck, was ſon of a Flemiſh converted Jew (of which Hebrew extraction Perkin ſays not a † word in his confeſſion), who with his wife Katherine de Faro came to London on buſineſs; and ſhe producing a ſon, king Edward, in conſideration of the converſion, or intrigue, ſtood godfather to the child and gave him the name of *Peter*. Can one help laughing at being told that a king called *Edward* gave the name of *Peter* to his godſon? But of this transfretation and chriſtening, Perkin in his ſuppoſed confeſſion ſays not a word, nor pretends to have ever ſet foot in England till he landed there in purſuit of the crown; and yet an Engliſh birth and ſome ſtay, though in his very childhood, was a better

* As this ſolution of the likeneſs is not authoriſed by the youth's ſuppoſed narrative, the likeneſs remains uncontrovertible, and conſequently another argument for his being king Edward's ſon.

† On the contrary, Perkin calls his grandfather Diryck Oſbeck; Diryck every body knows is Theodoric, and Theodoric is certainly no Jewiſh appellation. Perkin too mentions ſeveral of his relations and their employments at Tournay, without any hint of a Hebrew connection.

way

way of accounting for the purity of his accent, than either of the prepoſterous tales produced by lord Bacon or by Henry. The former ſays that Perkin, roving up and down between Antwerp and Tournay and other towns, and living much in Engliſh company, had the Engliſh tongue perfect. Henry was ſo afraid of not aſcertaining a good foundation of Perkin's Engliſh accent, that he makes him learn the language twice over *. "Being ſent with a merchant of Turney, called Berlo, to the mart of Antwerp, the ſaid Berlo ſet me, ſays Perkin, to borde in a ſkinner's houſe, that dwelled beſide the houſe of the Engliſh nation. And after this the ſayd Berlo ſet me with a merchant of Middelborough to ſervice for † *to learne the language*, with whom I dwelled from Chriſtmas to Eaſter, and then I went into Portyngale." One does not learn any language very perfectly, and with a good, nay undiſtinguiſhable accent, between Chriſtmas and Eaſter: but here let us pauſe. If this account was true, the other relating to the ducheſs Margaret was falſe; and then how came Perkin by ſo accurate a knowledge of the Engliſh court, that he did not falter, nor could be detected in his tale? If the confeſſion was *not* true, it remains that it was trumped up by Henry, and then Perkin muſt be allowed the true duke of York.

* Grafton's Chronicle, p. 930.

† I take this to mean the Engliſh language, for theſe reaſons; he had juſt before named the Engliſh nation, and the name of his maſter was John Strewe, which ſeems to be an Engliſh appellation: but there is a ſtronger reaſon for believing it means the Engliſh language, which is, that a Flemiſh lad is not ſet to learn his own language; though even this abſurdity is advanced in this ſame pretended confeſſion, Perkin affirming that his mother, after he had dwelled ſome time in Tournay, ſent him to Antwerp to learn Flemiſh. If I am told by a very improbable ſuppoſition, that French was his native language at Tournay, that he learned Flemiſh at Antwerp, and Dutch at Middleburg, I will deſire the objector to caſt his eye on the map, and conſider the ſmall diſtance between Tournay, Middleburg, and Antwerp, and to reflect that the preſent United Provinces were not then divided from the reſt of Flanders; and then to decide whether the dialects ſpoken at Tournay, Antwerp, and Middleburg, were ſo different in that age, that it was neceſſary to be ſet to learn them all ſeparately. If this cannot be anſwered ſatisfactorily, it will remain, that Perkin learned Flemiſh or Engliſh twice over. I am indifferent which, for ſtill there will remain a contradiction in the confeſſion. And if Engliſh is not meant in the paſſage above, it will only produce a greater difficulty, which is, that Perkin at the age of twenty learned to ſpeak Engliſh in Ireland with ſo good an accent, that all England could not diſcover the cheat. I muſt be anſwered too, why lord Bacon rejects the youth's own confeſſion, and ſubſtitutes another in its place, which makes Perkin born in England, though in his pretended confeſſion Perkin affirms the contrary. Lord Bacon too confirms my interpretation of the paſſage in queſtion, by ſaying that Perkin roved up and down between Antwerp and other towns in Flanders, living much in Engliſh company, and having the Engliſh tongue perfect. p. 115.

But

But the groſs contradiction of all follows: "It was in Ireland," ſays Perkin, in this very narrative and confeſſion, "that againſt my will they made me to learne Engliſh, and taught me what I ſhould do and ſay." Amazing! What, forced him to learn Engliſh, after, as he ſays himſelf, in the very ſame page, he had learnt it at Antwerp! What an impudence was there in royal power to dare to obtrude ſuch ſtuff on the world! Yet this confeſſion, as it is called, was the poor young man forced to read at his execution—no doubt in dread of worſe torture. Mr. Hume, though he queſtions it, owns that it was believed by torture to have been drawn from him. What matters how it was obtained, or whether ever obtained? It could not be true: and as Henry could put together no more plauſible account, commiſeration will ſhed a tear over a hapleſs youth ſacrificed to the fury and jealouſy of an uſurper, and in all probability the victim of a tyrant, who has made the world believe that the duke of York, executed by his own orders, had been previouſly murdered by his predeceſſor *.

I have thus, I flatter myſelf, from the diſcovery of new authorities, from the compariſon of dates, from fair conſequences and arguments, and without ſtraining or wreſting probability, proved all I pretended to prove; not an hypotheſis of Richard's univerſal innocence, but this aſſertion with which I ſet out, that we have no reaſons, no authority for believing by far the greater part of the crimes charged on him. I have convicted hiſtorians of partiality, abſurdities, contradictions, and falſehoods; and though I have deſtroyed their credit, I have ventured to eſtabliſh no peremptory concluſion of my own. What did really happen in ſo dark a period it would be raſh to affirm. The coronation and parliament-rolls have aſcertained a few facts, either totally unknown, or miſrepreſented by hiſtorians. Time may bring other monu-

* Mr. Hume, to whoſe doubts all reſpect is due, tells me, he thinks no mention being made of Perkin's title in the Corniſh rebellion under the lord Audeley, is a ſtrong preſumption that the nation was not perſuaded of his being the true duke of York. This argument, which at moſt is negative, ſeems to me to loſe its weight, when it is remembered that this was an inſurrection occaſioned by a poll-tax: that the rage of the people was directed againſt archbiſhop Morton and ſir Reginald Bray, the ſuppoſed authors of the grievance. An inſurrection againſt a tax in a ſouthern county, in which no mention is made of a pretender to the crown, is ſurely not ſo forcible a preſumption againſt him, as the perſuaſion of the northern counties that he was the true heir, is an argument in his favour. Much leſs can it avail againſt ſuch powerful evidence as I have ſhewn exiſts to overturn all that Henry could produce againſt Perkin.

ments to light *: but one thing is ſure, that ſhould any man hereafter preſume to repeat the ſame improbable tale on no better grounds than it has been hitherto urged, he muſt ſhut his eyes againſt conviction, and prefer ridiculous tradition to the ſcepticiſm due to moſt points of hiſtory, and to none more than to that in queſtion.

I have little more to ſay, and only on what regards the perſon of Richard and the ſtory of Jane Shore; but having run counter to a very valuable modern hiſtorian and friend of my own, I muſt both make ſome apology for him, and for myſelf for diſagreeing with him. When Mr. Hume publiſhed his reigns of Edward the fifth, Richard the third, and Henry the ſeventh, the coronation-roll had not come to light. The ſtream of hiſtorians concurred to make him take this portion of our ſtory for granted. Buck had been given up as an advancer of paradoxes, and nobody but Carte had dared to controvert the popular belief. Mr. Hume treats Carte's doubts as whimſical. I wonder he did; he, who, having ſo cloſely examined our hiſtory, had diſcovered how very fallible many of its authorities are. Mr. Hume himſelf had ventured to conteſt both the flattering picture drawn of Edward the firſt, and thoſe ignominious portraits of Edward the ſecond and Richard the ſecond. He had diſcovered from the Fœdera, that Edward the fourth, while ſaid univerſally to be priſoner to archbiſhop Nevil, was at full liberty and doing acts of royal power. Why was it whimſical in Carte to exerciſe the ſame ſpirit of criticiſm? Mr. Hume could not but know how much the characters of princes are liable to be flattered or miſrepreſented. It is of little importance to the world, to Mr. Hume, or to me, whether Richard's ſtory is fairly told or not: and in this amicable diſcuſſion I have no fear of offending him by diſagreeing with him. His abilities and ſagacity do not reſt on the ſhorteſt reign in our annals. I ſhall therefore attempt to give anſwers to the queſtions on which he pins the credibility due to the hiſtory of Richard.

The queſtions are theſe. 1. Had not the queen-mother and the other heads of the York party been fully aſſured of the death of both the young princes, would they have agreed to call over the earl of Richmond, the head of the Lancaſtrian party, and marry him to the princeſs Elizabeth?—I an-

* If diligent ſearch was to be made in the public offices and convents of the Flemiſh towns in which the ducheſs Margaret reſided, I ſhould not deſpair of new lights being gained to that part of our hiſtory.

ſwer,

ſwer, that when the queen-mother could recall that conſent, and ſend to her ſon the marquis Dorſet to quit Richmond, aſſuring him of king Richard's favour to him and her houſe, it is impoſſible to ſay what ſo weak and ambitious a woman would not do. She wanted to have ſome one of her children on the throne, in order to recover her own power. She firſt engaged her daughter to Richmond, and then to Richard. She might not know what was become of her ſons; and yet that is no proof they were murdered. They were out of her power, whatever was become of them; and ſhe was impatient to rule. If ſhe was fully aſſured of their deaths, could Henry, after he came to the crown and had married her daughter, be uncertain of it? I have ſhown that both ſir Thomas More and lord Bacon owned it remained uncertain, and that Henry's account could not be true. As to the heads of the Yorkiſts *; how does it appear they concurred in the projected match? Indeed, who were the heads of that party? Margaret ducheſs of Burgundy, Elizabeth ducheſs of Suffolk, and her children; did they ever concur in that match? Did not they to the end endeavour to defeat and overturn it? I hope Mr. Hume will not call biſhop Morton, the duke of Buckingham, and Margaret counteſs of Richmond, chiefs of the Yorkiſts. 2. The ſtory told conſtantly by Perkin of his eſcape is utterly incredible, that thoſe who were ſent to murder his brother, took pity on him and granted him his liberty.—Anſwer. We do not know but from Henry's narrative and the Lancaſtrian hiſtorians that Perkin gave this account †. I am not authoriſed to believe he did, becauſe

* The exceſſive affection ſhown by the northern counties, where the principal ſtrength of the Yorkiſts lay, to Richard the third while living, and to his memory when dead, implies two things; firſt, that the party did *not* give him up to Henry; ſecondly, that they did not believe he had murdered his nephews. Tyrants of that magnitude are not apt to be popular. Examine the liſt of the chiefs in Henry's army, as ſtated by the Chronicle of Croyland, p. 574, and they will be found Lancaſtrians, or very private gentlemen, and but one peer, the earl of Oxford, a noted Lancaſtrian.

† Grafton has preſerved a ridiculous oration ſaid to be made by Perkin to the king of Scotland, in which this ſilly tale is told. Nothing can be depended upon leſs than ſuch orations, almoſt always forged by the writer, and unpardonable if they paſs the bounds of truth. Perkin, in the paſſage in queſtion, uſes theſe words: "And farther to the entent that my life might be in a ſuretie he (the murderer of my elder brother) appointed one to convey me into ſome ſtraunge countrie, where, when I was furtheſt off, and had moſt neede of comfort, he forſooke me ſodainly (I think he was ſo appointed to do) and left me deſolate alone without friend or knowledge of any reliefe or refuge, &c." Would not one think one was reading the tale of Valentine and Orſon, or any legend of a barbarous age, rather than the Hiſtory of England, when we are told of *ſtrange countries* and ſuch indefinite ramblings, as would paſs only in a nurſery? It remains not only a ſecret

becauſe I find no authority for the murder of the elder brother; and if there was, why is it utterly incredible that the younger ſhould have been ſpared? 3. What became of him during the courſe of ſeven years from his ſuppoſed death till his appearance in 1491?—Anſwer. Does uncertainty of where a man has been, prove his non-identity when he appears again? When Mr. Hume will anſwer half the queſtions in this work, I will tell him where Perkin was during thoſe ſeven years. 4. Why were not the queen-mother, the ducheſs of Burgundy, and the other friends of the family, applied to during that time, for his ſupport and education?—Anſwer. Who knows that they were not applied to? The probability is, that they were. The queen's dabbling in the affair of Simnel indicates that ſhe knew her ſon was alive. And when the ducheſs of Burgundy is accuſed of ſetting Perkin to work, it is amazing that ſhe ſhould be quoted as knowing nothing about him. 5. Though the ducheſs of Burgundy at laſt acknowledged him for her nephew, ſhe had loſt all pretence to authority by her former acknowledgement and ſupport of Lambert Simnel, an avowed impoſtor.—Anſwer. Mr. Hume here makes an unwary confeſſion by diſtinguiſhing between Lambert Simnel, an avowed impoſtor, and Perkin, whoſe impoſture was problematic. But if he was a true prince, the ducheſs could only forfeit credit for herſelf, not for him: nor would her preparing the way for her nephew, by firſt playing off and feeling the ground by a counterfeit, be an imputation on her, but rather a proof of her wiſdom and tenderneſs. Impoſtors are eaſily detected, as Simnel was. All Henry's art and power could never verify the cheat of Perkin; and if the latter was aſtoniſhingly adroit, the king was ridiculouſly clumſy. 6. Perkin himſelf confeſſed his impoſture more than once, and read his confeſſion to the people, and renewed his confeſſion at the foot of the gibbet on which he was executed.—Anſwer. I have ſhown that this confeſſion was ſuch an awkward forgery that lord Bacon did not dare to quote or adhere to it, but invented a new ſtory, more ſpecious, but equally inconſiſtent with probability. 7. After Henry the eighth's acceſſion, the titles of the houſes of York and Lancaſter were fully confounded, and there was no longer any neceſſity for defending Henry the ſeventh and his title; yet all the hiſtorians of that time, when the events were recent, ſome of theſe

ſecret but a doubt, whether the elder brother was murdered. If Perkin was the younger, and knew certainly that his brother was put to death, our doubt would vaniſh: but can it vaniſh on no better authority than this fooliſh oration? Did Grafton hear it pronounced? Did king James beſtow his kinſwoman on Perkin, on the ſtrength of ſuch a fable?

hiſtorians,

hiſtorians, ſuch as ſir Thomas More, of the higheſt authority, agree in treating Perkin as an impoſtor.—Anſwer. When ſir Thomas More wrote, Henry the ſeventh was ſtill alive; that argument therefore falls entirely to the ground: but there *was* great neceſſity, I will not ſay to defend, but even to palliate the titles of both Henry the ſeventh and eighth. The former, all the world agrees now, had no title *: the latter had none from his father, and a very defective one from his mother. If ſhe had any right, it could only be after her brothers; and it is not to be ſuppoſed that ſo jealous a tyrant as Henry the eighth would ſuffer it to be ſaid that his father and mother enjoyed the throne to the prejudice of that mother's ſurviving brother, in whoſe blood the father had imbrued his hands. The murder therefore was to be fixed on Richard the third, who was to be ſuppoſed to have uſurped the throne, by murdering, and not, as was really the caſe, by baſtardizing his nephews. If they were illegitimate, ſo was their ſiſter; and if ſhe was, what title had ſhe conveyed to her ſon Henry the eighth? No wonder that both Henries were jealous of the earl of Suffolk, whom one bequeathed to ſlaughter, and the other executed; for if the children of Edward the fourth were ſpurious, and thoſe of Clarence attainted, the right of the houſe of York was veſted in the ducheſs of Suffolk and her deſcendants. The maſſacre of the children of Clarence and the ducheſs of Suffolk ſhow what Henry the eighth thought of the titles both of his father and mother †. But, ſays Mr. Hume, all the hiſtorians of that time agree in treating Perkin as an impoſtor. I have ſhown from their own mouths that they all doubted of it. The reader muſt judge between us. But Mr. Hume ſelects ſir Thomas More as the higheſt authority; I have proved that he was the loweſt—but not in the caſe of Perkin, for ſir Thomas More's hiſtory does not go ſo low; yet happening to mention him, he ſays, the man commonly called Perkin Warbeck was, as well with the princes as the people, held to be the younger ſon of Edward the fourth; and that the deaths of the young king Edward and of Richard his brother had

* Henry was ſo reduced to make out any title to the crown, that he catched even at a quibble. In the act of attainder, paſſed after his acceſſion, he calls himſelf nephew of Henry the ſixth. He was ſo; but it was by his father, who was not of the blood royal. Catherine of Valois, after bearing Henry the ſixth, married Owen Tudor, and had two ſons, Edmund and Jaſper, the former of which married Margaret, mother of Henry the ſeventh, and ſo was he half nephew of Henry the ſixth. On one ſide he had no blood royal, on the other only baſtard blood.

† Obſerve, that when lord Bacon wrote, there *was* great neceſſity to vindicate the title even of Henry the ſeventh, for James the firſt claimed from the eldeſt daughter of Henry and Elizabeth.

come

come ſo far in queſtion, as ſome are yet in doubt, *whether they were deſtroyed or no in the days of king Richard.* Sir Thomas adhered to the affirmative, relying as I have ſhown on very bad authorities. But what is a ſtronger argument ad hominem, I can prove that Mr. Hume did not think ſir Thomas More good authority; no, Mr. Hume was a fairer and more impartial judge: at the very time that he quotes ſir Thomas More, he tacitly rejects his authority; for Mr. Hume, agreeably to truth, ſpecifies the lady Eleanor Butler as the perſon to whom king Edward was contracted, and not Elizabeth Lucy, as it ſtands in ſir Thomas More. An attempt to vindicate Richard will perhaps no longer be thought whimſical, when ſo very acute a reaſoner as Mr. Hume could find no better foundation than theſe ſeven queries on which to reſt his condemnation.

With regard to the perſon of Richard, it appears to have been as much miſrepreſented as his actions. Philip de Comines, who was very free ſpoken even on his own maſters, and therefore not likely to ſpare a foreigner, mentions the beauty of Edward the fourth; but ſays nothing of the deformity of Richard, though he ſaw them together. This is merely negative. The old counteſs of Deſmond, who had danced with Richard, declared he was the handſomeſt man in the room except his brother Edward, and was very well made. But what ſhall we ſay to doctor Shaw, who in his ſermon appealed to the people, whether Richard was not the expreſs image of his father's perſon, who was neither ugly nor deformed? Not all the protector's power could have kept the muſcles of the mob in awe and prevented their laughing at ſo ridiculous an apoſtrophe, had Richard been a little, crooked, withered, hump-backed monſter, as later hiſtorians would have us believe—and very idly. Cannot a foul ſoul inhabit a fair body?

The truth I take to have been this. Richard, who was ſlender and not tall, had one ſhoulder a little higher than the other: a defect, by the magnifying-glaſſes of party, by diſtance of time, and by the amplification of tradition, eaſily ſwelled to ſhocking deformity; for falſehood itſelf generally pays ſo much reſpect to truth as to make it the baſis of its ſuperſtructures.

I have two reaſons for believing Richard was not well made about the ſhoulders. Among the drawings which I purchaſed at Vertue's ſale was one of Richard and his queen, of which nothing is expreſſed but the out-lines.

Edw. Earl of Warwick? *Marg. Ctss. of Salisbury.* *Queen*

nne?. Richard 3.d Edward P. of Wales.

Henry Duke of Warwick.

Anne Cs. of Warwick.

Richard
Earl of W

...eville
...arwick.

Isabel Dss. of Clarence.

George Duke of Clarence.

There is no intimation from whence the drawing was taken; but by a collateral direction for the colour of the robe, if not copied from a picture, it certainly was from ſome painted window; where exiſting I do not pretend to ſay: in this whole work I have not gone beyond my vouchers. Richard's face is very comely, and correſponds ſingularly with the portrait of him in the preface to the royal and noble authors. He has a ſort of tippet of ermine doubled about his neck, which ſeems calculated to diſguiſe ſome want of ſymmetry thereabouts. I have given two * prints of this drawing, which is on large folio paper, that it may lead to a diſcovery of the original, if not deſtroyed.

My other authority is John Rous, the antiquary of Warwickſhire, who ſaw Richard at Warwick in the interval of his two coronations, and who deſcribes him thus: "Parvæ ſtaturæ erat, curtam habens faciem, inæquales humeros, dexter ſuperior, ſiniſterque inferior." What feature in this portrait gives any idea of a monſter? Or who can believe that an eye-witneſs, and ſo minute a painter, would have mentioned nothing but the inequality of ſhoulders, if Richard's form had been a compound of uglineſs? Could a Yorkiſt have drawn a leſs diſguſting repreſentation? And yet Rous was a vehement Lancaſtrian; and the moment he ceaſed to have truth before his eyes, gave into all the virulence and forgeries of his party, telling us in another place, "that Richard remained two years in his mother's womb, and came forth at laſt with teeth, and hair on his ſhoulders." I leave it to the learned in the profeſſion to decide whether women can go two years with their burden, and produce a living infant: but that this long pregnancy did not prevent the ducheſs his mother from bearing afterwards, I can prove; and could we recover the regiſter of the births of her children, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed to find that, as ſhe was a very fruitful woman, there was not above a year between the birth of Richard and his preceding brother † Tho-

* In the prints, the ſingle head is moſt exactly copied from the drawing, which is unfiniſhed. In the double plate, the reduced likeneſs of the king could not be ſo perfectly preſerved.

† The author I am going to quote gives us the order in which the ducheſs Cecily's children were born, thus: Ann ducheſs of Exeter, Henry, Edward the fourth, Edmund earl of Rutland, Elizabeth ducheſs of Suffolk, Margaret ducheſs of Burgundy, William, John, George duke of Clarence, Thomas, Richard the third, and Urſula. Cox, in his Hiſtory of Ireland, ſays that Clarence was born in 1451. Buck computed Richard the third to have fallen at the age of thirty-four or five; but, by Cox's account, he could not be more than thirty-two. Still this makes it probable, that their mother bore them and their intervening brother Thomas as ſoon as ſhe well could one after another.

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mas. However, an ancient * bard, who wrote after Richard was born and during the life of his father, tells us,

> Richard liveth yit, but the laſt of all
> Was Urſula, to him whom God liſt call.

Be it as it will, this fooliſh tale, with the circumſtances of his being born with hair and teeth, was coined to intimate how careful Providence was when it formed a tyrant, to give due warning of what was to be expected. And yet theſe portents were far from prognoſticating a tyrant; for this plain reaſon, that all other tyrants have been born without theſe prognoſtics. Does it require more time to ripen a fœtus, that is to prove a deſtroyer, than it takes to form an Ariſtides? Are there outward and viſible ſigns of a bloody nature? Who was handſomer than Alexander, Auguſtus, or Louis the fourteenth? And yet who ever commanded the ſpilling of more human blood?

Having mentioned John Rous, it is neceſſary I ſhould ſay ſomething more of him, as he lived in Richard's time, and even wrote his reign; and yet I have omitted him in the liſt of contemporary writers. The truth is, he was pointed out to me after the preceding ſheets were finiſhed; and upon inſpection I found him too deſpicable and lying an author, even amongſt monkiſh authors, to venture to quote him, but for two facts; for the one of which, as he was an eye-witneſs, and for the other, as it was of public notoriety, he is competent authority.

The firſt is his deſcription of the perſon of Richard; the ſecond, relating to the young earl of Warwick, I have recorded in its place.

This John Rous, ſo early as in the reign of Edward the fourth, had retired to the hermitage of Guy's cliff, where he was a chantry prieſt, and where he ſpent the remaining part of his life in what he called ſtudying and writing antiquities. Amongſt other works, moſt of which are *not* unfortunately loſt, he compoſed a hiſtory of the kings of England. It begins with the creation, and is compiled indiſcriminately from the Bible and from monaſtic writers. Moſes, he tells us, does not mention all the cities founded before the deluge, but Barnard de Breydenback, dean of Mayence, does.

* See Vincent's Errors in Brooke's Heraldry, p. 623.

With

With the ſame taſte he acquaints us, that though the book of Geneſis ſays nothing of the matter, Giraldus Cambrenſis writes, that Caphera or Ceſara, Noah's niece, being apprehenſive of the deluge, ſet out for Ireland, where with three men and fifty women ſhe arrived ſafe with one ſhip, the reſt periſhing in the general deſtruction.

A hiſtory ſo happily begun never falls off: prophecies, omens, judgments, and religious foundations, compoſe the bulk of the book. The lives and actions of our monarchs, and the great events of their reigns, ſeemed to the author to deſerve little place in a hiſtory of England. The lives of Henry the ſixth and Edward the fourth, though the author lived under both, take up but two pages in octavo, and that of Richard the third, three. We may judge how qualified ſuch an author was to clear up a period ſo obſcure, or what ſecrets could come to his knowledge at Guy's cliff: accordingly he retails all the vulgar reports of the times; as that Richard poiſoned his wife, and put his nephews to death, though he owns few knew in what manner; but as he lays the ſcene of their deaths *before* Richard's aſſumption of the crown, it is plain he was the worſt informed of all. To Richard he aſcribes the death of Henry the ſixth; and adds, that many perſons believed he executed the murder with his own hands: but he records another circumſtance that alone muſt weaken all ſuſpicion of Richard's guilt in that tranſaction. Richard not only cauſed the body to be removed from Chertſey and ſolemnly interred at Windſor, but it was publicly expoſed, and, if we will believe the monk, was found almoſt entire, and emitted a gracious perfume, though no care had been taken to embalm it. Is it credible that Richard, if the murderer, would have exhibited this unneceſſary mummery, only to revive the memory of his own guilt? Was it not rather intended to recall the cruelty of his brother Edward, whoſe children he had ſet aſide, and whom, by the compariſon of this act of piety, he hoped to * depreciate in the eyes of the people? The very example had been pointed out to him by Henry the fifth, who beſtowed a pompous funeral on Richard the ſecond, murdered by order of his father.

Indeed the devotion of Rous to that Lancaſtrian ſaint, Henry the ſixth, ſeems chiefly to engroſs his attention, and yet it draws him into a contra-

* This is not a mere random conjecture, but corroborated by another inſtance of like addreſs. He diſforeſted a large circuit, which Edward had annexed to the foreſt of Whichwoode, to the great annoyance of the ſubject. This we are told by Rous himſelf, p. 216.

 diction;

diction; for, having ſaid that the murder of Henry the ſixth had made Richard deteſted by all nations who heard of it, he adds, two pages afterwards, that an embaſſy arrived at Warwick (while Richard kept his court there) from the * king of Spain, to propoſe a marriage between their children. Of this embaſſy Rous is a proper witneſs: Guy's cliff, I think, is but a mile from Warwick; and he is too circumſtantial on what paſſed there not to have been on the ſpot. In other reſpects he ſeems inclined to be impartial, recording ſeveral good and generous acts of Richard.

But there is one circumſtance, which, beſides the weakneſs and credulity of the man, renders his teſtimony exceeding ſuſpicious. After having ſaid that, *if he may ſpeak truth in Richard's favour* †, he muſt own that, though ſmall in ſtature and ſtrength, Richard was a noble knight, and defended himſelf to the laſt breath with eminent valour, the monk ſuddenly turns and apoſtrophizes Henry the ſeventh, to whom he had dedicated his work, and whom he flatters to the beſt of his poor abilities; but above all things for having beſtowed the name of Arthur on his eldeſt ſon, who, this injudicious and over-haſty prophet foreſees, will reſtore the glory of his great anceſtor of the ſame name. Had Henry chriſtened his ſecond ſon Merlin, I do not doubt but poor Rous would have had ſtill more divine viſions about Henry the eighth, though born to ſhake half the pillars of credulity.

In ſhort, no reliance can be had on an author of ſuch a frame of mind, ſo removed from the ſcene of action, and ſo devoted to the Welſh intruder on the throne. Super-added to this incapacity and defects, he had prejudices or attachments of a private nature: he had ſingular affection for the Beauchamps, earls of Warwick, zealous Lancaſtrians, and had written their lives. One capital crime that he imputes to Richard is the impriſonment of his mother-in-law, Ann Beauchamp counteſs of Warwick, mother of his queen. It does ſeem that this great lady was very hardly treated; but I have ſhown from the Chronicle of Croyland, that it was Edward the fourth, not Richard, that ſtripped her of her poſſeſſions. She was widow too of that turbulent

* Drake ſays, that an embaſſador from the queen of Spain was preſent at Richard's coronation at York. Rous himſelf owns, that amidſt a great concourſe of nobility that attended the king at York, was the duke of Albany, brother of the king of Scotland. Richard therefore appears not to have been abhorred by either the courts of Spain or Scotland.

† Attamen ſi ad ejus honorem veritatem dicam, p. 218.

Warwick, the king-maker; and Henry the ſeventh bore witneſs that ſhe was faithfully loyal to Henry the ſixth. Still it ſeems extraordinary that the queen did not or could not obtain the enlargement of her mother. When Henry the ſeventh attained the crown, ſhe recovered her liberty and vaſt eſtates: yet young as his majeſty was both in years and avarice, for this munificence took place in his third year, ſtill he gave evidence of the falſehood and rapacity of his nature; for though by act of parliament he cancelled the former act that had deprived her, *as againſt all reaſon, conſcience, and courſe of nature, and contrary to the laws of God and man* *, and reſtored her poſſeſſions to her, this was but a farce, and like his wonted hypocriſy; for the very ſame year he obliged her to convey the whole eſtate to him, leaving her nothing but the manor of Sutton for her maintenance. Richard had married her daughter; but what claim had Henry to her inheritance? This attachment of Rous to the houſe of Beauchamp, and the dedication of his work to Henry, would make his teſtimony moſt ſuſpicious, even if he had guarded his work within the rules of probability, and not rendered it a contemptible legend.

Every part of Richard's ſtory is involved in obſcurity: we neither know what natural children he had, nor what became of them. Sandford ſays he had a daughter called Katherine, whom William Herbert earl of Huntingdon covenanted to marry, and to make her a fair and ſufficient eſtate of certain of his manors to the yearly value of 200l. over and above all charges. As this lord received a confirmation of his title from Henry the ſeventh, no doubt the poor young lady would have been ſacrificed to that intereſt. But Dugdale ſeems to think ſhe died before the nuptials were conſummated: "whether this marriage took effect or not I cannot ſay; for ſure it is that ſhe died in her tender years †." Drake ‡ affirms, that Richard knighted at York a natural ſon called Richard of Glouceſter, and ſuppoſes it to be the ſame perſon of whom Peck has preſerved ſo extraordinary an account §. But never was a ſuppoſition worſe grounded. The relation given by the latter of himſelf was, that he never ſaw the king till the night before the battle of Boſworth; and that the king had not then acknowledged, but intended to acknowledge him, if victorious. The deep privacy in which this perſon had

* V. Dugdale's Warwickſhire in Beauchamp.

† Baronage, p. 258.

‡ In his Hiſtory of York.

§ See his Deſiderata curioſa.

lived, demonſtrates how ſeverely the perſecution had raged againſt all that were connected with Richard, and how little truth was to be expected from the writers on the other ſide. Nor could Peck's Richard Plantagenet be the ſame perſon with Richard of Glouceſter, for the former was never known till he diſcovered himſelf to ſir Thomas Moyle; and Hall ſays that king Richard's natural ſon was in the hands of Henry the ſeventh. Buck ſays, that Richard made his ſon Richard of Glouceſter captain of Calais; but it appears from Rymer's Fœdera, that Richard's natural ſon, who was captain of Calais, was called John. None of theſe accounts accord with Peck's; nor, for want of knowing his mother, can we gueſs why king Richard was more ſecret on the birth of this ſon (if Peck's Richard Plantagenet was truly ſo) than on thoſe of his other natural children. Perhaps the trueſt remark that can be made on this whole ſtory is, that the avidity with which our hiſtorians ſwallowed one groſs ill-concocted legend, prevented them from deſiring or daring to ſift a ſingle part of it. If crumbs of truth are mingled with it, at leaſt they are now undiſtinguiſhable in ſuch a maſs of error and improbability.

It is evident from the conduct of Shakeſpeare, that the houſe of Tudor retained all their Lancaſtrian prejudices, even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. In his play of Richard the third, he ſeems to deduce the woes of the houſe of York from the curſes which queen Margaret had vented againſt them; and he could not give that weight to her curſes, without ſuppoſing a right in her to utter them. This indeed is the authority which I do not pretend to combat. Shakeſpeare's immortal ſcenes will exiſt, when ſuch poor arguments as mine are forgotten. Richard at leaſt will be tried and executed on the ſtage, when his defence remains on ſome obſcure ſhelf of a library. But while theſe pages may excite the curioſity of a day, it may not be unentertaining to obſerve, that there is another of Shakeſpeare's plays that may be ranked among the hiſtoric, though not one of his numerous critics and commentators have diſcovered the drift of it; I mean *The Winter Evening's Tale*, which was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The addreſs of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The ſubject was too delicate to be exhibited on the ſtage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured ſo home an alluſion on

any

any other ground than compliment. The unreaſonable jealouſy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in conſequence, form a true portrait of Henry the eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boiſterous paſſions. Not only the general plan of the ſtory is moſt applicable, but ſeveral paſſages are ſo marked, that they touch the real hiſtory nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial ſays,

——————for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for.

This ſeems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where ſhe pleads for the infant princeſs his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unneceſſary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the alluſion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a ſtillborn ſon. But the moſt ſtriking paſſage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is where Paulina, deſcribing the new-born princeſs and her likeneſs to her father, ſays, *ſhe has the very trick of his frown.* There is one ſentence indeed ſo applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I ſhould ſuſpect the poet inſerted it after her death. Paulina, ſpeaking of the child, tells the king,

——————'Tis yours;
And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe.——

The Winter Evening's Tale was therefore in reality a ſecond part of Henry the eighth.

With regard to Jane Shore, I have already ſhown that it was her connection with the marquis Dorſet, not with lord Haſtings, that drew on her the reſentment of Richard. When an event is thus wreſted to ſerve the purpoſe of a party, we ought to be very cautious how we truſt an hiſtorian who is capable of employing truth only as cement in a fabric of fiction. Sir Thomas More tells us, that Richard pretended Jane "was of councell with the lord Haſtings to deſtroy him; and in concluſion, when no colour could faſten upon theſe matters, then he layd ſeriouſly to her charge what ſhe coud not deny," namely, her adultery; "and for this cauſe, as a godly continent prince,

prince, cleane and fautleſſe of himſelf, ſent out of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens manners, he cauſed the biſhop of London to put her to open penance."

This ſarcaſm on Richard's morals would have had more weight, if the author had before confined himſelf to deliver nothing but the preciſe truth. He does not ſeem to be more exact in what relates to the penance itſelf. Richard, by his proclamation, taxed miſtreſs Shore with plotting treaſon in confederacy with the marquis Dorſet. Conſequently, it was not from defect of proof of her being accomplice with lord Haſtings that ſhe was put to open penance. If Richard had any hand in that ſentence, it was becauſe he *had* proof of her plotting with the marquis. But I doubt, and with ſome reaſon, whether her penance was inflicted by Richard. We have ſeen that he acknowledged at leaſt two natural children; and ſir Thomas More hints that Richard was far from being remarkable for his chaſtity. Is it therefore probable, that he acted ſo ſilly a farce as to make his brother's miſtreſs do penance? Moſt of the charges on Richard are ſo idle, that inſtead of being an able and artful uſurper, as his antagoniſts allow, he muſt have been a weaker hypocrite than ever attempted to wreſt a ſceptre out of the hands of a legal poſſeſſor.

It is more likely that the churchmen were the authors of Jane's penance; and that Richard, intereſted to manage that body, and provoked by her connection with ſo capital an enemy as Dorſet, might give her up, and permit the clergy (who probably had burned incenſe to her in her proſperity) to revenge his quarrel. My reaſon for this opinion is grounded on a letter of Richard extant in the Muſeum, by which it appears that the fair, unfortunate, and amiable Jane (for her virtues far out-weighed her frailty), being a priſoner by Richard's order in Ludgate, had captivated the king's ſollicitor, who contracted to marry her. Here follows the letter:

Harl. MSS. N° 2378.

By the K I N G.

"Right reverend fadre in God, &c. Signifying unto you, that it is ſhewed unto us, that our ſervaunt and ſollicitor Thomas Lynom, merveilloufly blinded and abuſed with the late (wife) of Willm Shore, now being in

in Ludgate by oure commandment, hath made contract of matrymony with hir (as it is ſaid) and entendith, to our full grete merveile, to procede to th'effect of the ſame. We for many cauſes wold be ſory that hee ſoo ſhulde be diſpoſed. Pray you therefore to ſend for him, and in that ye goodly may exhorte and ſture hym to the contrarye. And if ye finde him utterly ſet for to marye hur, and noen otherwiſe will be advertiſed, then (if it may ſtand with the lawe of the churche) We be content (the tyme of mariage deferred to our comyng next to London) that upon ſufficient ſuretie founde of hure good abering, ye doo ſend for hure keeper, and diſcharge him of our ſaid commandment by warrant of theſe, committing hur to the rule and guiding of hure fadre, or any othre by your diſcretion in the mene ſeaſon. Yeven, &c.

To the right reverend fadre in God, &c. the biſhop of Lincoln, our chauncellor."

It appears from this letter, that Richard thought it indecent for his ſollicitor to marry a woman who had ſuffered public puniſhment for adultery, and who was confined by his command—but where is the tyrant to be found in this paper? Or what prince ever ſpoke of ſuch a ſcandal, and, what is ſtronger, of ſuch contempt of his authority, with ſo much lenity and temper? He enjoins his chancellor to diſſuade the ſollicitor from the match—but ſhould he perſiſt—A tyrant would have ordered the ſollicitor to priſon too—but Richard—Richard, if his ſervant will not be diſſuaded, allows the match; and in the mean time commits Jane—to whoſe cuſtody?—her own father's. I cannot help thinking that ſome holy perſon had been her perſecutor, and not ſo patient and gentle a king. And I believe ſo, becauſe of the ſalvo for the church: "let them be married, ſays Richard, if it may ſtand with the law of the churche."

From the propoſed marriage, one ſhould at firſt conclude that Shore, the former huſband of Jane, was dead; but by the king's query, whether the marriage would be lawful? and by her being called in the letter *the late wife of William Shore*, not *of the late William Shore*, I ſhould ſuppoſe that her huſband was living, and that the penance itſelf was the conſequence of a ſuit preferred by him to the eccleſiaſtic court for divorce. If the injured huſband ventured, on the death of Edward the fourth, to petition to be ſeparated from

from his wife, it was natural enough for the church to proceed farther, and enjoin her to perform penance, eſpecially when they fell in with the king's reſentment to her. Richard's proclamation and the letter above-recited ſeem to point out this account of Jane's misfortunes; the letter implying, that Richard doubted whether her divorce was ſo complete as to leave her at liberty to take another huſband. As we hear no more of the marriage, and as Jane to her death retained the name of Shore, my ſolution is corroborated; the chancellor-biſhop, no doubt, going more roundly to work than the king had done. Nor, however ſir Thomas More reviles Richard for his cruel uſage of miſtreſs Shore, did either of the ſucceeding kings redreſs her wrongs, though ſhe lived to the eighteenth year of Henry the eighth. She had ſown her good deeds, her good offices, her alms, her charities, in a court. Not one took root; nor did the ungrateful ſoil repay her a grain of relief in her penury and comfortleſs old age.

I have thus gone through the ſeveral accuſations againſt Richard; and have ſhown that they reſt on the ſlighteſt and moſt ſuſpicious ground, if they reſt on any at all. I have proved that they ought to be reduced to the ſole authorities of ſir Thomas More and Henry the ſeventh; the latter intereſted to blacken and miſrepreſent every action of Richard; and perhaps driven to father on him even his own crimes. I have proved that More's account cannot be true. I have ſhown that the writers, contemporary with Richard, either do not accuſe him, or give their accuſations as mere vague and uncertain reports: and what is as ſtrong, the writers next in date, and who wrote the earlieſt after the events are ſaid to have happened, aſſert little or nothing from their own information, but adopt the very words of ſir Thomas More, who was abſolutely miſtaken or miſinformed.

For the ſake of thoſe who have a mind to canvaſs this ſubject, I will recapitulate the moſt material arguments that tend to diſprove what has been aſſerted; but as I attempt not to affirm what *did* happen in a period that will ſtill remain very obſcure, I flatter myſelf that I ſhall not be thought either fantaſtic or paradoxical, for not blindly adopting an improbable tale, which our hiſtorians have never given themſelves the trouble to examine.

What miſtakes I may have made myſelf, I ſhall be willing to acknowledge; what weak reaſoning, to give up: but I ſhall not think a long chain of arguments,

guments, of proofs and probabilities, is confuted at once, becauſe ſome ſingle fact may be found erroneous. Much leſs ſhall I be diſpoſed to take notice of detached or trifling cavils. The work itſelf is but an enquiry into a ſhort portion of our annals. I ſhall be content if I have informed or amuſed my readers, or thrown any light on ſo clouded a ſcene; but I cannot be of opinion that a period thus diſtant deſerves to take up more time than I have already beſtowed upon it.

It ſeems then to me to appear,

That Fabian and the authors of the Chronicle of Croyland, who were contemporaries with Richard, charge him directly with none of the crimes, ſince imputed to him, and diſculpate him of others.

That John Rous, the third contemporary, could know the facts he alleges but by hearſay, confounds the date of them, dedicated his work to Henry the ſeventh, and is an author to whom no credit is due, from the lies and fables with which his work is ſtuffed.

That we have no authors who lived near the time but Lancaſtrian authors, who wrote to flatter Henry the ſeventh, or who ſpread the tales which he invented.

That the murder of prince Edward, ſon of Henry the ſixth, was committed by king Edward's ſervants, and is imputed to Richard by no contemporary.

That Henry the ſixth was found dead in the Tower; that it was not known how he came by his death; and that it was againſt Richard's intereſt to murder him.

That the duke of Clarence was defended by Richard; that the parliament petitioned for his execution; that no author of the time is ſo abſurd as to charge Richard with being the executioner; and that king Edward took the deed wholly on himſelf.

That Richard's ſtay at York on his brother's death had no appearance of a deſign to make himſelf king.

That the ambition of the queen, who attempted to uſurp the government, contrary to the then eſtabliſhed cuſtom of the realm, gave the firſt provocation to Richard and the princes of the blood to aſſert their rights; and that Richard was ſolicited by the duke of Buckingham to vindicate thoſe rights.

That the preparation of an armed force under earl Rivers, the ſeizure of the Tower and treaſure, and the equipment of a fleet by the marquis Dorſet, gave occaſion to the princes to impriſon the relations of the queen; and that, though they were put to death without trial (the only cruelty which is *proved* on Richard), it was conſonant to the manners of that barbarous and turbulent age, and not till after the queen's party had taken up arms.

That the execution of lord Haſtings, who had firſt engaged with Richard againſt the queen, and whom ſir Thomas More confeſſes Richard was *lothe to loſe*, can be accounted for by nothing but abſolute neceſſity, and the law of ſelf-defence.

That Richard's aſſumption of the protectorate was in every reſpect agreeable to the laws and uſage; was probably beſtowed on him by the univerſal conſent of the council and peers, and was a ſtrong indication that he had then no thought of queſtioning the right of his nephew.

That the tale of Richard aſperſing the chaſtity of his own mother is incredible, it appearing that he lived with her in perfect harmony, and lodged with her in her palace at that very time.

That it is as little credible that Richard gained the crown by a ſermon of doctor Shaw, and a ſpeech of the duke of Buckingham, if the people only laughed at thoſe orators.

That there had been a precontract or marriage between Edward the fourth and lady Eleanor Talbot; and that Richard's claim to the crown was founded on the illegitimacy of Edward's children.

That

That a convention of the nobility, clergy, and people, invited him to accept the crown on that title.

That the enſuing parliament ratified the act of the convention, and confirmed the baſtardy of Edward's children.

That nothing can be more improbable than Richard's having taken no meaſures before he left London to have his nephews murdered, if he had any ſuch intention.

That the ſtory of ſir James Tirrel, as related by ſir Thomas More, is a notorious falſehood; ſir James Tirrel being at that time maſter of the horſe, in which capacity he had walked at Richard's coronation.

That Tirrel's jealouſy of ſir Richard Ratcliffe is another palpable falſehood; Tirrel being already preferred, and Ratcliffe abſent.

That all that relates to ſir Robert Brakenbury is no leſs falſe: Brakenbury either being too good a man to die for a tyrant or murderer, or too bad a man to have refuſed being his accomplice.

That ſir Thomas More and lord Bacon both confeſs that many doubted whether the two princes were murdered in Richard's days or not; and it certainly never was proved that they were murdered by Richard's order.

That ſir Thomas More relied on nameleſs and uncertain authority; that it appears by dates and facts that his authorities were bad and falſe; that if ſir James Tirrel and Dighton had really committed the murder and confeſſed it, and if Perkin Warbeck had made a voluntary, clear, and probable confeſſion of his impoſture, there could have remained no doubt of the murder.

That Greene, the nameleſs page, and Will Slaughter, having never been queſtioned about the murder, there is no reaſon to believe what is related of them in the ſuppoſed tragedy.

That ſir James Tirrel not being attainted on the death of Richard, but having, on the contrary, been employed in great ſervices by Henry the

ſeventh, it is not probable that he was one of the murderers. That lord Bacon owning that Tirrel's confeſſion did not pleaſe the king ſo well as Dighton's; that Tirrel's impriſonment and execution ſome years afterwards for a new treaſon, of which we have no evidence, and which appears to have been mere ſuſpicion, deſtroy all probability of his guilt in the ſuppoſed murder of the children.

That the impunity of Dighton, if really guilty, was ſcandalous; and can only be accounted for on the ſuppoſition of his being a falſe witneſs to ſerve Henry's cauſe againſt Perkin Warbeck.

That the ſilence of the two archbiſhops, and Henry's not daring to ſpecify the murder of the princes in the act of attainder againſt Richard, wear all the appearance of their not having been murdered.

That Richard's tenderneſs and kindneſs to the earl of Warwick, proceeding ſo far as to proclaim him his ſucceſſor, betrays no ſymptom of that cruel nature which would not ſtick at aſſaſſinating any competitor.

That it is indubitable that Richard's firſt idea was to keep the crown but till Edward the fifth ſhould attain the age of twenty-four.

That with this view he did *not* create his own ſon prince of Wales till after he had proved the baſtardy of his brother's children.

That there is no proof that thoſe children were murdered.

That Richard made, or intended to make, his nephew Edward the fifth walk at his coronation.

That there is ſtrong preſumption from the Parliament-roll and from the Chronicle of Croyland, that both princes were living ſome time after ſir Thomas More fixes the dates of their deaths.

That when his own ſon was dead, Richard was ſo far from intending to get rid of his wife, that he proclaimed his nephews, firſt the earl of Warwick, and then the earl of Lincoln, his heirs apparent.

That

That there is not the leaſt probability of his having poiſoned his wife, who died of a languiſhing diſtemper; that no proof was ever pretended to be given of it; that a bare ſuppoſition of ſuch a crime, without proofs or very ſtrong preſumptions, is ſcarce ever to be credited.

That he ſeems to have had no intention of marrying his niece, but to have amuſed her with the hopes of that match, to prevent her marrying Richmond.

That Buck would not have dared to quote her letter as extant in the earl of Arundel's library, if it had not been there; that others of Buck's aſſertions, having been corroborated by ſubſequent diſcoveries, leave no doubt of his veracity on this; and that that letter diſculpates Richard from poiſoning his wife; and only ſhews the impatience of his niece to be queen.

That it is probable the queen-dowager knew her ſecond ſon was living, and connived at the appearance of Lambert Simnel, to feel the temper of the nation.

That Henry the ſeventh certainly thought that ſhe and the earl of Lincoln were privy to the exiſtence of Richard duke of York, and that Henry lived in terror of his appearance.

That the different conduct of Henry with regard to Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, implies how different an opinion he had of them; that in the firſt caſe he uſed the moſt natural and moſt rational methods to prove him an impoſtor, whereas his whole behaviour in Perkin's caſe was myſterious, and betrayed his belief or doubt that Warbeck was the true duke of York.

That it was morally impoſſible for the ducheſs of Burgundy at the diſtance of twenty-ſeven years to inſtruct a Flemiſh lad ſo perfectly in all that had paſſed in the court of England, that he would not have been detected in a few hours.

That ſhe could not inform him, nor could he know, what paſſed in the Tower, unleſs he was the true duke of York.

That if he was not the true duke of York, Henry had nothing to do but confront him with Tirrel and Dighton, and the impoſture muſt have been diſcovered.

That Perkin never being confronted with the queen-dowager and the princeſſes her daughters, proves that Henry did not dare to truſt to their acknowledging him.

That if he was not the true duke of York, he might have been detected by not knowing the queens and princeſſes, if ſhown to him, without his being told who they were.

That it is not pretended that Perkin ever failed in language, accent, or circumſtances; and that his likeneſs to Edward the fourth is allowed.

That there are groſs and manifeſt blunders in his pretended confeſſion.

That Henry was ſo afraid of not aſcertaining a good account of the purity of his Engliſh accent, that he makes him learn Engliſh twice over.

That lord Bacon did not dare to adhere to this ridiculous account, but forges another, though in reality not much more credible.

That a number of Henry's beſt friends, as the lord chamberlain, who placed the crown on his head, knights of the garter, and men of the faireſt characters, being perſuaded that Perkin was the true duke of York, and dying for that belief, without recanting, makes it very raſh to deny that he was not ſo.

That the proclamation in Rymer's Fœdera againſt Jane Shore, for plotting with the marquis Dorſet, not with lord Haſtings, deſtroys all the credit of ſir Thomas More, as to what relates to the latter peer.

In ſhort, that Henry's character, as we have received it from his own apologiſts, is ſo much worſe and more hateful than Richard's, that we may well believe Henry invented and propagated by far the greater part of the

ſlanders againſt Richard: that Henry, not Richard, probably put to death the true duke of York, as he did the earl of Warwick: and that we are not certain whether Edward the fifth was murdered; nor, if he was, by whoſe order he was murdered.

After all that has been ſaid, it is ſcarce neceſſary to add a word on the ſuppoſed diſcovery that was made of the ſkeletons of the two young princes, in the reign of Charles the ſecond. Two ſkeletons found in the dark abyſs of ſo many ſecret tranſactions, with no marks to aſcertain the time, the age of their interment, can certainly verify nothing. We muſt believe both princes died there, before we can believe that their bones were found there: and upon what that belief can be founded, or how we ſhall ceaſe to doubt whether Perkin Warbeck was not one of thoſe children, I am at a loſs to gueſs.

As little is it requiſite to argue on the grants made by Richard the third to his ſuppoſed accomplices in that murder, becauſe the argument will ſerve either way. It was very natural that they who had taſted moſt of Richard's bounty ſhould be ſuſpected as the inſtruments of his crimes. But till it can be proved that thoſe crimes were committed, it is in vain to bring evidence to ſhow who aſſiſted him in perpetrating them. For my own part, I know not what to think of the death of Edward the fifth: I can neither entirely acquit Richard of it, nor condemn him; becauſe there are no proofs on either ſide; and though a court of juſtice would, from that defect of evidence, abſolve him, opinion may fluctuate backwards and forwards, and at laſt remain in ſuſpenſe.

For the younger brother, the balance ſeems to incline greatly on the ſide of Perkin Warbeck, as the true duke of York; and if one was ſaved, one knows not how or why to believe that Richard deſtroyed only the elder.

We muſt leave this whole ſtory dark, though not near ſo dark as we found it: and it is perhaps as wiſe to be uncertain on one portion of our hiſtory, as to believe ſo much as is believed in all hiſtories, though very probably as falſely delivered to us as the period which we have here been examining.

ADDITION.

ADDITION.

The following notice, obligingly communicated to me by Mr. Stanley, came too late to be inſerted in the body of the work, and yet ought not to be omitted.

After the death of Perkin Warbeck, his widow the lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the earl of Huntley, from her exquiſite beauty, and upon account of her huſband, called *The white Roſe of Scotland*, was married to ſir Matthew Cradock, and is buried with him in Herbert's iſle, in Swanſea church in Wales, where their tomb is ſtill to be ſeen, with this inſcription in ancient characters:

" Here lies Sr Mathie Cradok knight, ſume time deputie unto the right honorable Charles Erle of Worcets in the countie of Glamorgan, R. Attor. G. R. Chauncelor of the ſame, ſteward of Gower and Hilvei, and mi ladie Katerin his wife."

They had a daughter Mary, who was married to ſir Edward Herbert, ſon of the firſt earl of Pembroke ; and from that match are deſcended the earls of Pembroke and Powis, Hans Stanley, eſq. George Rice, eſq. &c.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

HISTORIC DOUBTS

ON THE

Life and Reign of King RICHARD III.

With REMARKS on ſome ANSWERS that have been made to that Work.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conjurer, by your leave.
That paltry ſtory is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch gulls as you.

Hud. part II, cant. 3.

WHEN I publiſhed my doubts on the reign of king Richard the third, I concluded, from the obſcurity of the ſubject, and from my own want of abilities, and ſuperficial knowledge of our ſtory, that men of deeper reading and maſters of ſounder reaſoning would eaſily overthrow my arguments [though offered but as doubts], and would deſtroy what foundations I had pretended to lay, though corroborated by ſome facts, and eſtabliſhed on ſome new and not totally deſpicable materials. To this humiliation, for the ſake of truth, and of clearing up a very dark and intricate period, I was ready to ſubmit. I wiſhed to ſee a fooliſh and abſurd tale removed from the pages of our graveſt hiſtorians; and flattered myſelf, that not only the ridiculous and incoherent parts of the legend would be given up by men of ſenſe,

but that ſome able writer would deign to ſtate the whole matter in ſo clear and conſiſtent a manner, that not only my doubts [which indeed are of little importance to any body] would be removed, but that the hiſtory of that period would receive ſuch ſatisfactory, at leaſt probable lights, as would prevent the reign of Richard from diſgracing our annals by an intruſion of mob-ſtories and childiſh improbabilities, which at preſent in our beſt hiſtorians place that reign on a level with the ſtory of Jack the giant-killer.

The remoteneſs of the time in queſtion gave me thoſe hopes. I ſhould not indeed have been ſo weak as to flatter myſelf, while the ſpirit of party is in full vigour, that any conceſſions on later reigns would be made to a candid enquirer after truth. That perverſe ſpirit, wilfully blind, adheres obſtinately to the ſacred diſputes of our anceſtors, and renders our hiſtory but a more bulky compilation of controverſial pamphlets. To this hour the reigns of the Stuarts, the moſt ignominious period of our annals, are defended, juſtified, varniſhed, nay panegyricized, by able writers as well as by the moſt contemptible; as if that diſgraceful ſucceſſion was the favourite portion of our hiſtory with our favourite hiſtorians. Elizabeth and Cromwell, who, with all their faults, raiſed the dignity and honour of our country, and made it the terror of foreign nations, conſoling us at leaſt by national glory for national ſervitude, are depreſſed and vilified, in compliment to a deſpicable race, who with equal ambition were deſtitute of every talent to ſupport it, and who naturally ſunk in the eſteem of Europe, as faſt as they loſt the hearts and reſpect of their own ſubjects.

The ſatisfaction I expected, nobody has deigned to give me; and were I ſo idly vain as to conclude, becauſe my arguments have *not* been anſwered, that therefore they are unanſwerable, I might indulge myſelf in the deluſion of thinking that I have done ſome ſervice to our hiſtory in clearing away a load of rubbiſh, that had obtained a preſcriptive right of lying in the way of our hiſtorians, merely becauſe it had been careleſsly thrown there by writers, whoſe very dirt and mortar paſſed for buildings. Far from ſuch preſumption, I am perſuaded that my doubts have not ſeemed to deſerve an anſwer from thoſe who are capable of giving one. To ſuch men I muſt have appeared a paradoxical writer; and the ſtory of Richard the third with all its abſurdities is ſtill deemed authentic, *becauſe* ſir Thomas More, who wrote it in his youth, proved afterwards a very great man; and *becauſe* lord Bacon, who copied

copied it afterwards into a fulſome panegyric, and who however corrected the original ſilly account without making it conſiſtent, was the founder of modern philoſophy, and as bright a genius as ever ſhone in the orb of literature. Nobody reſpects ſuch great names more than I do. Yet, if whatever fell from the pen of More be holy writ, why ſhould we not embrace his religion as well as his hiſtory? In his graver years he fell into all the follies of enthuſiaſm and bigotry, which he had ridiculed in his youth. I have ſhown many palpable falſities in his hiſtory. It is a poor refuge to ſet up his name againſt his miſtakes: and methinks of all men living a ſceptic philoſopher is the laſt one ſhould expect to find pinning his faith on the ſleeve of reverend authority. Lord Bacon is ſtill leſs entitled to our implicit aſſent. To ſay nothing of his ſlaviſh flattery to his living maſters, can that man be received as an hiſtorian of unqueſtionable veracity, who has laboured to conſecrate the crimes of Henry the ſeventh, and held forth the meaneſt tyrant as the model of political wiſdom? Such hiſtorians ſtain the records of truth, and no talents can reſcue their characters from contempt. To enſhrine guilt, is ſinning againſt virtue and wounding poſterity. Tyrants are lulled with the hope of finding ſimilar panegyriſts: and as hiſtory is the tribunal at which all princes muſt appear, ſhall the bad dare to hope for advocates at that bar? Shall Henry the ſeventh of England and Henry the fourth of France receive the ſame palm from the ſame judicatory?

I am ſorry to be forced to repeat theſe arguments, having mentioned them before; but ſuch magic is there in great names, and it is ſo commode to uſe them inſtead of reaſons, that one is obliged to expoſe the futility of ſuch authorities when they are made the ſtandard of truth againſt truth itſelf.

When I ſaid that my arguments had not received an anſwer, I did not mean that my book had not been anſwered. It has been treated like the works of much better authors, and been attended both with that abuſe and compliment that are eſſentially neceſſary to flatter a writer with the hopes of not being forgotten. I am very grateful for both; and equally ſatisfied with having offended ſome, and pleaſed others of my readers.

The firſt marks of diſapprobation were conveyed in the Critical Review. I was ſeverely reproved by that monthly court for not having taken due notice of Mr. Guthrie's Hiſtory of England. The charge I acknowledge was juſt.

When I examined the ſtory of Richard the third, it is true that I conſulted the living works of dead authors, not the dead works of living authors. And it ought to be ſome palliation of my offence, that I not only had never ſeen Mr. Guthrie's Hiſtory of England, but had never met with a ſingle perſon that had read it. It had remained a profound ſecret to mortal eyes; or was conſumed by thoſe all-devouring enemies of the ingenious, time and the oven. However, I am ſincerely ſorry for my neglect; and the more ſo, as I find by the review, that my misfortune did not conſiſt in differing with Mr. Guthrie, but in happening to be of the ſame opinion. It ſeems, Mr. Guthrie, long before the appearance of my Doubts, had condemned great part of the traditional hiſtory of Richard as a fable. It was therefore preſumptuous in me to be as ſagacious as ſo inimitable a writer; or a grievous affront not to acknowledge that he had previouſly ſtarted the ſame opinion. Why he ſhould be ambitious of ſingularity I do not know. The more perſons ſee through an abſurdity, the more probable it is that the abſurdity exiſts. Indeed, when an author has compiled our annals, I find he looks on the whole hiſtory of England as his property. It is an invaſion of his freehold to conteſt a ſingle fact that he has occupied. Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Hume aſſert their right to the whole manour. Mr. Guthrie will not ſuffer me to agree with him, nor Mr. Hume to diſagree with him. When they have adjuſted their title between themſelves, I will ſwear to the lawful monarch—in the mean time I hope I may be allowed to treat one of them at leaſt as a pretender.

To the abuſe with which thoſe literary inquiſitors the reviewers have honoured me, I acquieſce with gratitude. Not only in the caſe in queſtion, but on other occaſions, they have obliged me with that cenſure which bad authors, turned to critics, are ſo apt to paſs on better writers than themſelves. I have had the ſatisfaction of ſeing my trifling writings riſe in the favour of the public, in proportion as they have been condemned by the judicious gentlemen who are ſo laborious and kind as for a ſhilling a month to inform their humble auditors what they ſhould think of every book, which the latter never read. May it ever be my fate [ſhould I again attempt to amuſe the public] to paſs through the innoxious flames of ſuch criticiſm; ſecure of loſing no particle of my little merit by being grinned and mouthed at by as groteſque imps, as thoſe that pipe and drum in the pictures of Teniers, to divert, one ſhould think, rather than terrify ſaint Antony!

As I look on abuſe as a flattering tribute paid by wounded or impotent enemies, ſo I am apt to ſuſpect that when an author is profuſe of compliments to his adverſary, he really but laughs in ſecret at his opponent's abilities, and exalts them officiouſly, in order to render his own triumph more conſpicuous.

Next to the capital offence of not having conſulted Mr. Guthrie's departed hiſtory, I ſeem to have diſguſted him or his champions by having treated diſreſpectfully ſome ancient chroniclers, particularly

"Thoſe claſſics of an age that knew of none,"

Ingulphus, Matthew Paris, William of Malmeſbury, Henry of Huntingdon, and Hoveden; though by the way I have never mentioned them. It would puzzle me, I am told, to produce a Latin hiſtorian *now alive*, ſuperior to William of Malmeſbury, with regard to ſpirit, ſentiment, and authenticity, nay, in the beauty of compoſition and elegance of diction. It would puzzle me indeed; as, except Buonamici's, I did not know that our modern hiſtories were written in Latin. If they are, I offer them as an oblation one and all to the ſhades of the elegant Ingulphus, and as elegant Mr. Guthrie, the latter of whom for aught I know may have written his hiſtory in Latin too. Nay, from one paſſage, I have ſome ſuſpicion that he may have written it in Greek, the thought being truly Anacreontic. He ſuſpects that the duke of Clarence was not drowned in a butt of malmſey, but died of drinking that wine. The figure is a little bold, and above the common pitch of an antiquary: but poets and antiquaries are equally adventurous in their conjectures; and as the criticiſm is excellent, no doubt it will meet with proper reſpect from all thoſe learned perſons who ſhall re-write our hiſtory.

If it would not be trifling with my readers, I would mention another paſſage containing a thought not leſs new. The critic ſays, that ſir Thomas More never did deſerve *but in death* the name he has obtained for ſincerity and honeſty. How a man can deſerve the character of honeſty in death, who never deſerved it in his life, is totally paſt my comprehenſion.

Having for ſome pages reſented my agreement with him, Mr. Guthrie takes

takes a ſhort turn, and undertakes the condemnation of Richard againſt me, for fear I ſhould not be in the wrong both ways. His chief argument againſt himſelf and me, *that Tirrel certainly murdered the two princes*, is drawn from the propriety of his being a perſon fit for the office. How is this made out? I had ſhown, that, inſtead of being the low tool deſcribed by ſir Thomas More, Tirrel was a man of great note, and in high employment. How does Mr. Guthrie deſtroy this argument? By producing a commiſſion to prove that Tirrel was a much greater man than I had repreſented him, having even in king Edward's time been appointed one of the commiſſioners for exerciſing the office of high conſtable of England. I thankfully accept this evidence againſt ſir Thomas More: it certainly does demonſtrate that Tirrel was not a mean fellow, a comrade of the page, who ſir Thomas ſays recommended him as a fit inſtrument for a ſecret aſſaſſination.——Now let us ſee how I can defend Mr. Guthrie and myſelf againſt Mr. Guthrie.

A clauſe, ſays Mr. Guthrie, was omitted in the renewal of the patent which allowed to the commiſſioners clerks to take down the minutes of the proceedings, &c. *Had not Tirrel*, continues he, *with ſuch a commiſſion, ſome reaſon to think he was ſafe againſt all legal impeachments even in the following reign?* As all Richard's acts were in the following reign deemed the acts of an uſurper, and conſequently cancelled in effect, I ſhould think not. But I cannot from what Tirrel might think deduce any manner of argument for ſhowing that he was the murderer! But, ſays Mr. Guthrie, by the omiſſion of clerks, Tirrel, or whoever the murderer was, had no occaſion to call in any aſſiſtance or clerks. As I am defending Mr. Guthrie as well as myſelf, he will allow us to ſay, that inſtead of argument, this is downright nonſenſe. Does the command over aſſiſtants aid or defeat murder? Or, becauſe a commiſſioner has clerks, is he obliged by law to enjoin them co-operation in murder? *By having no clerks*, ſays he, *he had no occaſion to call in any aſſiſtance.* Suppoſe my lord commiſſioner Tirrel had had clerks, does Mr. Guthrie think they would have ſued him for not employing them in aſſaſſination? But here are words more ſtrange; *Tirrel, or whoever the murderer was.* Mr. Guthrie, then, it ſeems, doubts after all whether Tirrel was the real criminal or not. Obſerve how that very doubt makes him flounder out of one abſurdity into another. By Tirrel's having no clerks, the murderer, *whoever he was*, had no occaſion to call in any aſſiſtance: ergo, if Tirrel was *not* the murderer, whoever was had no occaſion to call in any aſſiſtance,

assistance, because the lord high constable pro tempore happened to have no clerks. Thus do materials but serve to overset a head that knows not how to digest them! And this is the historian that I am censured for not having consulted!

Mr. Guthrie is much happier in the application of materials that he has *not* met with. *The lady Eleanor Butler*, says he, *acquitted the king of any promise in open court.* This is a bold assertion. I would ask with submission, in what court that cause was tried, and where the record exists? So indefatigable a hunter after ancient game, no doubt can inform us where he discovered the minutes of the trial. Sure he did not adopt this random information from the authors he condemns, and who, he says *, *wrote under the influence of the house of Lancaster. Nothing then was thought too mean, however false it might be, for flattering the reigning powers.* If Mr. Guthrie is master of more authentic intelligence on this article, he will no doubt produce it.

In one point I acknowledge he has corrected me justly. I mentioned the duke of Albany being with Richard at York, as a presumption that Richard was on good terms with the court of Scotland; whereas, says Mr. Guthrie, and he is in the right, the duke of Albany lived then in exile, being on bad terms with his brother James the third. I beg the reader to substract as much weight from the chain of my argument, as this mistake had made on his mind. Let this recantation evince that I am neither obstinate nor incorrigible. Had I met with either one fact or argument more in the writings of my opponents of equal weight, I should have yielded with the same facility. To adhere to what one cannot maintain, especially on so unimportant a subject as the history of Richard, would betray a vanity that expects the world should acquiesce in our weaknesses or prejudices, and a mind too disingenuous to acknowledge itself capable of mistakes.

My next adversary was a very civil gentleman, who did me the honour of answering my doubts in a volume as large as my own. He paid me so many compliments, that I beg he will draw upon me for the full debt, whenever he has occasion for the like number.

* Vide Critical Review, No. 145, p. 121, in the note from Guthrie.

Not ſo the third. Determined on the ruin of my work, and at the ſame time diſcreetly allowing ſufficient intervals to his readers to digeſt his cenſures, he retailed them in that vehicle of univerſal and diſtributive juſtice, the London Chronicle. His friends, he ſaid, had indeed perſuaded him to collect the ſcattered leaves into a juſt volume——and he flattered the world with ſome hopes of his compliance. Might I preſume to ſubſcribe their petition, I would entreat him to indulge their wiſhes; eſpecially as he broke off exactly at that part of my work, in which I had placed the ſtrength of my argument. Content however with the ſample he had given of his abilities, he concluded the world would give him credit from what he had done, for what he was able to do. As a ſpecimen of thoſe abilities, I ſhall from many of equally cogent logic ſelect one inſtance. It will ſuffice to ſhow why I am unwilling to encounter ſo tremendous a foe; at the ſame time that I do not feel myſelf ſufficiently warmed by his paſſionate expreſſions to anſwer them with equal fury. Perhaps this author too may have written his hiſtory of England, and cannot forgive my not having quoted it. From the pains-taking compiler, who is twenty-five years in compoſing half a reign, to the garreteer, who transfuſes old hiſtorians into weekly numbers as faſt as his printer can diſpatch them, the cohort of Engliſh hiſtorians is become ſo extenſive a fraternity, that life is not long enough, though we ſhould do nothing but read our own ſtory in their various modifications of it. The paſſage I hinted at is in the Chronicle of March 12, 1768. The critic has diſcovered there that when the hiſtorian ſays prince Edward [ſon of Henry 6th] was murdered by the *ſervants* of Edward the fourth, we may eaſily ſuppoſe he meant the king's *brothers*; for, ſays he, *judiciouſly*, are not the king's *brothers* the king's *ſervants?* Let me aſk this angry and ſhrewd perſon, whether, if he was to read in the Daily Advertiſer that his majeſty went to the opera attended by his *ſervants*, he ſhould underſtand that his majeſty's royal *brothers* walked before his chair? I have heard that omne majus continet in ſe minus; but this is the firſt time I have ſeen that propoſition inverted.—It was a cruel friend that adviſed this author to reprint ſuch lucubrations!

Having diſpatched theſe ſkirmiſhers with perhaps more notice than they deſerved, I muſt now turn to another kind of adverſary, to one from whom I differ with regret, and whoſe talents I cannot encounter without fear: one whoſe knowledge is only excelled by his power of employing it: whoſe ſagacity

city may nod, though it cannot be impoſed upon; and who is more able to defend a bad cauſe, than I am to do juſtice to a good one: one who could ſip the muddy ſtreams of Ingulphus and Hoveden, without being intoxicated by them; and who, if it would have ſerved any political purpoſe, could have caſt ſuch a plauſible veil over the deformities of Richard, that my attempt to reſcue his character from obloquy had been needleſs and impotent, when compared with what his maſterly hand would have performed. Grieved I am therefore to think that what his haſte made him neglect, he ſhould not ſuffer to be executed in however inferior a manner by me. Yet what makes *him* averſe from ſeeing *any* king whitewaſhed? Have I violated the aſhes of his favourite martyr, I mean as they are enſhrined in his volumes? The profane Mrs. Macaulay has proved the groſs inſincerity of that monarch. She has detected our author's beloved Clarendon in numberleſs wilful falſehoods, —nay, ſhe has not treated our author himſelf with much ceremony. Yet ſhe remains unanſwered; and her arguments, built on records and inconteſtable authorities, ſeem like a rock to defy his aſſaults. My poor tribute to royalty is the only mite that is rejected. A notice however I cannot but eſteem a ſingular honour, as, amidſt a hoſt of adverſaries of various ſorts, I am the only one to whom I think our author has ever deigned to make a reply. In truth, if the paſſages I am going to examine are to be regarded as a ſpecimen of his polemic talents, he will forgive me I hope for ſaying, that he was not only in the right to ſelect the weakeſt of his adverſaries, but prudent in abſtaining from a warfare in which his greateſt force does not ſeem to lie.

After the firſt guſh of opponents whom I have mentioned, my Doubts ſeemed to have nothing farther to fear but oblivion. I thought my work as much forgotten, as I had forgot my adverſaries. I neither cared about them nor king Richard. How was I ſurpriſed the other day on receiving a preſent of a French Swiſs journal from the learned * author himſelf, in which the firſt thing in the book was a criticiſm on my Doubts.—I call it criticiſm in deference to the author, though the whole, like other reviews, is chiefly compoſed of extracts from my work; and, unlike other reviews, of ſuch a torrent of encomiums on myſelf, as made me bluſh for the miſtaken good-

* Monſ. Diverdun, author of Mémoires litteraires de la Grande Bretagne pour les années 1767, 1768.

nature of the author, and for my own demerit, which is ill entitled to ſuch incenſe. Indeed, any vanity I might have conceived from this panegyric was greatly lowered by a paſſage at the end of the book, in which the author modeſtly owns that he does not much admire the works of doctor Swift. Could I be greatly flattered with the approbation of a gentleman who has ſo little taſte as to diſlike doctor Swift and to admire me? How qualified is this kind perſon to ſit in judgment on books, who gives ſuch a criterion of his diſtinguiſhing faculties!

If I found myſelf overwhelmed with praiſe, I was not leſs aſtoniſhed to find at the end of his criticiſm two or three pages drawn up by Mr. Hume in anſwer to my Doubts, and beſtowed on the journaliſt to help him in pronouncing ſentence. He pronounces it accordingly, and declares me guilty of ſpecious but falſe reaſoning, and decides the victory in favour of Mr. Hume on the evidence collected from the latter's own notes.

The notes thus crept into the world are in French. Many months ago Mr. Hume gave me a ſight of them in Engliſh, and I then told him what I muſt repeat now, that I thought I never ſaw more unſubſtantial arguments. As he is of a different opinion, and as I am now at liberty to take them to pieces, I ſhall make bold to ſhow, that they are not only no anſwer to my reaſonings, which remain in full force, but that, if they are the beſt confutation Mr. Hume can make of my book, it had been wiſer to let it ſink or ſwim as it could, inſtead of heaping conjectures on improbabilities, and thereby leading our readers to ſee, that he not only avoided giving anſwers to my ſtrongeſt arguments, but had raſhly taken up an idle ſtory without examination, and now is at a loſs how to defend it.

Before I enter on the diſcuſſion of Mr. Hume's notes, I muſt make one or two ſhort obſervations. Having remarked how ſhallow the authorities were on which the hiſtory of Richard is built, I thought myſelf warranted to call much of it in queſtion. Buck, Carte, and it ſeems Mr. Guthrie, had preceded me in rejecting the received account. Some new lights had accidentally flowed in. Still I propoſed my ſentiments but as *doubts*—and yet have been told that I have not *proved* my hypotheſis. If I had *proved* it, I ſhould not have *doubted*. My adverſaries on the other ſide ſeem to think that aſſertions and repetitions will ſerve for proofs, where facts and reaſons are

wanting. The beſt reaſoner and greateſt ſceptic amongſt them has for once liſted under ſuch mob-banners, and coolly retails the very ſame kind of logic againſt me, that has ſo often been waſted in vain againſt himſelf. I own there is much difference between us; our abilities are as unequal as our bodily proweſs: a feather may fell me; he can reſiſt a broad-ſword.

My next obſervation is, that Mr. Hume reſts the whole of his confutation on the ſingle fact, the murder of the children. Whether he allows that I have cleared Richard's character from the other murders, he leaves me uncertain. What does this ſilence imply? Am I to infer from it that he gives up all the reſt, though he had adopted into his hiſtory many of thoſe idle tales? Or am I to conclude that he deſpiſes my arguments? But ſo he does with regard to Perkin Warbeck. He endeavours to eſtabliſh that impoſture, but does not attempt to refute the reaſons I have brought to ſupport Perkin's being the true duke of York. I challenged him to reconcile the contradictions in the ſtory: he reverts to great names, as if names were arguments. Are all the murders charged on Richard ſupported by one and the ſame authority? Does Mr. Hume think that, if he proves one, all the reſt follow of courſe? Or does he hope to rehabilitate the credit of his hiſtory, by attempting to ſhow that in one point he has not been miſtaken or lightly credulous? I muſt leave it to his own candour to anſwer theſe queſtions—and ſhall now ſhow, that if he has no better arguments in ſtore than what he has bounteouſly beſtowed on his friend the journaliſt, or thought good enough for both him and me, the aſſumption of Perkin Warbeck being the true ſon of Edward the fourth, will gain new ſtrength by the trifling arguments ſo great a man as Mr. Hume has been reduced to bring on the contrary ſide of the queſtion.

The firſt note ſays that, *in general there reigns a great obſcurity in the circumſtances of the wars between the two roſes.* I allow it. My doubts ſprung from that obſcurity. *But*, continues he, *the narrative of ſir Thomas More throws great light over all the tranſactions of the reign of Richard, and over the murder of the two young princes his nephews.* This is begging the very queſtion in diſpute. *The magnanimity, the probity and the great ſenſe of that author confirm his teſtimony; and there is no hiſtorian ancient or modern who ought to have more weight.* I muſt here ſtop in the middle of this note. In the firſt place I do not preciſely know the meaning of *magnanimity.* It is a

pompous but empty word, often employed by another modern hiſtorian * in lieu of qualities more eaſily to be defined. When Henry the ſecond had been over-reached, bubbled, baffled, humbled by Becket, and conſequently could no longer paſs for wiſe, provident or firm, his panegyriſt ſalves all with that bombaſt and vague epithet, *magnanimous:* happen what would, his magnanimity was invulnerable. But if *magnanimity* is ridiculous in the mouth *of* an hiſtorian, it is ſtill more abſurd when applied *to* an hiſtorian. What has *magnanimity* to do with that character? And in what ſenſe does it confirm his teſtimony? Sir Thomas More's *probity* will prove as little, if I have ſhown that he has given falſe evidence. Let Mr. Hume, before he quotes ſir Thomas's probity, refute the charge that I have brought againſt him from facts. A man cannot be a faithful hiſtorian if he perverts wilfully, or miſtakes facts ignorantly: nor, I ſhould think, would Mr. Hume allow in general that the *probity* of a bigot qualifies him for a ſincere hiſtorian. Where was ſir Thomas's *probity*, or his *great ſenſe*, when he was the dupe of the holy maid of Kent? Mr. Hume too, now become fond of authority, amaſſes all ſir Thomas's great qualities in the various parts of his life, to ſupport a hiſtory which More wrote in the very early part of his life, at twenty-eight. I had remarked this; but Mr. Hume did not chooſe to make the diſtinction. By a flouriſh, and tacitly ſinking the æra of the compoſition, he would lead his readers to believe, that the ſtory of Richard the third was written by More in the grave and ſedate part of his life, and bequeathed to poſterity with all the ſanction that the impreſs of the ſtateſman and martyr could beſtow on it. Young Mr. More, under ſheriff of London, is the hiſtorian Mr. Hume equals with Tacitus, Davila, Thuanus, and all the ſtandard authors of ancient and modern ages! Yet, ſtill the queſtion is not whether ſir Thomas lived near the time, but whether his narrative is a competent and probable account. I have queſtioned his competency, and proved him guilty of ignorant or wilful miſtakes. Is it an anſwer worthy of an able reaſoner to tell us, that ſir Thomas More lived at or near the time, and that as we have no better account we muſt believe his? Does Mr. Hume then believe all improbabilities becauſe delivered by cotemporaries, and becauſe he can find no better? Is he under ſuch a neceſſity, has he ſuch an alacrity of believing, that abſurdities are with him preferable to doubting? Muſt he have an unbroken chain of hiſtory repoſited in his head, be that hiſtory what it will, true or falſe, marvellous or rational? In theologic controverſy divines often repeat, that where you have no better teſtimony, you muſt take up with

* Lord Lyttelton.

with what you have. Does Mr. Hume allow this doctrine? I thought he knew that the accuracy of modern criticiſm had eſtabliſhed two kinds of evidence, the *external* and the *internal;* and that the former, however reſpectable, is often called in queſtion, when repugnant to the latter. But were Mr. Hume's ſtill newer ſtandard of authority to take place, we ſhould be compelled to believe the origin of Rome, with its Mars, Rhea and the wolf, the marvels of Herodotus, and the fables of ancient Egypt: and in that caſe I doubt Mr. Hume would be embroiled with Voltaire, the patriarch of modern ſceptics, who has called in queſtion a mob of aſſaſſinations and poiſonings far more credible than thoſe imputed to Richard the third.

Mr. Hume continues: *We may juſtly regard him* [ſir Thomas More] *even as a cotemporary; for though he was but five years old when the two princes were maſſacred, he lived and was brought up among the chief actors of Richard's reign; and one ſees clearly by his recital, which is often very circumſtantial, that he received the particularities from ocular witneſſes.* This is again equally vague, unfair, and void of argument. Mr. Hume avoids ſpecifying that More received his information from archbiſhop Morton, who I have proved was the moſt partial and ſuſpicious authority from whence More could poſſibly draw his materials; and yet I defy him to ſhow the leaſt probability that More, a retainer of Morton, was likely to converſe with any other chief actor of that period. Is it better proof of an author's veracity, that he is very circumſtantial? If it is, why has Mr. Hume repoſed ſo little truſt in, quoted ſo little from Wilſon, Weldon, Burnet, and others, who give circumſtantial accounts of the vices, folly, falſehood and tyranny of four Stuarts? Is there a legend in the monkiſh writers that is not circumſtantial?

We cannot therefore, continues the note, *reject his authority, and it ought to weigh over an hundred light doubts, ſcruples and objections, for no ſolid objection has yet been brought againſt him, nor can he be convicted of any error.* This ſentence ex cathedrâ is ridiculous, and fulminated like many bulls againſt thoſe who do not acknowledge the papal authority. It is eaſy to ſay doubts and ſcruples are light: if they are, they are eaſily anſwered. Mr. Hume's infallibility is not more generally recognized, than that of many great men whoſe authority he himſelf has ſet at nought. He will excuſe me therefore if I ſay he aſſerts only becauſe he cannot anſwer. Mr. Guthrie and

I have ſhown that ſir Thomas More's account of Tirrel is an abſolute falſehood. It is proved from record that Tirrel was a great officer of the crown when More repreſents him as a low creature following the court, but unknown to the king, an intimate of a nameleſs page, and a fellow ready to be diſpatched on any baſe and ſudden aſſaſſination. Is this a light doubt, a trifling objection to More's veracity and competence? Sir Thomas adds, that Tirrel, a commiſſioner for executing the office of high conſtable in the laſt reign, and actually maſter of the horſe at the period in queſtion, or, as others ſay, appointed ſo within a month, was kept down by Ratcliffe and Cateſby, neither of whom ever was Tirrel's equal, and one of whom I have proved was abſent at the time. If theſe are trifling objections, I invite Mr. Hume to anſwer them—yes, and to anſwer ſir Thomas More himſelf, who owns that *there was nothing ſo plainly and openly proved but that yet men had it ever inwardly ſuſpect.* Mr. Hume, it ſeems, better informed than ſir Thomas himſelf, knows that ſir Thomas was perfectly acquainted with the fact and all the circumſtances; and with equal confidence, equally unfounded, declares that *ſir Thomas cannot be convicted of any error!*

It is with concern that I am forced to produce the remainder of the firſt note; nor can I conceive how Mr. Hume could allow himſelf to make ſuch a miſrepreſentation of ſir Thomas More's evidence in the face of ſir Thomas's own words. *It is true*, ſays Mr. Hume, *that ſir Thomas declares that the protector's partiſans, in particular doctor Shaw, ſpread a report of a precontract between Edward the fourth and Elizabeth Lucy, while it appears from records that the parliament pronounced the children of Edward illegitimate, under pretext of a precontract with the lady Eleanor Butler. But*, continues Mr. Hume, *we muſt obſerve that no attempt was made to prove either of the contracts; and why ſhould not the protector's flatterers and tools have ſpread ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other of thoſe reports? More quotes both, and treats both as lightly as they deſerved. Mr. Carte thinks it incredible that Richard ſhould have engaged doctor Shaw openly to calumniate the ducheſs of York his mother, with whom he lived on good terms; but if in reality it is difficult to believe this, why ſhould not we ſuppoſe that the doctor, taking the general matter of his ſermon from the protector or his friends, choſe himſelf the particulars, and choſe them with very little judgment? The diſgrace into which he afterwards fell ſeems to ſtrengthen this ſuppoſition.*

I have

I have tranſlated Mr. Hume's words as fairly and faithfully as I am able; and thus I anſwer them. On the authority of the roll of parliament I accuſed ſir Thomas More of ignorance or falſification in naming Elizabeth Lucy inſtead of lady Eleanor Butler; and Mr. Hume is forced to admit the evidence, though he would fain avoid the concluſion. This he attempts by urging that ſir Thomas mentions both reports. I muſt own that with all my care I can find no one word in ſir Thomas relative to the lady Butler, and would be much obliged to Mr. Hume for pointing out the * paſſage to me. He alſo ſpeaks of Elizabeth Lucy as a report propagated by the protector's tools and in doctor Shaw's ſermon. Unfortunately ſir Thomas gives us a *circumſtantial* detail of a converſation between king Edward and his mother, in which that princeſs taxes him with a precontract with Elizabeth Lucy. Did the protector's mother ſpread thoſe reports? Still farther: "The ducheſs, ſays ſir Thomas, deviſed to diſturb this marriage [with the widow Gray], and rather to help that he ſhould marry one dame Elizabeth Lucy, whom the king had alſo not long before gotten with child, and openly objected his marriage, as it were in diſcharge of her conſcience, that the king was ſure to dame Elizabeth Lucy." Surely, ſurely, Mr. Hume, this is not a report ſpread by the protector's tools, but by that very mother whom Richard is accuſed of aſperſing too—and ſo conſiſtent is your circumſtantial oracle, that in one place he aſcribes the report to Richard, and in another to the ducheſs of York. And am I now unfounded in ſaying that ſir Thomas More affirmed deliberately of Elizabeth Lucy what related to Eleanor Butler? What follows is ſtill ſtronger: "By reaſon of which words ſuch obſtacle was made in the matter, that either the biſhops durſt not, or the king would not, proceed to the ſolemnization of this wedding, till theſe ſame were clearly purged and the truth well and openly teſtified. Whereupon dame Elizabeth Lucy was then ſent for—and confeſſed they were never married." "This examination, adds ſir Thomas, was ſolemnly taken." I aſk if this proves that doctor Shaw choſe the particulars without judgment? And I aſk, if what is here ſaid by More is not a wilful or miſtaken falſehood? But, ſays

* I have heard that it is mentioned ſomewhere in the Biographia Britannica, that in a late edition of ſir Thomas More's hiſtory Eleanor Butler is inſerted inſtead of Elizabeth Lucy. My edition, which is of 1641, has no ſuch correction; and a correction more recent would but prove that ſir Thomas More wrote Elizabeth Lucy, and that the groſſneſs of the miſtake induced ſome modern editor to reſtore the genuine name.

Mr.

Mr. Hume, no attempt was made to prove either of the contracts.—No! Does not ſir Thomas here directly affirm that the biſhops refuſed to marry the king, till the examination was ſolemnly taken? Which are we to believe, the infallible chancellor, or his determined advocate? Mr. Guthrie goes farther, and, relating the ſame ſtory of the lady Butler, affirms, as we have ſeen, that ſhe denied any precontract in open court. So clear is this whole ſtory, after being circumſtantially related by ſir Thomas More from ocular witneſſes! I leave this part to be adjuſted as it may by ſir Thomas, Mr. Hume and Mr. Guthrie; and proceed to the article of doctor Shaw, of which Mr. Hume is not much happier in his ſolution.

Mr. Hume, not quite clear whether Mr. Carte is in the right or the wrong, in not believing that the protector aſperſed his own mother, though I produced two original papers to prove that he lived in the houſe with her at the very time of the ſuppoſed calumny, and continued on good terms with her, deſires us to ſuppoſe that doctor Shaw was prompted by the protector in general, but did not chooſe his materials judiciouſly. He has gueſſed that *both* the reports of Lucy and Butler were ſpread by the protector's agents. This is ſuppoſing that a ſenſible man and artful uſurper made choice of very bungling tools, becauſe ſpreading both reports would have been the ſureſt way of contradicting both reports. But on this point I have better evidence, even that of ſir Thomas himſelf againſt Mr. Hume, who ſays, "the protector would that the matter ſhould be *touched aſlope craftily.*" *One may ſee clearly* [to uſe Mr. Hume's own words] *that ſir Thomas is ſo circumſtantial that he muſt have gathered his materials from the beſt evidence;* and thence conclude that the protector did not leave the execution of his plot to injudicious tools, but himſelf adjuſted the whole detail of what they ſhould ſay and do. This is a complete anſwer to Mr. Hume's ſuppoſition, which being raiſed in oppoſition to his own evidences, ſtands on no ground at all: and therefore, when he was reduced to this hypotheſis, it is plain that he could not ſupport ſo ſilly a ſtory as that of Richard blackening his own mother and ſetting up a precontract with Elizabeth Lucy: both which I expoſed; and which as Mr. Hume cannot defend from the authority of ſir Thomas More, without contradicting ſir Thomas More, I may fairly preſume that I have confuted ſir Thomas More, when Mr. Hume himſelf is forced to give him up, and is forced to deny that he has ſaid what he *has* ſaid ſo poſitively and *circumſtantially.*

NOTE

NOTE the Second.

If we refuſe to More the quality of cotemporary relatively to the protectorate of the duke of Glouceſter, we cannot deny it to him with regard to the impoſture of Perkin. He was then grown a man, and had all the faculties neceſſary for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth; ſo that when he aſſures us that Richard ordered the maſſacre of the duke of York, he aſſures us in effect in the cleareſt manner that Perkin, who aſſumed his name, was an impoſtor.

ANSWER.

When this note is analyſed, I will recommend it for as beautiful an inſtance of falſe logic as can be produced. Here is the ſum of it: Sir Thomas More was a grown man when Warbeck appeared, and had all the faculties neceſſary for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth; *therefore* a fact that he relates which paſſed in his childhood when he was *not* capable of knowing, examining, &c. proves another fact that happened when he was capable of knowing and examining, but which fact he neither related nor examined. Yet even in that circumſtance of age Mr. Hume is unfortunate. Sir Thomas was born in 1480; Perkin appeared in 1495, when More was fifteen. Is not that a time of life ſingularly qualified for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth of a ſtate ſecret? But perhaps Mr. Hume refers to ſir Thomas's age when he compoſed his hiſtory. I have ſhown that was in his twenty-eighth year, and when he was under-ſheriff of London. Was he in a ſituation then of fathoming all the depths of a myſtery which he himſelf and lord Bacon own had been ſedulouſly involved by Henry the ſeventh in impenetrable obſcurity? Does not ſir Thomas confeſs that he had heard the ſtory of the murder related in many various ways, but gave it from the mouths of thoſe he deemed the moſt credible witneſſes? Was this being in a ſituation to know, examine and decide peremptorily on ſo dark a ſtory? Is this aſſuring us *in the cleareſt manner* that Richard ordered the murder of his nephews? Does Mr. Hume think that every hiſtorian, who is a grown man at or near the time of an event, and who aſſures us of certain facts, ought to be implicitly received as a faithful reporter? Who ſtands more ſtrongly in that predicament than doctor Burnet? Who has made a more ſolemn appeal to heaven for his veracity? I profeſs I believe the general and

by far the greater part of the biſhop's hiſtory, becauſe I have ſeen how vain the attempts have been to confute it.—But does Mr. Hume believe ſo too? If he does, why has he followed him ſo little? Why are More and Bacon competent witneſſes againſt Richard the third, and Burnet not ſo againſt Charles the ſecond?

NOTE the Third.

This note is compoſed of mere declamation, and aſſertions unfounded in fact. It contains a pompous panegyric of lord Bacon as a genius of the firſt water, an excuſe for the flattery he has ſhowered on Henry the ſeventh, and an aſſumption that it was compoſed from original papers now loſt; with other poſitions equally arbitrary, which I ſhall examine preſently. I have already obſerved, that nothing can be weaker than to pretend to eſtabliſh the credit of an hiſtorian on the extent of his underſtanding. I fear the contrary is more often true; and that the leſs bright the imagination of an hiſtorian, the more he is likely to be exact in his narrative. Many hiſtorians are admired for their art, method, ſtyle, and ſhrewdneſs, on whoſe fidelity the world does not beſtow equal approbation. Perhaps one of the leaſt bright of our hiſtorians, Rapin, is more generally eſteemed for his veracity than many of his ſuperiors in compoſition. *But lord Bacon is an upright hiſtorian, is not partial to Henry, ſince it is from him we have received the details of the tyrannic government of that prince. All one can reproach him with is, for not blaming the facts he relates ſo ſeverely as they deſervea.* As the book is in print and common enough, one can ſcarce conceive how Mr. Hume could give this character of it. If the worſt actions are not defended and palliated throughout, if his lordſhip's tacit diſapprobation of them may be conjectured, as it is true it ſometimes may, ſtill ſo timidly is it inſinuated, ſo cautiouſly enveloped, that he ſeems to have hoped the learned prince [James the firſt] under whoſe auſpices the work was compoſed, would not have ſagacity enough to penetrate his real ſentiments. But I will recur to the book itſelf. In the dedication to prince Charles, lord Bacon profeſſes *that he has endeavoured to do honour to the memory of that king*, [Henry the ſeventh] and the hiſtory takes care to keep the promiſe made by the dedication. *Beſides*, continues the dedication, *the times deſerve it, for he was a wiſe man and an excellent king.* This was the text, and we find it amply handled in the ſame ſtyle. I ſhall ſelect a few inſtances, and will leave the reader to judge whether lord Bacon is ſolely reproachable with not having treated Henry's tyranny

ranny with due rigour, as Mr. Hume aſſerts; or whether, as I pretend, he has not exalted ſome of his worſt actions into matter of panegyric: and under this head I ſhall forbear recapitulating the inſtances I have already quoted in the Hiſtoric Doubts.

Henry procured the Star-chamber, which before ſubſiſted by the common law, to be confirmed in certain caſes by act of parliament. This court, ſays lord Bacon, is one of the ſageſt and nobleſt inſtitutions of this kingdom.

Recounting the reaſons that moved Henry to put to death ſir William Stanley, the brother of his own mother's huſband, lord Bacon reckons thoſe that were predominant in the king's nature and mind, as, *Stanley's overmerit and the glimmering of a confiſcation, for he was the richeſt ſubject for value in the kingdom*—and after aſſigning theſe baſe and ſcandalous motives, he adds theſe words: *after ſome ſix weeks diſtance of time, which the king did honourably interpoſe, both to give time to his brother's interceſſion and to ſhow to the world that he had a conflict with himſelf what to do, Stanley was arraigned, condemned and beheaded.* This *honourable* hypocriſy is ſomething more methinks than not treating Henry with proper ſeverity. And theſe ſordid motives weighed to get rid of a man, whom lord Bacon impiouſly compares to Jeſus Chriſt, *as having had the benefit at once to ſave and crown.* p. 135.

On the inhuman murder of the young and ſimple earl of Warwick the noble hiſtorian is as indulgent as poſſible, and rather treats it as an act of political wiſdom. "It happened opportunely, ſays he, that while the king was meditating that young prince's death, another counterfeit ſtarted up to repreſent the danger to the king's eſtate, and thereby to colour the king's ſeverity that followed. And to ſhift the envy of ſo foul a deed from himſelf, the king thought good to tranſport it out of the land, and to lay it upon his new ally the king of Spain: for theſe two kings underſtanding one another at half a word, Ferdinand refuſed to give his daughter to prince Arthur, while the earl of Warwick was alive." Is it poſſible to palliate a ſhocking murder by ſmoother terms? And did not the ſage Henry by this infamous intrigue avow that the earl of Warwick had the beſt title to the crown, from the illegitimacy of Henry's own queen and her ſiſters? In truth, among the inſtances of his boaſted wiſdom, there is ſcarce one in which he did not prove the dupe of his own duplicity, and of the ſuperior cunning of others. But I

ſhould tire the reader and myſelf with recapitulating what the whole book demonſtrates, that it is the panegyric of a knaviſh tyrant, and in no light deſerves the rank to which Mr. Hume would prefer it. I will only obſerve farther, that in the end he calls him *the Solomon of England, and a wonder for wiſe men*, and talks of the piety, charity, morality, juſtice and lenity, of a tyrant who plundered his people by every act of extortion, ſhed innocent blood from jealouſy, wrenched the laws to ſerve his purpoſes, and died mocking God by commanding his ſon to put to death the earl of Suffolk whom he had ſworn himſelf to ſave.

Mr. Hume's next aſſertion in this note is, that lord Bacon compoſed his hiſtory from authentic papers now loſt; and therefore ought always to be cited as an original writer. Lord Bacon no where pretends to have ſeen any ſuch papers: it is a mere ipſe dixit of Mr. Hume, who being the ſole finder of thoſe papers was certainly at liberty to loſe them again if he pleaſed. Lord Bacon's hiſtory was rather compoſed like Xenophon's Cyrus, for a model to princes, than as a ſtrict and faithful narrative. Livy, Joſephus, Euſebius, and even Varillas, might by Mr. Hume's argument be equally entitled to univerſal credit. The firſt founded all his fables of the early ages of Rome on writers long ſince periſhed: and the three others pretended to have conſulted authentic monuments and papers in the compoſition of their ſeveral works; and yet, though on that foot original writers, are now treated by all men of ſenſe as fabulous romancers. But Mr. Hume takes great care to forget that the truth of hiſtory does not depend ſolely on the originality of an author. A thouſand circumſtances muſt concur to eſtabliſh his credit. A cotemporary, if not an actor, is ſeldom well informed, and the firſt hiſtories we have are generally the leaſt true. Time brings greater evidence to light, and diſſipates the clouds of party, partiality, and miſtake. Why elſe has Mr. Hume taken the trouble of recompoſing what has been ſo often written?

I will conclude my remarks on this note with exemplifying two more round aſſertions in it, as little founded as the preceding. In lord Bacon's time, ſays Mr. Hume, it was no longer any body's intereſt to blacken Richard. I have ſtated, and I thought clearly, that it was as unſafe in king James's time, as in king Henry's, to aſſert the baſtardy of the children of Edward the fourth. James the firſt claimed from the eldeſt daughter of Henry and Elizabeth. In the very laſt years of queen Elizabeth, not twenty-

five

five years before lord Bacon wrote his hiſtory, various claims to the crown had been ſet forth in oppoſition to that of James. The earls of Huntingdon, Derby, and others, were deſcended from different branches of the royal ſtock, whoſe titles were preferable to thoſe of Henry, who had in reality no title at all, and even of his wife Elizabeth, if her mother's was not a lawful marriage. I am not ſurpriſed that Mr. Hume ſhould overlook my arguments, but he will not wonder if I think them preferable to his aſſertions founded on no argument at all, and contrary to fact.

But the moſt ſtrange aſſertion of all is, Mr. Hume's pretending, contrary to the evidence of his own eyes, that lord Bacon had no doubt of Perkin being an impoſtor. I have ſtated in the Hiſtoric Doubts various expreſſions of lord Bacon, which evince, that whatever pains he took to perſuade others, he was by no means convinced himſelf. The immunity of Lambert Simnel, *which was no ſmall argument that there was ſome ſecret in it; the king's manner of muffling the ſtory, which has left it almoſt a myſtery to this day;* his owning *that the king did himſelf no good* by the publication of the narrative——theſe and twenty other expreſſions muſt convince us that lord Bacon was far from having any inward conviction that Perkin was not the true duke of York; and that, if my doubts are light and trifling, Mr. Hume's aſſertions are ſo overloaded with falſe weight, that they will ſink themſelves in the mind of every impartial reader.

But without gueſſing at the depths of ſo inſincere a mind as lord Bacon's, here is poſitive proof that he did not believe the ſtory as he related it. He has compoſed a new confeſſion for Perkin, different from and irreconcileable with that publiſhed by king Henry. This I ſtated before. Mr. Hume could not anſwer it, and conſequently overlooked it—at the expence of his accuracy. I offer it to him once more thus: Lord Bacon could not compoſe a new confeſſion for Perkin, without thinking that that given out by Henry was a fiction; and certainly not without knowing that what he himſelf compoſed in lieu of it, was ſo. Was it from theſe two impoſtures that lord Bacon believed Perkin was an impoſtor?

NOTE the Fourth.

But if we demand, ſays Mr. Hume, cotemporary evidence, the ſtrongeſt and leaſt ſuſpicious are ready with their teſtimony. He then muſters a long

liſt of the queen and firſt perſons and families, who, ſays he, were ſo perſuaded of the murder of the two princes, that they addreſſed themſelves to the earl of Richmond, the mortal enemy of their family and party. Here let us pauſe a moment.——Mr. Hume formerly, making uſe of the ſame argument, was ſo unlucky as to miſtake Lancaſtrians for Yorkiſts. Corrected now, though without owning his miſtake, he has invented a new muſter-roll of names, ſtill without offering the leaſt authority to inform us from whence he took them. He has dubbed them all Yorkiſts at once. That they all ſubmitted afterwards to the uſurper Henry, I do not doubt, eſpecially after he had married the heireſs of York. For ſuch of them as joined to invite Richmond over, their belief or diſbelief of the murder proves juſt nothing at all, but that they deſerted the right heirs of the crown, and entered into a conſpiracy to place it on the head of a baſtard branch. Let Richard be what he would, his uſurpation could give no title to Henry. If the princes were dead and their ſiſters legitimate, the latter were the next heirs. There were alſo many other princes and princeſſes living of the houſe of York. As it appeared afterwards that the counties in which the chief intereſt of that family lay, maintained their affection and attachment to that houſe, Mr. Hume will excuſe me if I do not believe from his fictitious roll of names that the party of York did concur in general in the invitation to Henry; and though he lays great ſtreſs on illuſtrious names, whoever calls to mind the factions of that time and their frequent changes from intereſted views, and whoever has ſeen any thing of factions at all, will not form his opinion of a cauſe from the behaviour of the moſt illuſtrious perſons on either ſide. Much leſs will he pay regard to a ſecond edition of names, ſupported, according to Mr. Hume's method, by no authority.

But, as if he was ſenſible of the weakneſs of his argument, he endeavours to prop the queſtion he has begged, by aſking the moſt wonderful queſtion that I ſuppoſe was ever aſked ſince the days of the ſchoolmen. They indeed uſed to enquire how things would have been, if they had been very different from what they were; as how Adam and Eve would have begotten children, if they had both been women? Our new Toſtatus propoſes the following quære in ſupport of his imaginary hoſt of Yorkiſts: *Is there one*, ſays he, *of theſe perſons, who in writing the memoirs of their own time would not have aſſured us that Richard murdered his nephews?*—In truth, I have not ſuch intuition into what never exiſted, as to know how a nothing would be, if it had

had ever been. Would Mr. Hume allow me that Charles the firſt was a tyrant and murderer, becauſe I ſhould aſſert that Bradſhaw, Ireton, and Hugh Peters, who never did write his hiſtory, would have repreſented him as ſuch, if they ever had written his hiſtory? How difficult is it to eſtabliſh the received hiſtory of Richard, when ſo able a man as Mr. Hume is reduced to ſuppoſe that it would be confirmed by the writings of his bittereſt enemies, if thoſe enemies had given any account of him! A man leſs bright than Mr. Hume would ſuſpect that ſuch non-exiſtent hypothetical authors would have been partial. His Promethean ſagacity, after creating the perſons, has diſcovered not only what they would have written, but argues from this poſthumous kind of non-entities. This is a fair and fruitful addition to the ſtores of diſputation: its latitude is unbounded: it may ſerve alike the cauſe of truth and falſehood, and does equal honour to the ingenious gentleman who invented this ſort of argument, and to his friend the Swiſs reviewer, who was only dazzled by my old-faſhioned arguments, but was convinced by the luminous force and ſolidity of this new method of induction.

Note the Fifth,

Is built on Richard's ſuppoſed intention of marrying his niece. Unluckily it proves nothing at all. If the young duke of York eſcaped, Richard certainly did not know whether he was living or dead. If Richard deſigned to marry his niece, it was to prevent her eſpouſing Richmond. Theſe roundabout ways of ſuppoſing the murder, are the ſhifts of one that cannot prove the impoſture of Perkin. Prove that, and I will not diſpute the murder. It is the ſtrong evidence in favour of his being the true duke of York that invalidates the murder. Mr. Hume had rather do any thing than diſcuſs that evidence. He flies from it to preſumptions, fantaſtic bead-rolls of names, unwritten memoirs, and non-repeals of acts of parliament. With him, the *not* repealing an act of parliament is a proof that there was no ground for making it. By the ſame kind of logic, a repeal ought to corroborate an act of parliament.

Note the Sixth.

In a ſtring of propoſitions it is uſual to increaſe the ſtrength of the argument. Mr. Hume has inverted this method. The farther he advances, the weaker his reaſons, till he concludes with one that precedes the faculty of

reaſoning, and is calculated only for the nurſery. In the note before me, after endeavouring from hiſtorians and actors to eſtabliſh the murder, he has recourſe to the reports ſpread in foreign nations. Let Mr. Hume, if he can, refute my arguments in favour of Perkin Warbeck; I willingly reſign to him the ſudden impreſſion ſpread in France by Richard's enemies, and the recent and more mature judgment of the Swiſs reviewer. Let me however obſerve, that the emperor of China refuſed to receive an embaſſy from a great princeſs on much the ſame plea that Charles the eighth urged againſt Richard's embaſſadors. Would Mr. Hume, his friends meſſieurs Dalembert and Diderot, and Voltaire, who have celebrated the tolerating and legiſlative ſpirit of that heroine, allow that the Chineſe monarch's ill-breeding was a proof that the moſt atrocious reports were well-founded?

NOTE the Seventh.

Still advancing like a lively crab in retrograde argumentation, Mr. Hume next preſents us with every body's oration. Every body, ſays he, argued thus and thus: and then, like a good chriſtian, ſums up this harangue with a quotation from ſcripture. "Richard, ſays he, could not plead like Cain, Am I the keeper of my nephews?" I am rejoiced that ſaint Cain is admitted into Mr. Hume's rubric. "Richard, continues he, might have anſwered the accuſation by producing his nephews."——What! if one or both had eſcaped, and were not in his power? Thus Mr. Hume ſuppoſes the very point to be proved, and wonders it is diſputed, after he has taken it for granted. I have ſo good an opinion of his ſagacity, that if he had *not* taken it for granted *before* he wrote his hiſtory, I am perſuaded he would not believe it now. There is a good deal of difference in the kind of belief which a man entertains *before* he has treated a ſubject, and *after*.

NOTE the Eighth,

Is built on the evidence of Tirrel, which I have examined diſtinctly in my Doubts, and there challenged Mr. Hume to ſhow how it was poſſible for Perkin to agree in his narrative with Tirrel and Dighton, unleſs he was the true duke of York; ſuppoſing Tirrel made the confeſſion alleged, which I have ſhown to be moſt improbable. If Tirrel did *not* make that confeſſion, there is no evidence of the murder, but the declaration of Dighton, who, ſays

ſays lord Bacon, *ſpake beſt for the king*, and whoſe teſtimony is invalidated by every rule of evidence. I own there is leſs trouble in repeating the words *Tirrel* and *Dighton*, than in anſwering thoſe arguments—and Mr. Hume has choſen the eaſier part. Indeed I do not conceive why my book was worth anſwering, and not my arguments.

Note the Ninth.

If the duke of York had eſcaped, ſays Mr. Hume, *the queen his mother, the ducheſs of Burgundy, and all thoſe attached to his family would have been made acquainted with it.* I agree with him on the two former, not at all on the reſt. It was too important a ſecret to be confided to many. The illuſtrious partiſans of that or any party were not, I doubt, ſo immaculate as to deſerve a truſt of ſuch conſequence. The queen and ducheſs probably were informed: and it is odd to hear Mr. Hume complaining that the ſecret was not truſted to the ducheſs, when ſhe was the principal ſupporter of Perkin. Mr. Hume is ſurpriſed that ſhe was not let into the ſecret; and preſently will reject her own declaration that ſhe knew him for her nephew. Henry's treatment of the queen dowager, and her cloſe impriſonment with prohibition of all acceſs, is a ſtronger preſumption of her being privy to that fatal ſecret, than any Mr. Hume can bring to ſhow that ſhe did not know it.

Note the Tenth.

Our total ignorance of thoſe who aſſiſted the duke of York in his eſcape is ſufficient proof of the impoſture of Perkin. If Perkin had obtained the crown, this would be ſomething of an argument. Did not the pretender eſcape from Scotland, becauſe Mr. Hume does not *know* who aſſiſted him?

Note the Eleventh.

Perkin's narrative is void of all probability.——I know it. Lord Bacon thought ſo, and compoſed a new one for him. What conſequence ought to be drawn thence? Why, that we have not his genuine narrative, but ſuch as were compoſed for him by Henry the ſeventh and the Lancaſtrian hiſtorians. Mr. Hume is as unhappy in his concluſions as in his aſſertions.

NOTE the Twelfth.

Perkin made an entire confeſſion of his impoſture, and read it three times. We do not find the leaſt inſinuation that it was drawn from him by torture; and when he made it the laſt time, he had certainly nothing to fear.

ANSWER.

It would be highly unreaſonable in me to take offence at Mr. Hume's forgetting all my arguments, and all the anſwers which I have already given to his, [for indeed he does little more than repeat what he had ſaid before] when he takes the liberty of contradicting a perſon who ought to have much greater weight with him, I mean himſelf. In his notes on his own hiſtory he informs us, that Perkin's confeſſion was ſuppoſed [though he queſtions it] to be wrung from him by torture. He now poſitively aſſerts that we do not find the leaſt inſinuation of ſuch force being employed. This is aſſerting and denying to ſome purpoſe. With regard to the confeſſion, he does not inform us to which he adheres, to Henry's or Bacon's. No matter: we cannot believe both, and both give us cauſe to believe neither. Henry's was rejected by the infallible Bacon, and his own ſubſtitution of another deſtroys that too. That Perkin had nothing farther to fear, is aſſerted with as little foundation. Have we never heard in arbitrary governments [ſuch was that of England then] of men ſubmitting on impoſed conditions to a milder death, to avoid one more cruel? Who knows whether Perkin [ſuppoſing he made a confeſſion, which is moſt improbable] read it in an audible voice; or whether Henry's tools and ſheriffs and guards did not diſperſe a paper after his death, and affirm he had delivered it to them? Were the hiſtories of thoſe times written *circumſtantially* as they are now? Indeed, which hiſtory of that time was written at the time? Sir Thomas More does not go ſo low: lord Bacon and the reſt wrote many years afterwards.

NOTE the Thirteenth.

If Henry had not been convinced that Perkin was a ridiculous impoſtor, he would not have let him live an hour after he had got him in his power. The

manner in which he treated the innocent earl of Warwick gives great force to this argument.

ANSWER.

I do not preſume to trouble Mr. Hume or any body elſe with looking over the detail I have given of Henry's anxiety and ſuſpicions on Perkin's account; and of the difference of his behaviour towards him and Lambert Simnel, who *was* a ridiculous impoſtor, and whom Henry treated accordingly. But if Mr. Hume does not *purpoſely* chooſe to confound this conduct on two very different ſubjects, I would beg him to peruſe once more his infallible Bacon, and ſee whether Henry thought that Perkin was an object of contempt and ridicule.

The latter part of the note is as extraordinary an overſight [I will call it no more] as the former. "Had Henry been convinced that Perkin was the true duke of York, he would not have let him live an hour, but would have treated him as he did the young earl of Warwick." Henry had reigned at leaſt nine years before Perkin appeared. The earl of Warwick was all that time in Henry's power, and it was at leaſt two years before the latter was put to death. Perkin was not in Henry's hands as many *months*, as Warwick had been *years*, before Henry cauſed him to be executed. Does not Mr. Hume's argument contract, as he boaſts, great force from this happy illuſtration?

NOTE the Fourteenth.

Enter the ducheſs of Burgundy on the other ſide of the queſtion. Juſt now Mr. Hume argued from her knowing nothing of her nephew; now it ſeems ſhe knew too much. Like Hudibras, Mr. Hume can take up his arms, diſpute,

"Confute, change ſides, and ſtill confute himſelf back again."

She had adopted Simnel, and therefore was not to be credited about Perkin. Mr. Hume demands that ſhe ſhould be acquainted with the fate of her nephew; ſhe tells you ſhe is.—Therefore what? Therefore do not believe her.—But I will reſt contented with Mr. Hume's contradicting himſelf, as

he has done in ſo many inſtances, and ſhall leave the reader to judge from what I have ſaid in the Doubts, whether Henry or Margaret ſet up an impoſture?

But I cannot ſo eaſily abandon Mr. Carte to the attacks of that powerful *whig*-champion, Mr. Hume, who has no mercy on a poor dead man, only becauſe he was attached to that nonſenſical tenet *hereditary right*. *Mr. Carte*, ſays he, to blacken Henry the ſeventh for having no hereditary right, ſuppreſſed entirely the important fact of the ducheſs ſupporting Simnel. Is it then an irremiſſible crime in an hiſtorian to ſuppreſs any material fact? I do not know, nor can I take the trouble now to examine whether Mr. Carte has ſuppreſſed the negotiations between Charles the firſt and the pope's nuncio, ſo unanſwerably proved upon him by the exact Mrs. Macaulay. I myſelf have declared that it was natural for Charles to treat with Roman catholic ſubjects againſt proteſtant ſubjects who endeavoured to dethrone him. But what becomes of his proteſtant piety, his martyrdom, his ſincerity? Look at the conceſſions he made on every capital point, and the oaths he ſwore to conceal them. If Mr. Carte has ſuppreſſed this enormous treaty, and has ſtill repreſented Charles in an amiable light, I ſhall indeed allow that he has ſtifled an important fact, and will abandon him to my whig friend—but an hiſtorian may omit leſs material circumſtances, and not deſerve the ſame cenſure. For inſtance: Burnet aſſures us that ſir Edmundbury Godfrey told him that he expected to be knocked on the head. This circumſtance is entirely omitted by a late maſterly hiſtorian, though very material with regard to the murder that enſued: but it did not ſuit the hypotheſis of Godfrey's murdering himſelf. *Vide Hume's Reign of Charles II.*

I will not wander from my ſubject to lay open many other errors and omiſſions in the hiſtory I have here quoted, though I could looſen its artful texture in variety of places with far greater facility than I have unravelled the ſtory of Richard the third. I admire the ingenious fabric with all its want of ſymmetry, and in ſpite of the conflict with which it is ever at war with itſelf, by endeavouring to ſeparate thoſe hearty friends the prerogative and the church, and by fruitleſsly trying to exalt the former and decry the latter; an attempt that renders the whole work one beautiful contradiction.

NOTE the Fifteenth.

No proofs, ſays Mr. Hume, *were produced at the time, of Perkin's being the true duke of York.* How does he know? When ſo much accumulative evidence in his favour, after all the labours of Henry and his partiſans to deſtroy it, yet remains, ſure the probability is, that ſtill greater appeared at the time. From what Henry forged, we may gueſs at what he ſuppreſſed. We have none but Lancaſtrian hiſtorians: the queen was ſhut up, and, by lord Bacon's own confeſſion, every thing ſo muffled by Henry, that it ſtaggered every body. Mr. Hume, cutting the Gordian knot which he could not untie, aſſerts with the tone of an Alexander, that all Perkin's anſwers might have been eaſily ſuggeſted to him by the ducheſs of Burgundy, by Frion, and by whoever had lived in the court at that time. I have ſhown to demonſtration by *dates*, which Mr. Hume ſwallows as if they were expletives, that the ducheſs did *not* live in the court at any part of the time; and any man's common ſenſe, but Mr. Hume's, will tell him, that it is abſolutely impoſſible to inſtruct a ſtranger ſo thoroughly in all the paſſages of a court, that he would not be detected in an hour's time. If my book is not a heap of abſurdities, there is no part of it leſs liable to be conteſted than the paſſages in which I have ſtated the true and obvious method of detecting ſuch an impoſtor, if he was one. I have ſhown that the omiſſion of ſuch ſatisfaction, and the ſubſtitution of the moſt abſurd aſſertions, create the ſtrongeſt objections againſt Henry. If I have talked nonſenſe, it would be charity in Mr. Hume to ſet me right. He knows the deference I have for his underſtanding, and no doubt he, if he pleaſed, could convince me that Henry's conduct was clear, rational, and liable to no miſrepreſentation: that lord Bacon's account of his ambiguity is falſe, and yet that lord Bacon's account ought to be implicitly relied on. Mr. Hume could certainly diſprove all that I have ſaid, and prove all that he has ſaid himſelf, though as yet he has done neither. Nay, I am perſuaded he could do what is ſtill more difficult, ſince his eloquence has worked that miracle both on himſelf and his friend the reviewer, convince me by weak arguments and groundleſs aſſertions, that the authority of great names is preferable to ſolid reaſons; and that repeating arguments that have been confuted, gives them new force. Women and drunken men make uſe of that kind of oratory; and perhaps Mr. Hume's example may give new weight to the practice.

The

The note concludes with confeſſing that many perſons of diſtinction were *at firſt* deceived by Perkin, which he aſcribes to the enthuſiaſm of the nation in favour of the houſe of York.—I thought that all the illuſtrious Yorkiſts, according to Mr. Hume's catalogue of them, knew for certainty that the children were murdered. How came they to unknow it again? *But*, ſays he, *many were at firſt deceived.* Would not one think that that perſuaſion had been momentary? Does Mr. Hume forget, or with the art of a diſputant did he ſlip in the words *at firſt* to make his reader forget, that four or five knights of the garter and privy-counſellors to Henry were convinced Perkin was king Edward's ſon, and died in that perſuaſion? Does ſuch atteſtation of their belief accord with Mr. Hume's aſſertion in the beginning of the note, that *no proofs* were produced at the time, of Perkin being the true duke of York? This manner of ſtating a fact and evading the juſt concluſion, I call owning truth without allowing it: it is endeavouring to delude with a clear conſcience. The poor reviewer fell into the ſnare—I do not believe any body elſe will.

NOTE the Sixteenth.

The laſt note, which eſtabliſhes the murder on the authority of the bones found in the Tower, is the only note to which I ſhall not preſume to give an anſwer. Untouched let it ſubſiſt to the comfort and edification of all the good women who viſit the tombs in Weſtminſter-abbey! May thoſe bones remain an equal proof of the crimes of Richard, and of the catholic credulity of Mr. Hume and the reviewer! In thoſe pious lands where all the evidence of a miracle depends on ſhowing the rotten remains of thoſe to whom, or the ſpot on which it happened, ſuch faith is often found.—In truth, I did not expect it would make its appearance in the form of an argument—but ſince Mr. Hume is reduced to reaſon from relics, he will excuſe me if I leave him at the door of the ſanctuary, and am ſtill unbeliever enough to think that thoſe bones ſo enſhrined are no more a proof of the guilt of Richard, than they are of the piety of Charles the ſecond.

I have thus replied to Mr. Hume's remarks; an attention certainly due to whatever falls from ſo ſuperior a writer. I am not entitled to the ſame obſervance from him; nor would the public excuſe me, if he waſted ſome of thoſe moments in anſwering my objections, which he can employ ſo much better

better for their inſtruction and amuſement. In truth, they expect greater things from him. As he has been admitted into the penetralia of the Benedictine college at Paris, and has explored the authentic ſecrets of the two laſt Stuarts, the public is impatient for the detail of thoſe myſteries, of which he has already given them a hint: nor can the appetite which *he* has raiſed be ſatisfied with a meagre note. He has another and ſtill greater achievement to perform, which can never be executed by ſo maſterly a hand, and which the world eagerly demands from his; a work more worthy of his genius, than any on which it has yet been exerciſed. As Mr. Hume's talent certainly veers to panegyric rather than ſatire, it muſt be a grateful ſatisfaction to ſo generous a mind to beſtow deſerved encomiums, inſtead of ſoftening defects and exceſſes. The reign of king William, who expelled the tyrants of Britain and tools of France, will ſhine with all its luſtre when treated by a philoſopher and patriot, who prefers the rights, the liberty, the happineſs of mankind, to the ſelfiſh politics of narrow-minded kings, and to the baſe adulation of venal courts. In Mr. Hume's page we ſhall read with pleaſure the eſtabliſhment and extent of our invaluable conſtitution, as immoveably founded on the revolution—and the excellent doctor Robertſon will not remain the firſt of hiſtorians, who, above the little prejudices of country, party, and profeſſion, has dared to ſpeak of the natural rights of mankind with juſt boldneſs, and has traced the progreſs of deſpotiſm in ſuch glorious glowing colours, as muſt warn the few free nations yet remaining on earth to watch the ſilent craft and undermining policy of princes and ſtateſmen.

Having now diſpatched all the ſtraws that have been thrown in my way, may I be allowed to add to what I have formerly ſaid, ſome additional confirmations of my opinion?

A very ſenſible gentleman, whoſe name I will not mix with Guthrie's and reviewers, on reading my book, ſent me a ſmall volume of notes that he had drawn up forty years ago, in which I was flattered to find very many of my own remarks, and others of great weight, which I ſhould be proud to be at liberty to publiſh. This is a proof that my opinion is not ſingular. Indeed, Rapin, Carte, and others, had ſeen the objection that ought to be made to Lancaſtrian hiſtorians. Mr. Hume calls Carte's doubts whimſical; and mine, light ſcruples. With ſubmiſſion, they are not whimſical or light ſcruples, which ſo profound a reaſoner as Mr. Hume can anſwer no better.

With

With regard to the perſon of Richard, the earl of Shaftſbury was ſo good as to inform me, that his anceſtor the lady Aſhley, who lived to a great age, had converſed with lady Deſmond, and gave from her the ſame account that I have given, with this ſtrong addition, that Perkin Warbeck was remarkably like Edward the fourth. And to prove that the print I have exhibited of Richard and his queen, which the late biſhop of Carliſle believed was taken from a window in the priory of Little Malvern [deſtroyed by a ſtorm ſome years ago], was not a fantaſtic picture of imagination, I ſhall here preſent the reader with two more portraits of Richard and his queen, almoſt minutely correſponding with Vertue's drawing, and taken from the beſt and moſt unqueſtionable authority. The earl of Sandwich, on reading my Doubts, obligingly acquainted me that the duke of Mancheſter was poſſeſſed of a moſt curious and original roll, containing the liſt, portraits and deſcent of all the earls of Warwick, drawn by John Rous himſelf, the antiquary. This ſingular manuſcript his grace, at my deſire, was ſo good as to lend me; and with his permiſſion I cauſed ten of the laſt and moſt curious portraits to be traced off, and here preſent them to the public faithfully and exactly engraven.

The roll is on parchment, and is ſeven yards and a half long; perfectly preſerved within, but by handling damaged on the outſide, on which have been painted many coats of arms.

The liſt begins with Guthalmus, and contains the effigies of ſeveral imaginary ſaints and heroes, many kings of England, and the portrait of Richard the third, with whom it concludes, twice; all neatly tricked, and the habits of the moſt diſtant ages, as well as of the ſucceeding, judiciouſly obſerved. On the outſide is written

"This roll was laburd and ſiniſhd by maſter John Rows of Warwick."

But perhaps the moſt curious part of this curioſity is the following inſcription under Richard, which ſhows that, whatever Rous choſe to ſay of him in compliment to Henry the ſeventh, he gave a very different account of him in his roll, which he left to poſterity, as a monument of the earls and town to which he was ſo much attached. Here is the inſcription as it was written by Rous's own hand:

"The

" The mooſt mighty prince Richard by the grace of God kynge of Ynglond and of Fraunce and lord of Irelond, by verey matrymony, wtowt dyſcontynewance or any defylynge yn the lawe, by eyre male lineally dyſcendyng fro kynge Harre the ſecond, all avaryce ſet aſyde, rewled his ſubjettys in hys realme ful comendabylly, puneſhynge offenders of hys lawes, ſpecyally extorcioners and oppreſſers of his comyns, and cheryſhynge tho yat were vertuos, by the whyche dyſcrete guydynge he gat gret thank of God and love of all hys ſubjettys ryche and pore, and gret lawd of the people of all othyr landys abowt hym."

Mr. Hume declares his affection to cotemporary and original authors. I beſeech him to produce one more genuine, more uncaſtrated, leſs interpolated than this record, exiſting in the very hand writing of the author. Let him try it by his rules of originality, and compare it with the teſtimonies of More and Bacon. He will tell me, perhaps, that Rous in his hiſtory has ſaid the very reverſe. True, in a book dedicated to Richard's rival and ſucceſſor. Lay Richard for a moment out of the queſtion, and let Mr. Hume tell me on any indifferent point which evidence he would prefer. Would he believe Rous flattering Henry to his face; or Rous in his cell delivering his opinion of a dead king? for it is evident that in the inſcription Rous ſpeaks of Richard as one that *had* ruled.

I do not doubt but the able critics with whom I have been engaged, would treat my conjecture as light and whimſical, if I ſaid I believed [and yet I muſt avow I do believe] that the remarkable and by no means indifferent words *by very matrimony without diſcontinuance or any defiling in the law, by heir male lineally deſcending*, allude to the bigamy of Edward the fourth and the illegitimacy of his children. I firmly believe too that the ſubſequent words *all avarice ſet aſide, puniſhing offenders of his laws, eſpecially extortioners and oppreſſors of his commons*, were a tacit ſatire on the uſurer his ſucceſſor. I have at leaſt produced here much better authority in vindication of Richard than Mr. Hume can bring againſt him; for he cannot reject the teſtimony of Rous, without giving up thoſe criterions of truth, which he has eſtabliſhed as demanding our aſſent and truſt.

I ſaid in my Doubts, that I was ready to yield to better reaſons than my own; but I did not ſay I would yield to worſe. Still leſs was I ever inclined to accept of great names inſtead of any reaſons at all. If mere authority would do, Mr. Hume would have as much weight with me as Bacon or More: but great men without their great ſenſe ſtrike me with no more awe than their monuments, which only exhibit their titles and cover their duſt. We ſhed a tear over their aſhes and their weakneſſes, but beſtow our tribute of praiſe on thoſe excellencies alone which touch the heart or convince the underſtanding.

May 10, 1769.

FINIS.

P. S. Since the above notes were written, I have found two paſſages, that evidently ſhow how vague and uncertain the reports relating to the death of Edward the fifth and his brother were even in the life-time of ſir Thomas More. From that very ſcarce book called The Paſtyme of the People, and better known by the title of Raſtell's Chronicle, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. John Ratcliffe of Rotherhithe, I tranſcribed verbatim the following paragraphs:

"But of the maner of the dethe of this yonge kynge and of his brother, there were dyvers opinyons. But the moſt comyn opinyon was that they were ſmoldery'd betwene two fetherbeddes, and that in the doynge the yonger brother eſcaped from under the fetherbeddes, and crept under the bedſtede, and there lay naked awhyle, tyll that they had ſmoldery'd the yonge kyng, ſo that he was ſurely dede. And afteryt. one of them toke his brother from under the bedſtede and hylde his face downe to the grounde with his one hande, and with the other hande cut his throte holle a ſonder with a dagger. It is a mervayle that any man coude have ſo harde a harte to do ſo cruell a dede, ſave onely that neceſſyte compelled them, for they were ſo charged by the duke the protectour, that if they ſhewed nat to hym the bodyes of bothe thoſe chylderne dede on the morowe after they were ſo comaunded, that than they themſelfe ſhulde be put to dethe. Wherefore they that were comaunded to do it were compelled to fullfyll the protectour's wyll.

wyll. And after that the bodyes of theſe 11 chylderne as the opinyon ranne were bothe cloſed in a great hevy cheſte, and by the meanes of one that was ſecrete with the protectour, they were put in a ſhyppe goynge to Flaunders; and whan the ſhyppe was in the blacke depes this man threwe bothe thoſe dede bodyes ſo cloſed in the cheſte over the hatches into the ſee, and yet none of the maryners nor none in the ſhyppe, ſave onely the ſayd man, wyſt what thynge it was that was there ſo incloſed; which ſayenge dyvers men conjectured to be trewe, becauſe that the bones of the ſayd chylderne coude never be founde buryed nother in the Towre nor in no other place."

"Another opinyon there is that they whiche had the charge to put them to dethe cauſed one to cry ſo ſodaynly treaſon, treaſon, wherewith the chylderne beynge aferde, deſyred to knowe what was beſt for them to do. And than they bad them hyde themſelfe in a great cheſte that no man ſhulde fynde them, and if any body came into the chambre, they wolde ſay they were nat there. And accordynge as they counſellyd them, they crepte bothe into the cheſte, which anone after they locked. And than anone they buryed that cheſte in a great pytte under a ſteyre, which cheſte was after caſte into the blacke depes, as is before ſayd."

I ſhall paſs over the abſurdities of both the foregoing accounts; but how will they ſtrike us, when we find from Ames's Typographical Antiquities, p. 147, that this book was printed in 1529, the twenty-firſt year of Henry the eighth, and from p. 141, that Raſtell the compiler and printer married ſir Thomas More's own ſiſter? If ſir Thomas, as Mr. Hume pretends, was ſo intimate with the chief perſons of Richard's court or reign, how came he to ſuffer his brother-in-law to paſs ſuch ſenſeleſs ſtuff on the public, in a work no doubt ſubmitted to his inſpection? for Raſtell was not only his relation but printer, his very next publication being a dialogue written by More and printed in the ſame year with the Chronicle. Nor did ſir Thomas pick up the materials for his own hiſtory *after* the appearance of Raſtell's Chronicle, which was publiſhed but ſix years before ſir Thomas's death, when the perſons from whom he gained his intelligence muſt have been dead likewiſe. But do not ſir Thomas's own words betray, not only doubts in his own breaſt, but thorough proof of the uncertainty of all the incidents relative to the murder? He tells us, that he does not relate the murder in every way he had heard it, but according to the moſt probable account he could collect

from the moſt creditable witneſſes. And I will aſk one or two more queſtions, which I defy Mr. Hume or any man living to anſwer in a rational manner. If Dighton and Tirrel confeſſed the murder in the reign of Henry the ſeventh, how could even the outlines be a ſecret and uncertain in the reign of Henry the eighth? Is it credible that they owned the fact, and concealed every one of the circumſtances? If they related thoſe circumſtances, without which their confeſſion could gain no manner of belief, could ſir Thomas More, chancellor to Henry the eighth, and educated in the houſe of the prime miniſter to Henry the ſeventh, be ignorant of what it was ſo much the intereſt of cardinal Morton to tell, and of Henry the ſeventh to have known and aſcertained? A king and his brother are murdered (according to Henry, More, Bacon, Hume, Guthrie, and the mob), a great officer of the crown and a low groom confeſs themſelves principals in the guilt, the firſt is executed, the latter ſuffered to live, to diſperſe the tale. Neither of them give the leaſt account *how* they committed the fact; or, if they did, no man living from the prime miniſter to the compiler of the Chronicle could get *certain* intelligence of what they confeſſed, though it is impoſſible to aſſign any other reaſon for the impunity of Dighton, but the intention of his ſpreading and authenticating the ſtory. If therefore the confeſſions ſaid to be made by Tirrel and Dighton are irreconcileable to every ſtandard by which we can judge of evidence, no evidence of the murder exiſts. If the atteſtations produced by Henry, More, and Bacon, who indubitably furniſhed the beſt they could, are inconſiſtent and improbable, the identity of Perkin Warbeck and the duke of York remains unſhaken, Mr. Hume himſelf allowing and bending all the force of his argument to prove, that the ſtrong evidence againſt Perkin is the certainty of the murder. If, on the contrary, the authority of hiſtorians is ſufficient to paſs ſuch ſtuff on our credulity, I muſt avow I cannot ſee what criterion there is in human reaſon by which we may diſtinguiſh between truth and the moſt clumſy and incoherent legends.

Auguſt 6, 1769.

A

REPLY

TO THE

OBSERVATIONS of the Rev. Dr. MILLES,

Dean of Exeter, and Preſident of the Society of Antiquaries,

ON THE

WARDROBE ACCOUNT of 1483, &c.

Printed at the End of ARCHÆOLOGIA, or MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS relating to ANTIQUITY. Publiſhed by the Society of Antiquaries of London, 1770.

La prévention ſe laiſſe vaincre inſenſiblement : malheur à qui l'attaque le premier ; il en eſſuye toute l'opiniâtreté & tout l'emportement, mais de jour en jour elle s'affoiblit ; et il ne faut que continuerde lapreſſer pour la détruire.—*La Motte, Réflexions ſur la critique*, vol. iii. p. 248.

NOTWITHSTANDING the encouragement of ſo able and amiable a critic as monſieur la Motte, I had certainly no inclination to purſue the controverſy relative to Richard III. It is a ſubject of no conſequence; I expreſſed my doubts on it ; I concluded doubting; and ſhould never have believed that I had had much ſucceſs in clearing away a conſiderable part of the rubbiſh with which that ſtory had been loaded, if my anſwerers had not proved that, with all their prejudice in favour of antiquated nonſenſe, they could not reſtore it to its place. It is ſtill very indifferent to me how much they chooſe to believe without reaſon and contrary to common ſenſe. It is even diverting to ſee what ſtraws they catch at, when their legend is ſinking. One of

them believes all the crimes charged on Richard, becauſe he himſelf had confuted many of them, and I had taken no notice of it. *Vide the Critical Review.* Another, becauſe the king's ſervants may mean his royal brothers. *Vide the London Chronicle.* And a third, becauſe, if ſome of Richard's enemies, who never did write his hiſtory, had written his hiſtory, he ſuppoſes they would have given the ſame abſurd account of him. We ſhall ſee preſently that the laſt anſwerer believes *all* the guilt of Richard for two reaſons that do not yield in weight to any of the three former. To convince ſuch underſtandings by argument, let monſieur la Motte ſay what he will, I firmly believe impoſſible: nor do I care enough for Richard the third to deſire it. All I propoſe is, to ſhow that they have not anſwered my arguments, and after that, Credat Judæus Apella.

That I was at firſt treated, in the words of the paſſage above, with *emportement*, was true—and was comical. That I am ſtill to encounter obſtinacy, is no leſs true—I cannot ſay comical too, becauſe I am ſorry when a worthy perſon lets the public ſee that his abilities are not ſo great as his virtues. I have ſo great a regard for the reverend preſident of our ſociety, that I beg he will underſtand, if I ſmile at his efforts, that I preſerve all due regard for his perſon and merit.

I was told laſt winter, that our venerable preſident had read at the ſociety an anſwer to my Hiſtoric Doubts. As I have long ceaſed attending public ſocieties, as well as quitted my ſeat in parliament, it is not extraordinary that I was not preſent to undergo that humiliation at the feet of Gamaliel. In truth, I enquired little after his confutation, as the reverend perſon above a year before had acquainted me with his objections, and they had appeared to me ſo trifling, that I had little curioſity to learn more of them. However, I now-and-then heard that ſome perſons, who had wiſhed my doubts could be anſwered, and who would have been more glad if they had been able to anſwer them themſelves, affected to pronounce the dean's work a full confutation of my book. At laſt I read in the newſpapers that the reverend preſident himſelf had preſented the memoires of our ſociety to his majeſty.—I ſent for the book; expecting to ſee at leaſt ſome attempt towards anſwering the chain of arguments by which I had ſhown the probability of Perkin Warbeck being the true duke of York. Some endeavours I thought muſt be made to reconcile the contradictory accounts of Henry the ſeventh and lord Bacon;

Bacon; and as I had reſted the whole of what I had ſaid on the impoſſibility of Perkin's knowing what paſſed in the Tower, unleſs he had been the real duke of York, I looked eagerly for an anſwer to that challenge—and what did I find? Not a word on Perkin Warbeck, but that entire argument ſlubbered over in the compendious term, the *ſtrange tale* of Perkin Warbeck; and the dean's whole anſwer compriſed in two arguments, momentous no doubt, but rather more conſentaneous to his province of preſident of antiquaries, than to that of a man who attempts to reaſon.

The firſt is, that Richard murdered his nephews, *becauſe* Edward the fifth did not walk at his uncle's coronation; and that is proved by the account, which I called the coronation-roll, not being a round but a ſquare volume; with other ſuch props, of which I ſhall take notice preſently; and

The ſecond, becauſe ſir James Tyrrel, whom, from ſaid ſquare book, I repreſented as maſter of the horſe at Richard's coronation, was not ſo till ſome days afterwards, his younger brother occupying that place firſt.

I am very thankful to our worthy preſident for delivering me from any alarm I might have conceived at his interpoſing to condemn my work. I am thankful for the arguments of mine that he choſe to anſwer, and for thoſe he did not chooſe to anſwer; and if it were not unbecoming the ſerioufneſs of an antiquary, and of one who in that light has the honour of being his ſubject, to quibble, I would ſay in the words of the poet,

> " Bleſt be the gods for thoſe they took away,
> And thoſe they left me, for they left me *gay*."

Yes, I confeſs I did ſmile at ſo droll a delivery of the mountain; and might, I think, without impeaching, or breaking a link of the chain of my argument, compliment the preſident with a conceſſion of all he is ſo modeſt as to demand. Nothing prevents my offering this voluntary ſacrifice, but the ſilly fear of having it thought that, being an antiquary, I am incapable of reaſoning.

I will make a few curſory remarks on ſome introductory paſſages, and then proceed to examine Mr. Preſident's two fulminating arguments.

The preſident, whoſe reading I confeſs is, as it ought to be, much deeper than mine, has diſcovered a new author, who corroborates the murder of the two children. This is the great Arnold, who, ſays the doctor, expreſſes in very deſcriptive words the manner of the young princes' death. Let us hear this very expreſſive deſcription. "This year deceſſyd the kynge (Edward 4th.) in Aprell, entring into the 23d. year of his reign, and the two ſons of kynge Edward were put to ſilence, and the duke of Glouceſter tooke upon him the crowne in July, &c." I will not obſerve that the duke of Glouceſter is not charged with the murder, but will reſtrain myſelf to the pictureſque deſcription that ſo ſtrikes the good preſident. I ſuppoſe he means that the children being *put to ſilence* implies, according to the vulgar notion, that they were ſmothered. May I aſk whether, if their heads had been cut off, they would not equally have been *put to ſilence?* The Romans had a ſuperſtition of not naming death, and uſed various circumlocutions to avoid ſaying any perſon was dead. Did ſuch circumlocutions imply any particular kind of death? But as the preſident is ſmitten with Arnold's painting, I will ſay no more in derogation of his charming eloquence, eſpecially as it is nothing to the purpoſe. I doubted whether the children were murdered, not whether they were ſmothered or aſſaſſinated in any other way. If the doctor chooſes to perſiſt in believing they were murdered, he has my free conſent to make his option of the mode. But as ſome of my readers may be as ignorant as I was, and not know who this pathetic hiſtorian was, we are informed in a note, that he lived in 1519, and publiſhed, not the lives or reigns of Edward the fourth, or Richard the third, but—an account of the cuſtoms of London, with a chronicle of the magiſtrates of that city. The thanks of the learned are due to Mr. Preſident for thus bringing them acquainted with ſo valuable an author, who knew much better than he who wrote the Chronicle of Croyland (an author whom doctor Milles, p. 363, allows to have been a writer of much conſideration) by what kind of violent death the princes came to their end. When ſuch an evidence as Arnold is produced to teſtify to a great and ſecret act of ſtate, is it not evident that there is ſome opiniâtreté in adhering to a belief, that wants ſuch props? As an antiquary, the dean is undoubtedly well founded in quoting our ancient claſſics. All my fear is, that the profane ſhould ſneer at our labours. I can admire that ſimplicity of antique eloquence with which we are told in a note to page 5 of the Introduction to the Archæologia, that archbiſhop Whitgift was *ſucceſſor*

to Matthew Parker, his *predeceſſor*; but the laughers of modern times may ſee no beauty in that accuracy of truth, which ſpecifies that a man ſucceeded his predeceſſor. Let us reſerve ſuch flowers as this, and the expreſſive figure of *putting to ſilence* for ſmothering, within our own penetralia for the comfort of us lovers of goodly antiquity: and perhaps it were as wiſe if we adhered to our own venerable lore, and to our proper province, conjectures from ſcraps and fragments of unintereſting matters of fact long ſince conſigned to oblivion, inſtead of launching out into the bold and dangerous ocean of reaſoning. I, it ſeems, have been ſhipwrecked there; and in charity, therefore, venture to warn even Mr. Preſident himſelf to guide his pinnace near the coaſt, and only to diſembark when a barrow, a tumulus, or the twinkling veſtiges of a Roman camp, invite him to land and dig. Me votiva paries indicat uvida ſuſpendiſſe potenti veſtimenta maris Deo.

The ſecrecy of the murder, ſays the doctor, to which only the few perpetrators and accomplices were privy, muſt have left the public under great uncertainty as to the manner, though they had no doubt as to the reality of the fact. Page 362.

Methinks this is an extraordinary poſition to fall from a profeſſed advocate for the murder. Secret as it was, Arnold knew the very manner of it. The doctor muſt believe Arnold knew it, or he would not have quoted him for his expreſſive deſcription, for the doctor cannot be abſurd. But how, according to the aſſertors of the murder, could the public remain under great uncertainty, when thoſe very aſſertors believe that Tirrel and Dighton confeſſed it? Do murderers confeſs a murder, and conceal the manner of it? May I beg to know what the doctor and his adherents do and do not believe? I proteſt I cannot diſcover. Again, in the ſame paragraph we are told, *that the public had no doubt as to the reality of the fact.* Strange again! Sir Thomas More and lord Bacon, the pillars that ſupport the ſtory, affirm over and over that there were great doubts whether one or both of the children had not eſcaped. Good Mr. Preſident, aſcertain your own creed, before you attempt to remove my doubts. Or is it allowable to you to reject your own authorities, and is it fair in you to inſiſt that I ſhould ſubmit to them? For your own ſake do not contradict yourſelf, only for the pleaſure of contradicting me.

You

You proceed: "In ſuch circumſtances, abſurd and even contradictory reports would ariſe concerning the ſurvival and eſcape of theſe princes. Had they prevailed during the life-time of their uncle, would it not have been preſumed that they were raiſed and propagated by him, as the beſt expedient for removing the ſuſpicion of the murder?"

In ſuch circumſtances, that is, according to the preceding words, when mankind had no doubt of the reality of the fact, abſurd and even contradictory reports of the ſurvival and eſcape of the princes would ariſe. Very ſtrange reaſoning, indeed, Mr. Preſident! Did the certainty of the murder cauſe men to believe that the princes were not murdered?—But let us try to fathom what the preſident thinks he means. In the firſt place, he is of opinion that the ſecrecy of the murder produced various reports concerning it. Then, refining on and contradicting himſelf, he ſuppoſes that the certainty of the murder occaſioned a belief that the princes were alive; and at laſt he had rather that abſurd and contradictory reports of their eſcape and ſurvival ſhould have been propagated by Richard himſelf, though he does not think ſuch reports prevailed during Richard's life. Give me leave to aſk the doctor, whether he is of all theſe opinions, whether he is of none, or which of them is his opinion? Let me aſk him how he knows that ſuch reports did not prevail before Richard's death? What are his authorities for dating and affixing to a ſubſequent period ſir Thomas More's and lord Bacon's aſſertions, that many perſons believed the children were not murdered? It is totally improbable that this ſhould have been believed *after* Richard's death, unleſs there had been ſuch an opinion *before*—for this plain reaſon, that it is not common to believe in the reſurrections of princes. But ſo great is the doctor's propenſity to charge Richard, that, if what he deems a falſehood had been publiſhed in Richard's time, he owns he ſhould have accuſed Richard as the author of it, prepoſterous as it would have been for Richard to have ſpread ſuch tales.—Can there be ſtronger proof of prejudice and obſtinacy?

Happy indeed would it be for the world, were tyrants and aſſaſſins no abler politicians than the good preſident, who thinks mankind is moſt eaſily impoſed upon by abſurdities and contradictions. In ſome caſes perhaps they are; but I doubt Richard had a little more ſenſe than to defeat his own ends by ſuch clumſy artifices. Nor are uſurpers wont to encourage a belief of the

ſurvival of their competitors, when they have thought it neceſſary to put thoſe rivals to death. Henry the fourth had been diſturbed by a falſe Richard the ſecond; and Edward the fourth, our Richard's own brother, had choſen to expoſe the dead body of Henry the ſixth at Paul's croſs, rather than have it believed he was ſtill living. Thus, ſuppoſing Richard had been the murderer he is repreſented, it is moſt improbable that he would have acted ſo ſillily, as, it ſeems, the preſident would have done in his ſituation.

So fond is the doctor of the policy of contradictions and abſurdities, that, not being able to charge them on Richard, he is determined ſomebody or other ſhall employ their machinery, and in the next ſentence beſtows them on the enemies of Henry the ſeventh, as a foundation for their pretended impoſtures. Here again I am ſorry to be forced to aſk Mr. Preſident what he believes? Does he believe that the ſecrecy produced the contradictions? or that they were ſpread by Henry's enemies? He accounts for them one way, is willing to account for them another, and then aſks with a *but*, whether it is not more probable, that they happened another way, that is not probable at all. He ſeems to think that in that age all men acted in a manner to defeat their own ends. According to him, Richard murders his nephews, and tells different ſtories of their being alive; aſſertions which, if falſe, could only operate to his prejudice, not to his ſervice; and Henry's enemies ſpread as different reports of the ſurvival of the children, which could only weaken the impoſition the reporters wiſhed to eſtabliſh. Is not the murder very clear, when reduced to ſuch ſhifts to preſerve itſelf from being exploded?

In the next paragraph Mr. Buck and I are confuted, by being told that the two authors we produce to invalidate the poſitive account of the murder, contradict one another, *though* reporting only common hearſay.—I beg to know what Arnold did more than report common hearſay? Polidore Virgil ſays, it was reported that the children of Edward had eſcaped and were living—The continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland, that it was reported Edward's ſons were dead, though it was uncertain by what kind of *violent* death. The misfortune is, that this very contradiction, ſo far from weakening my ſuppoſition, was the very ſcope of it. It was from that identical diſcordance among the authors who mention the fate of the children, that I attempted to ſhow the glaring uncertainty of it. The dean perhaps thinks that the want of harmony among the evidences proves their conſent.—I have known

ſuch

ſuch arguments made uſe of on other occaſions which I will not mention; but give me leave to ſay, that ſuch arguments do more hurt than ſervice to a good cauſe.

But Mr. Buck and I are taxed with omitting the word *violent*. Whether Mr. Buck omitted the word violent by deſign or not, it is impoſſible for me to aſcertain. For myſelf, I probably copied him, and was not ſo careful as I ought to have been in collating the paſſage with the original. I will, however, take any ſhame to myſelf for the omiſſion. I had much rather confeſs myſelf in the wrong, if I am ſo, than be obſtinate in defence of an hypotheſis. Truth is too ſacred to be made the victim of controverſy; and I had much rather ſpeak truth, than argue well. Indeed I muſt have been weaker even than I am, to have expected that I could falſify a common printed book, and not have it diſcovered. Could I ſuppoſe that no man living would turn to the Chronicle of Croyland? In fact, my argument does not ſuffer by the introduction of the word *violent*. One author ſays, the children were reported to be ſtill living after the time of their ſuppoſed deaths; the other, that they were ſaid to be dead, though it was not known by what kind of violence. What is the reſult, but that it was very uncertain what was become of them? If the preſident from two contradictory and uncertain mob-ſtories can ſtrike out that certain reality of the fact, of which he affirms the public had no doubt, I own he ſees further into what deduction may be drawn from an argument than I do. He proceeds yet another ſtep; and now admitting the depoſition of the Chronicle, which he had before allowed was only hearſay, as indeed the Chronicle itſelf confeſſes, by the words vulgatum eſt; and diſcovering that vulgatum eſt is good authority, and that in vulgus fama valuit is no authority at all, he adds, "the word *violenti* is *a moſt expreſſive and material part of the Chronicle's teſtimony* (I do not know whether he does not perceive ſmothering in it), and gives a very different complexion to it."—That is, it converts vulgatum eſt into certain knowledge—and at laſt finds Richard guilty of the murder; "for if, ſays he, they died a violent death, there can remain no doubt by whoſe order it was inflicted."

Thus are we arrived at one of the grounds of the doctor's faith in the murder. My omiſſion of the word *violenti* changes the nature of a vulgar tale into good and poſitive authority; and Richard, whoſe guilt I thought I had

had in ſome meaſure rendered doubtful, is convicted by my ſeemingly too great zeal for his character. Thus has my awkwardneſs dealt its blows with a two-edged ſword.—I have hurt my client, and led my adverſary into the intemperance of pinning his belief on what he had allowed a mob-ſtory, for the mere ſatisfaction of contradicting poor me! Indeed, indeed, I am aſhamed of diſputing, when I am ſuſpected of wilful omiſſion, and ſee ſo worthy a perſon as the reverend divine betrayed into a perverſion of reaſon by the idle ambition of victory in a cauſe of no conſequence to either of us.

The learned perſon ſays, "the impartial reader of Engliſh hiſtory will judge how far the account of the murder is invalidated by the relation of Perkin Warbeck, and whether that ſtrange tale did not gain more converts, and receive more credibility, from the natural jealouſy and the affected myſterious ſecrecy of Henry the ſeventh, than from the weight of its own evidence."

As there are two propoſitions in this paſſage, I muſt take leave to examine each ſeparately. I was not the firſt reader of Engliſh hiſtory who was ſtartled by the ſtory of Perkin. Buck, Carte, Guthrie, the lord treaſurer Oxford, lord Bolinbroke, and many others, had, ſome doubted of the murder, others been perſuaded that Warbeck was the true duke of York. Even ſir Thomas More and lord Bacon, the doctor's beſt authorities, except Arnold, had expreſſed the uncertainty of the murder. It was more awful teſtimony given by knights of the garter and privy-counſellors who had known the duke of York, who laid down their lives for that belief, and not one of whom it is even pretended by Henry's apologiſts recanted. Lord Bacon himſelf was ſo ſtaggered by Henry's narrative of Perkin's confeſſion, that he was reduced to forge a new one for him. A reader of Engliſh hiſtory muſt have a good digeſtion, and methinks not be very impartial neither, who can ſwallow all this without entertaining a doubt whether Perkin might not be the true duke of York. But when the readers of Engliſh hiſtory come to peruſe, as I do not doubt but they will, that elaborate and ingenious treatiſe of Mr. Dean Milles, when they find that he believed the murder becauſe I called a ſquare volume a round one, and becauſe ſir James Tirrel was not maſter of the horſe till a month after Richard's coronation, but that his brother Thomas occupied that poſt at the coronation; and when they find farther that ſo able and

learned a man could not anſwer one argument that I had brought for Perkin being the true duke of York; will impartial readers of Engliſh hiſtory think the ſtory perfectly clear and well aſcertained? It is pretended that Perkin acknowledged himſelf an impoſtor, and that two perſons confeſſed the murder; and yet from lord Bacon to Dr. Milles no man has been able to reconcile their accounts. The firſt boldly plunged into a forgery; the latter has dragged one Arnold, a writer on the cuſtoms of London, out of obſcurity, to throw his mite of vulgar report into the treaſury of mob-ſtories, and has diſcovered *expreſſive and material* authority in the vulgatum eſt of the Chronicle of Croyland!

The ſecond propoſition is of another nature; it is of the family of that kind of evidence which the doctor uſed, when he ſuppoſed Richard ſpread different accounts of the exiſtence of his nephews after he had murdered them. The dean aſks, whether Perkin's tale might not gain credit from the natural jealouſy and affected myſterious ſecrecy of Henry the ſeventh? What can he mean by the *natural* jealouſy of Henry? Was it natural to be jealous of the world's believing that his enemy was an impoſtor? Did he force Perkin to read a confeſſion of being an impoſtor, to prevent the public from thinking him one? Becauſe Henry's character was that of a dark myſterious tyrant, was he therefore ſo when it muſt have been deſtructive of his intereſt? Did he act in the caſe of Perkin as if he wanted to perſuade mankind that he was not an impoſtor? I do not honour the abilities of Henry, but was he really ſo egregious a fool as the doctor paints him? For what poſſible reaſon ſhould he endeavour to have it thought that Perkin was not an impoſtor? I beſeech the dean, from his ſtores of refined policy, to tell us why Henry ſhould have been ſuch a blunderer? I will tell him why *he thinks* Henry was ſo abſurd; though I cannot tell him why he ought to think ſo. Lord Bacon, who could not make the ſtory of Perkin being an impoſtor hold together, was reduced to colour it over with the beautiful though tranſpicuous tints of his impoſing eloquence, and accordingly tells us, *that the king's nature and cuſtoms were not greatly fit to diſperſe theſe miſts, but contrariwiſe he had a faſhion rather to create doubts, than aſſurance.* The charms of this vague figurative ſtyle impoſed on the good preſident; he quotes theſe very words as the foundation of his opinion. The deſcription was true with regard to Henry's conduct about his no title; but not in the leaſt ſo about Perkin. The ſolemn phraſeology

ology however dazzled Mr. Preſident, and he did not perceive that it contained matter contrary to fact and common ſenſe. Read lord Bacon's own account of Henry's ſolicitude to detect Perkin, of the infinite pains he took to prove and publiſh him for an impoſtor, and then ſee if the words the doctor and I have quoted can poſſibly be applied to Henry's conduct on that occaſion. I would wiſh the doctor to remember too, that when the greateſt writer aſſerts a fact in oppoſition to truth and ſenſe, he is no better authority than the loweſt. If the doctor had applied his critical ſkill to the text he has quoted, before he beſtowed it on ſo unworthy an object as my book, he would probably have avoided ſplitting on that rock.—I now come to conſider his two *great* arguments.

The preſident opens his cauſe with informing his readers and me, that what I had too careleſsly called the coronation-roll of Richard the third, "is not a coronation-roll, but a wardrobe-account, of which the deliveries for the coronation make a conſiderable part. It will be neceſſary, he adds, to quote ſeveral paſſages of this rerord, in order to explain the nature of it, and to judge of the evidence it contains."

With ſhame I confeſs the truth of this charge, and with leave will relate by what means I fell into this grievous miſtake, ſo unworthy a true antiquary. Our late learned preſident the biſhop of Carliſle, predeceſſor to his preſent ſucceſſor doctor Milles, was the firſt perſon who told me of the curious diſcovery made of Edward the fifth walking at his uncle's coronation, and it is with ſorrow I diſturb his aſhes by declaring that he called this fatal wardrobe-account a coronation-roll. Another ingenious member of our ſociety lent me an extract of the ſame record, and he too, I doubt, likewiſe called it the coronation-roll. Their curſory errors indeed do not excuſe my negligence. I ought to have known that the account of the wardrobe-keeper, in which almoſt the whole contains deliveries for the coronation, was not the coronation-account, but the wardrobe-keeper's account for the coronation, with ſome other deliveries. The diſtinction * is nice, and perhaps

* As in the ſame volume are bound accounts of the coronations of Henry the ſeventh and Henry the eighth, it is plain all three were reckoned in the office coronation-rolls. It was reſerved to doctor Milles's ſagacity to diſcover that the office has gone on in verbal inaccuracy for above two centuries.

Words are man's province; words we teach alone.
DUNCIAD.

without a difference; but as I am an antiquary, and as an antiquary is often a kind of verbal critic, hight a word-catcher, I ought to have ſtuck to words; the *meaning* of words is not enough. A roll implies a round volume, and lo! the volume in queſtion is ſquare! How culpable am I in the eyes of literal accuracy! But it is time to examine the preſident's argument, which I take to be this.

The book is an account of the deliveries from the wardrobe from the death of Edward the fourth to ſome time in the following year, including the time of the intended coronation of Edward the fifth, and the actual coronation of Richard the third. As there are other deliveries previous and ſubſequent to the coronation of Richard, the robes ordered for Edward, under the appellation of lord Edward, ſon of late king Edward, were probably what had been ordered for his own coronation; and the number and ſimilitude of the robes delivered for each king, corroborate that aſſertion; eſpecially as there were half coats ordered for the henchmen of the young king, and whole coats for thoſe of his uncle; the preſident having examined the account with ſuch avidity of detecting my errors, that in the heat of the chaſe he ſtumbled on this piece of œconomy in Richard or his officers.

I think I have ſtated the whole of this firſt great argument with as much fairneſs as is poſſible, and it is from want of diſcernment if I have omitted to do juſtice to it. Indeed there is a very Pindaric tranſition from the argument to the inference; *videlicet*, that the prince was dead, if his uncle did not intend he ſhould walk at his coronation. Was it certain Edward the fifth did walk at his uncle's coronation, it would be evident that he was not dead at the time; but would it be a proof that he was dead, if he did *not* walk there? Good Mr. Dean, this alacrity in confuting me hurries you, I fear, beyond what logic will warrant.

I will not ſmile at your half coats and whole coats—you concluded, to be ſure, that, as Edward was a child, his henchmen muſt be children too, and that half the quantity would ſuffice them: but, to be more ſerious, I will as briefly as poſſible take to pieces your argument, after obſerving, that what you charge on me is far ſhort of the expreſs declaration of the oracle of your belief. You ſay that "I ſuppoſe Richard had no ſuch evil intentions againſt

his nephews on his acceſſion to the crown, and that, inſtead of putting them to death, he meant to do honour to the eldeſt, by aſſigning him a reſpectable place, and robes of dignity at the ceremony of his coronation."

Unfortunately, inſtead of this being any exaggeration on my part, it is much leſs than your own ſir Thomas More aſſerts to have been the intention of Richard. The chancellor tells us, on the authority of archbiſhop Morton, one of Richard's capital enemies, that the latter's firſt plan was to reſign the crown to his nephew, when Edward ſhould attain the age of 25. Surely aſſigning him a place at the coronation is ſomething leſs than reſigning the crown to him. Had *I* ſuggeſted that Richard had formed any ſuch ſcheme, with how much ſcorn ſhould I have been treated! Sir Thomas More may give this account with impunity, and with impunity doctor Milles may chooſe to forget it—with impunity he may tax me with ſuppoſing leſs than ſir Thomas More aſſerts—and with candour he may impute to me wilful omiſſions—but it ſhall ſuffice me to juſtify myſelf, and to ſupport my arguments, with decency, and with that ſmall portion of underſtanding which has fallen to my ſhare.

The reaſon why I ſuppoſed it was intended Edward ſhould walk at his uncle's coronation was ſimply this: Becauſe the order for the delivery of robes to him, ſtands in and is mixed with the other orders for deliveries on the ſame occaſion; and becauſe he is there ſtyled lord Edward, ſon to late king Edward the fourth.

That it is mixed with thoſe other orders appears from the preſident's own account; for, having ſpecified the other orders, and thoſe for lord Edward, he tells us of other orders, page 373, to the duke of Buckingham, &c. for the queen's and king's coronation; and then in page 374 he ſays, This paragraph ſeems to conclude the account of deliveries for the firſt coronation—I ſuppoſe he means in oppoſition to the ſecond coronation at York.

Thus then I have eſtabliſhed, by the dean's own teſtimony, that the account of deliveries to lord Edward is mixed with the other deliveries for the coronation; and by being ſo mixed, and being warranted by ſir Thomas More to believe, that, whatever were Richard's ſecret intentions in futurity, he had

had talked of a deſign of delivering up the crown to his nephew on the latter's full age, was it very abſurd in me to ſuppoſe, that he might carry on (to humour the doctor I will ſay) his hypocriſy ſo far as to treat his nephew with honour and reſpect? I wiſh, when we come to ſee the reaſons aſſigned for Mr. Peter Curteys's inſerting the deliveries to Edward amidſt thoſe for his uncle's coronation, it may not be found that wiſer men have wreſted the palm of abſurdity from me.

But firſt I muſt produce a very material entry in this identical account, which the preſident has quoted without perceiving or underſtanding the force of it.

Antecedent to the order of deliveries to lord Edward, we find theſe words: "To many divers perſons for to have in haſte, by my lorde of Bukkingham's commandement, whoſe names were not remembered, delivered in grete, &c."

I aſk if any man can believe that this ſudden order, entered among the deliveries for the coronation of Richard, and ſpecifying the recollection of ſome perſons who had been omitted, was the recollection of Peter Curteys, who had forgotten to begin his account with the moſt obvious delivery, robes for the young king before he was ſet aſide? or whether it was not the recollection of Richard and Buckingham, who ſuddenly agreed that the depoſed prince ſhould walk at his uncle's coronation? An unlucky circumſtance corroborates the latter opinion. When Edward the fourth died, the duke of Buckingham was not in London, but in Wales; conſequently could not direct robes for the young ſucceſſor; though he was in London, and might order them againſt the coronation of Richard.

But what avail facts, dates, entries, arguments? The preſident ſhall wave his wand, and raiſe a conjecture that ſhall put their hoſt to flight. In his note to page 378, this able magician owns "that many of the articles which relate to lord Edward and his hengemen are charged in the wardrobe's general account of receipts and deliveries, undiſtinguiſhed from thoſe which were iſſued for Richard's coronation." The confeſſion is fair and candid, and ſeems almoſt to excuſe my ſuppoſition of the nephew attending the uncle's triumph—

triumph—but all ſhall be deſtroyed again. The preſident has a gueſs in ſtore that will recover the ground he had conceded. I muſt beg leave to give it in his own words, for no other could do juſtice to it.

"The deliveries made on this account, although prior to thoſe iſſued for the coronation, yet (conſidering the circumſtances of that time) could not ſtand in any other place. The maſter of the wardrobe's account was engroſſed and cloſed in the beginning of the following year, when the act of baſtardy had paſſed. In what order then, or under what name or title, could theſe liveries be charged? They could not precede the articles for Richard's coronation, for then they muſt have been charged as robes for the king. Piers Courteys, no doubt, underſtood the *duty* of his office too well, to make ſo uncourtly an entry; and it would have been a dangerous experiment, at that critical period, to have excited the jealouſy or reſentment of his maſter."

"It was not for Richard's intereſt, nor agreeable to his inclinations, that the time or the uſes for which theſe garments were iſſued, ſhould be particularly ſpecified. They are placed, therefore, *after the articles relative to the coronation*, amongſt thoſe iſſued by the king's high commandment, which in ſome reſpects was literally true. It is needleſs to obſerve, that, when this account was cloſed, no other title but that of lord Edward could be given to this prince."

And now I believe I may defy the wit of man, or its oppoſite, to produce two paragraphs, that ſhall pretend to argument, and be more void of common ſenſe.

It is plain from the two paſſages, that the dean felt how prepoſterous it would be to ſuppoſe that deliveries for Edward's coronation could be crowded into the midſt of that of Richard. He had owned the deliveries were ſo mixed as to be undiſtinguiſhable; and yet by a chicane, not quite conſonant to the character of a man who accuſes others of wilful omiſſions, and yet excuſable, as it is himſelf he contradicts, he here aſſerts that they are placed *after* the articles relative to the coronation. If he forgives himſelf, I aſſure him I do. Glaring, however, as this ſtate of the queſtion was, any evaſion, any conjecture how ſtrained ſoever, was preferable to owning that deliveries

for Richard's coronation *were* deliveries for Richard's coronation. How ſhall he avoid this dilemma? He ſhall begin with begging the queſtion in diſpute. He ſhall pronounce ex cathedrâ and of his own plenary knowledge, that *they were prior to thoſe iſſued for the coronation.* Aſk him how he knows this? He does not deign to tell you. But though in a pulpit or a preſident's chair a man may aſſert what he liſts, without being expoſed to impertinent queſtions, he forgot that a printed book, beſtowed on the public, is liable to troubleſome interrogatories, and that a man who affirms when he ſhould argue, is likely to be proved incapable of arguing.

His next arbitrary deciſion is, that the deliveries for king Edward the fifth could ſtand in no place, but amidſt the deliveries for the coronation of Richard the third. Yes, indeed, courteous reader, wonderful and extravagant as this propoſition ſeems, if you will turn to page 379 of the Archæologia, you will find this declaration totidem verbis. How! what! you will cry—could the deliveries for Edward's coronation ſtand nowhere but in the account of Richard's coronation?—Is the man in his ſenſes? Is he—But no, I hope you will not uſe any irreverent expreſſions; the dean, I aſſure you, is a worthy ſober man, a man of good learning, I believe, and one for whom I have a very great reſpect; and, if you will have a moment's patience, he will tell you why this matter could happen no otherwiſe. "The wardrobe-keeper's account was cloſed the next year, when king Edward had been declared a baſtard by act of parliament; and therefore *in what order*, under what name or title, could the deliveries be charged? They could not precede the articles for Richard's coronation, for then they muſt have been charged as robes for the king," and therefore—Ay, you will cry, and therefore what? Becauſe Edward was no longer king, did it make his intended coronation become part of Richard's coronation? Does the depoſition of a king make the paſt acts of his reign become the acts of his ſucceſſor's reign?—And you tell me this man is in his ſenſes! Yes, indeed, kind reader, he is as much ſo as ever he was; and though he may not ſhine in argument, he is a deep antiquary, and does great honour to our ſociety. Well, well! ſays the reader, all this may be ſo; but ſtill, why was Richard's coronation-account the only place upon earth in which Piers Curteys could inſert matters that had not only nothing to do with it, but were as oppoſite to it as two things could well be? Why could not the deliveries to Edward be charged *after* the articles

articles relating to Richard? And above all, why could not Curteys charge them in their proper place, that is, previous to Richard's reign? He might have ſtyled Edward *the lord Edward* there as well as in Richard's account: what obliged him in one page of the ſame book to call a man king, whom in another page of the very ſame book he calls lord? A child of ten years old would reaſon better. Gentle reader, all this is very true; and yet we are not arrived at the moſt entertaining part of the argument. The dean, who has all along argued as if Richard the third and Henry the ſeventh had been two drivellers, has not more mercy on poor Peter Curteys, though meaning him very well, and lending him all his own ſhare of policy. Piers Curteys, ſays he, no doubt underſtood the *duty* of his office too well to make ſo *uncourtly* an entry; that is, *before* Richard's coronation. Whatever Curteys underſtood, it is plain the dean thinks he did not underſtand keeping his accounts, when he blended and confounded matters foreign to one another in ſuch a manner, that to this day the dean cannot unravel them. I am indeed more ſurpriſed to hear a reverend divine call it *the duty of office* to make a falſe entry: and this arch diſlocation of the wardrobe-keeper's accounts, the dean aſcribes to Curteys's *adroitneſs in paying his court*. Clergymen, I ſay it to their honour, have ever been obſerved to be woful courtiers, and to have often blundered into affronting princes, from their over officiouſneſs in flattering them. What an expedient has the dean lighted on to prevent Curteys from offending Richard, by reminding him that he had diſpoſſeſſed the king his nephew! Thus muſt the courtly Curteys have argued, according to the dean's notions of kings and courtiers, and cunning: If I charge my deliveries to Edward, ſays Curteys to himſelf, in their due time and place, it will imply that Edward has been king, and that his uncle has dethroned him. Richard is a jealous, ſuſpicious, ſhrewd and cruel prince, and may put me to death for my veracity. Well! but is there no private place, no obſcure corner, not likely to be noticed, into which I can ſlide my account for Edward, and which will eſcape the piercing eye of Richard? Oh! yes, there is one, and indeed the only one where it can ſtand properly, from the exceſs of the impropriety, and where from that very impropriety it will never be obſerved. I will place Edward's account in the midſt of Richard's coronation-account, and then the devil is in it if he will diſcover it—nay, and to conceal my artifice ſtill better, I will call Edward, not king,

but the lord Edward, ſon of the late king—a title ſo deſcriptive of his ſituation, and diſpoſſeſſion by Richard, that it will be impoſſible Richard ſhould ever recollect he diſpoſſeſſed him.

Thus has the dean removed all difficulties, *thus* has he confuted my *ſtrange* ſuppoſition, that an article in the midſt of an account for a particular ſervice relates to that particular ſervice, and to that ſervice only. Were I fond of diſputation, could I deſire better fortune than to have always ſuch adverſaries? Abilities muſt be poor indeed, to which opponents of that force would not prove a foil, and give ſeeming brightneſs. Yet I venture to foretell that there will not be wanting men whoſe heads are ſo adapted to falſe reaſoning, that the doctor's arguments will inſtantly ſtrike them with the moſt luminous conviction: for abſurdities, when they light on a proper ſoil, reſemble ſome of the ſeeds in the parable, *which falling upon ſtony places, forthwith ſprung up, becauſe they had no deepneſs of earth.* But I ſhall ſay no more on this head, and ſhall be far more brief on the ſecond great article of the dean's obſervations. As his mode of argumentation was arrived at its perfection in the famous paſſages above quoted, he could not ſoar any higher; and indeed the ſecond article, in compariſon of the firſt, is very flat, and taſtes more of the antiquary than the logician.

I have ſaid, that in the account of Richard's coronation it appeared that ſir James Tirrel walked as maſter of the horſe, and thence inferred that he was a conſiderable officer of the crown at that time, and conſequently of too great rank to be named as an obſcure perſon, and recommended by a ſtill more obſcure perſon, a nameleſs page, as a proper inſtrument for a ſecret murder: and I ſhowed that ſir Thomas More, who tells this abſurd ſtory on nameleſs authority, had added another falſity, which was in ſaying that Tirrel was not knighted till after the ſuppoſed aſſaſſination.

The dean is ſo impartial as to give up ſir Thomas's falſification or blunder in regard to the knighthood—ſo in one reſpect at leaſt I am allowed to have diſcovered that ſir Thomas ſpoke with little knowledge of the perſon he deſcribed—but the dean, who has ſtudied and pondered over, and tortured the wardrobe-account to make it depoſe againſt me, has diſcovered, that it was not ſir James Tirrel who walked at Richard's coronation as maſter of the

horſe, but his younger brother ſir Thomas; and that the latter was not maſter of the horſe, but only occupied the office of maſter of the horſe at that time; though both the preſident and the book are forced to confeſs that ſir James was actually maſter of the horſe before the ſecond coronation at York, which happened but two months afterwards.

This important point gained, the preſident concludes, that what he calls this promotion coinciding exactly in point of time with ſir Thomas More's account of the murder, it is moſt probable that the maſterſhip of the horſe was beſtowed on ſir James Tirrel, as a reward for the black ſervice that he had juſt committed; and that his own brother was ſet aſide, or, in his words, ſuperſeded, to make way for him.

Not ſatisfied, however, with this wonderful diſcovery, the preſident modeſtly beſtows collateral helps, as buttreſſes to his argument. The firſt is an aſſertion by implication. The delivery of the ſtable furniture to him, ſays he, *implies* his having then *firſt* taken poſſeſſion of his office. Methinks this painful accuracy implies a little ſuſpicion that ſir James Tirrel had been named maſter of the horſe a little earlier. Is not a man maſter of the horſe from the moment of the king's nomination, though he may not have taken poſſeſſion of the ſtables and ſaddles? If the dean will ſend to the office, he will ſoon ſee how futile this *verbal* preciſion is.

The ſecond buttreſs is more in character, though, if poſſible, ſtill leſs to the purpoſe. It is an ample pedigree of the Tirrels for five deſcents, and is ſet forth and guarantied by all the pomps of impertinent heraldry—and only to prove what no mortal diſputes, and what aſcertains no part of the argument, namely, that ſir James and ſir Thomas Tirrel were brothers.

But though I veil my bonnet with all due deference to the preſident's genealogic abilities, he will excuſe me, if I have not quite the ſame deference for his arguments, which, with ſubmiſſion, I ſhall now ſhow to be as ill-grounded as his conjectures.

The very expreſſion that the younger brother *occupied* the office of maſter of the horſe, and that the elder *was* maſter of the horſe in leſs than two

month*, would have ſtruck any other man but the preſident, I believe, that the younger brother officiated for the elder. But this is nothing to the inference the preſident draws from this imaginary diſgrace of the junior. It immediately makes him ſee, that while the younger was executing this high employment, the elder was an obſcure fellow, of little note, and therefore proper to be recommended by one does not know whom, as a ready villain, proper for an aſſaſſination. He was, indeed, "maſter of the king's hengemen or pages; conſequently it was his duty to be attendant on the king, and probably to ſleep in his antichamber, whilſt the pages themſelves were employed in menial offices nearer the royal perſon." Theſe are the dean's words; and he adds, it is in no reſpect improbable that he ſhould be ſeen in the king's antichamber, where Richard firſt propoſed to him the murder of his two nephews.

Now muſt I aſk the dean ſeriouſly, whether it was from not underſtanding his own language, or from wilful perverſion of my words, that he pretends I argued as if I thought it not likely that ſir James Tirrel might be ſeen in Richard's antichamber. I never ſaid any ſuch thing: whoever will read my book will ſee I never uſed ſo ſilly an argument; and I muſt repeat, the dean wilfully or ignorantly miſtakes my words when he aſcribes ſuch a meaning to them.

I ſaid, and I repeat it, that ſir James Tirrel was an officer of too high rank to be deſcribed in the abſurd manner by which he is painted by ſir Thomas More. I ſaid, and I repeat it, that there is not common ſenſe in the tale there told; that an uſurper would not go to Warwick to diſpatch orders for a murder to be committed in London, which he had juſt left, without taking any ſteps towards the murder. I ſaid, that it was not likely that a page ſhould recommend a great officer of the crown to the king for an aſſaſſin; and it was ſtill leſs likely, as ſir James was already in great favour with his maſter. I aſk the dean, who is ſo able a courtier and politician, whether he thinks a menial ſervant would recommend for a murder one of the principal officers of the court? And I am ſo hardy as ſtill to call ſir James Tirrel ſo, though he did not *occupy* the office of maſter of the horſe till two months after the time I had aſſigned. Maſter of the hengemen was a place of great truſt—that maſter of the hengemen was brother to the perſon who at leaſt

then

then officiated as maſter of the horſe: and what is worſe, Mr. Preſident, who unfortunately does not perceive the importance of the materials he handles, owns that ſir James, in the reign of Edward the fourth, had been a commiſſioner for executing—what?—the office of high-conſtable of England, the firſt office in the kingdom, an office ſuppreſſed by Henry the eighth on account of its dangerous and almoſt unbounded power; and he owns likewiſe that ſir James had been made a knight banneret by Richard in Scotland that very year—and be it noticed, that bannerets were created only by the king or commander in chief, when they themſelves were preſent in the field; and that nothing but ſignal bravery entitled any man in thoſe martial ages to ſo diſtinguiſhed an honour. After this, the dean or any man elſe is welcome to believe, that when Richard bemoaned himſelf to one of his pages that he could not find an aſſaſſin, the ſaid nameleſs page replied, "Sir, there lieth one in the palet-chamber without that I dare ſay will do your grace pleaſure; the thing were right hard that he would refuſe."

But I have not done with Mr. Preſident yet; I muſt taſk him a little farther. Though he owned that I detected ſir Thomas More in one falſification, how comes he himſelf to quote him for another, in which I had detected him likewiſe? Sir Thomas More had ſaid that Tirrel "had a high heart, and ſore longed upwards, not riſing ſo faſt as he hoped, being hindered and kept under by ſir Richard Ratcliffe and ſir William Cateſby." I had ſhowed the impoſſibility of this being true, and alſo that Ratcliffe was abſent at Pontefract. Where is the dean's candour in ſuppreſſing that detection? Does he think he avoids it by quoting Hall, inſtead of ſir Thomas More, though Hall uſes More's own words?

But before the preſident can wind up my complete confutation, he is ſo kind as to furniſh me with another inſtance of his judgment, which I cannot paſs by. In pinning down ſir James Tirrel's promotion to the preciſe moment eſtabliſhed by More, he drops theſe words: It happened "immediately before the creation of Richard's ſon, prince of Wales, an event to which the lives of the two princes ſeemed to be the only obſtacle." Mr. Preſident, your readers and I muſt again aſk whether you know what you ſay? Do you commonly argue in this manner? What! were they an obſtacle to the father's making his ſon prince of Wales, when they had not been

an obſtacle to his making himſelf king? For what reaſon? How, why were they an obſtacle? Deign to inform us—or, if you cannot, as I firmly believe you cannot, I will inform you how they might be an obſtacle, though you will not like the reaſon—and yet you ought to like it, for it is again drawn from your oracle ſir Thomas More. If Richard, as ſir Thomas aſſerts, had inſinuated that he intended to reſtore the crown to his eldeſt nephew, it would have been a moſt haſty and indecent contradiction to have created his ſon prince of Wales. Thus you ſee how you ought to have argued; and you may ſee too, that when you get hold of a good argument, it is without knowing it. In the mean time you have reduced yourſelf to this alternative: if Richard did not pretend, or had not pretended to intend to reſtore his nephew, there is no ſenſe in ſaying that there was more reaſon for not making his own ſon prince of Wales, than there had been for making himſelf king. If he did pretend ſuch a deſign, then treating his nephew with honour, and exhibiting him at his own coronation as king in futuro, was but part of the ſame policy, and is confirmed by the entry of deliveries for Edward in the account of Richard's coronation. You have allowed that Richard deferred creating his ſon prince of Wales, as is certain; but you avoid the only obvious reaſon for it, and have recourſe to one that is no reaſon at all.

I will go a ſtep farther, ſir, and aſſiſt you a little in your confutation—— nay, if you provoke me, I will anſwer my book myſelf, to ſhow you how you ſhould have anſwered it. Do not you then perceive, ſir, that my hypotheſis of Edward's walking at his uncle's coronation by no means deſtroys the ſuppoſed murder? You have been ſo raſh as to pin it down to the preciſe moment aſſigned by ſir Thomas More, which is incredible: but had you admitted, according to the wardrobe-account, that Edward walked, or it was intended ſhould walk, at his uncle's inveſtiture, you would have exhibited Richard as an artful uſurper, inſtead of making him the clumſy fool he appears in yours and ſir Thomas's narrative. When he treated his nephew with honour, produced him in robes like his own, talked of reſtoring the crown to him, and refrained from declaring his own ſon his ſucceſſor, he acted like an artful politician, and might hope to blind the people by this hypocriſy, and give a better colour to his nephew's death, if he intended afterwards to take him off, and give out that he died a natural death. Which

was

was the caſe I have never pretended to ſay. That he murdered the younger brother, is another queſtion; and I fear, ſir, you muſt confute all I have ſaid on Perkin Warbeck, before you will be able to eſtabliſh the affirmative. At preſent you will excuſe me if I do not aſſiſt you in that taſk too, till I find you a more hopeful ſcholar.

And now to conclude—Do you really expect that your readers will believe the murder, becauſe I called a ſquare book a roll, becauſe Piers Curteys charged his deliveries in the moſt improper place in which he could place them, and becauſe you have produced a pedigree of the Tirrels? I ſay nothing of your arguments, becauſe I think you will adhere to any thing rather than to them. Or ſhall I be perſuaded that it was not intended Edward the fifth ſhould walk at Richard's coronation, though you have corroborated all my reaſons for believing ſo? And ſhall I give up a long chain of argument, founded on the abſurdities, falſehoods and contradictions of your authorities, and ſupported by facts and dates? No, ſir, I am ſure you are too modeſt to make ſuch a requeſt; and though out of deference to you I have done what I had declared I would not do, that is, anſwer two or three immaterial and detached cavils, picked and culled out of at leaſt a dozen pages of arguments, as I have drawn them up at the end of my work; and though you have uſed all your endeavours in ſifting and torturing the coronation-roll (for I again dare to call it ſo), to make it refute me, yet I cannot pay you the compliment of ſaying that you have ſatisfied one of my doubts. If the book deſerved the honour of being anſwered by you, it deſerved to be anſwered like a man. Take it, ſhow the weakneſs of it, pull the arguments to pieces from beginning to end: make ſenſe of the tale of Perkin—it is a ſtale ſhift in controverſy to beſtow names inſtead of arguments, eſpecially when we cannot anſwer. Prove that Perkin was an impoſtor; it is below you to avoid the challenge by calling it a ſtrange tale. For your own ſake, and for the honour of the ſociety, I wiſh to ſee a better anſwer to my work ſtand in our Memoirs than that you have tacked to the firſt volume. I ſhall rejoice at it, though you have acted ſo differently from what you yourſelf have pronounced a merit in your predeceſſor; in whoſe panegyric, page lxiii, you ſay, "His literary merit with the ſociety received an additional luſtre from the affability of his temper, the gentleneſs of his manners, and the benevolence of his heart, *which united every member of the ſociety in eſteem to their*

their head, and in harmony and friendſhip to each other." The late biſhop of Carliſle, I am apt to think, would not have deemed controverſy the nurſing mother of concord. Indeed, ſir, had I ſeen your Obſervations previouſly to their publication, I ſhould have been ſtrangely divided in my inclinations—for my own ſake, I ſhould have wiſhed you to publiſh them; for yours, to ſuppreſs them. You have ſaved me from a difficulty, and I thank you; and, as a proof of my gratitude, I wiſh to ſee a mitre adorn your brow. The moſt exemplary fathers of the church have not always been the beſt logicians.

Aug. 28, 1770.

FINIS.

SHORT

OBSERVATIONS

ON

The Remarks of the Rev. Mr. Maſters,

ON

The HISTORIC DOUBTS,

Publiſhed in the ſecond Volume of the ARCHÆOLOGIA.

A NEW knight having entered the liſts in the controverſy concerning Richard III. I ſhall beſtow a few words on his notes, though with much circumſpection; for, although he profeſſes to condemn me, he has contributed ſo much to the diſcomfit of my adverſaries, that I cannot but be obliged to him for having furniſhed me with new weapons, which though he brought into the field againſt me, he has, by miſtake, directed againſt them. Why he oppoſes me, though thinking as I do, I cannot tell; perhaps he can. It ſhall be my buſineſs notwithſtanding to ſet him right, and to ſhow him that his arguments, as far as they have any meaning, ſupport mine, and tend to confirm my doubts.

He ſays I aſſert facts on the ſlighteſt evidence againſt the common current of almoſt all the cotemporary hiſtorians.

Anſwer. There were but two cotemporary hiſtorians, Fabian, and the author of the Chronicle of Croyland. I have quoted the firſt to ſhow that Richard did not murder Edward prince of Wales, ſon of Henry VI. and to

the ſecond I have appealed for the ſame cauſe and many other facts. I have laid the ſame ſtreſs on the continuator of the Chronicle as Mr. Maſters does (vide p. 16 of Hiſt. Doubts). Is this the proof of my rejecting his authority?

Fabian ſays prince Edward was ſlain by the king's ſervants—Mr. Maſters concludes *ſervants* mean *great men;* but they muſt mean the king's brothers too, or Richard, even from Fabian's words, cannot be included in the charge. Mr. Maſters, to prove *ſervants* mean what the term cannot mean, *the king's own brothers*, produces the phraſe I had quoted from the Chronicle, *ultricibus quorundam manibus;* and in that very phraſe too finds the *quorundam* to mean *the king's brothers:* that is, he finds that the loweſt term implies the higheſt. Was I in the wrong to ſay that he is on my ſide without knowing it? Or will he be ſo good as to quote a paſſage in any tolerable author, in which ſuch a term as *ſomebody or other* is uſed to ſignify the firſt men in a nation? If an hiſtorian, deſcribing the death of Hotſpur at the battle of Shrewſbury, had ſaid, *he was ſlain by one knows not whom*, ſhould we have ever gueſſed that he was killed by Henry prince of Wales?

As in the next article, the murder of Henry VI, Mr. Maſters ſeems not to know his own opinion, I ſhall paſs it over without a remark.

On the murder of Clarence he is equally uncertain. But he thinks my argument drawn from Edward's complaint of no man's interceding for Clarence, confutes the authorities I have quoted for Richard's openly reſiſting Clarence's death. If interceſſion and open reſiſtance are ſynonimous terms, I own I have argued ill: if they are not, Mr. Maſters does not argue very well.

But I have called in queſtion the authority of ſir Thomas More's Hiſtory. True, I have; and Raſtell's Chronicle, written many years after by ſir Thomas More's own brother-in-law, ſhows that I had ſome reaſon for ſo doing. If ſir Thomas's account received from archbiſhop Morton was authentic, could it be doubtful ſo many years afterwards? Is it credible that Raſtell ſhould never have ſeen ſir Thomas's Hiſtory? And if it was genuine, could Raſtell, brother and printer to its author, give two other different accounts of the deaths of Edward V. and his brother? Were More and Raſtell ſo nearly allied and ſo intimate, and yet did neither communicate his work to the other?

When Raſtell wrote his Chronicle, would not ſir Thomas have aſked, why he reported vague, abſurd and improbable tales of their deaths, when he himſelf had given the only certain account from the beſt authority? When Raſtell did not believe the narrative of his own brother-in-law, am I ſo very culpable for queſtioning it? If Mr. Maſters was good at reconciling contradictions, I would entreat him to ſolve theſe. Till he has, I muſt beg leave to rank him on my ſide; as he muſt either doubt with me, or believe contradictions.

I am again warranted to claim this gentleman as the ſupporter of my opinion, by his owning in p. 204 that the parliament-roll (which I have quoted, but, with leave, never plumed myſelf on having diſcovered) aſſerts the precontract of Edward IV. with the lady Eleanor Butler. But Mr. Maſters goes much farther; and, to the confuſion of our antagoniſts, ſhows that ſhe probably broke her heart on the king's marriage. I ſhould not have been bold enough to go ſo far, but am obliged to him for taking that taſk on himſelf. Why he ſays a few lines higher, that it might as well have been Lucy as Butler, when he has proved it was Butler, I cannot conceive. But as he aſſiſts me with new proofs, I will not quarrel with him for a diſpoſition to contradict me.

I am ſorry his arguments againſt me are weaker than the facts he furniſhes me with—but what can I ſay to ſuch reaſoning as this? *If lady Eleanor Butler was dead, as ſhe certainly was, long before the birth of Edward* V. *this ſurely could not be a proper foundation of his illegitimacy*, p. 205. I will not dwell on the context of this argument, which is, that if ſhe was not dead when Edward V. was born, it would have been a foundation for baſtardizing him; which implies that ſhe had been married to Edward IV.—But can a divine really know ſo little of the canon law, as to think that the death of a lawful wife legitimates ipſo facto the iſſue of children born of an illegal wife? If lady Eleanor Butler was Edward's lawful wife, lady Gray could not become his lawful wife by a marriage performed during lady Eleanor's life. To make her his lawful wife, he muſt have married her again on Eleanor's death, or the pope muſt at leaſt have legitimated her children. Even in theſe times an illegal marriage does not become a valid one, unleſs, as lady Wiſhfor't ſays, by an iteration of nuptials. A very recent and celebrated

cauſe confirms this doctrine. Did not the laſt earl of Angleſea marry his ſecond wife again after the death of the firſt?

What the ſcope or even the meaning of the next paragraph is, I proteſt I cannot comprehend. What is the meaning of lady Catherine Stafford marrying her father's grandſon? In Engliſh, it would imply that ſhe married her nephew. Did ſhe? In Edmondſon's Peerage, I find that lady Catherine Stafford had by John Talbot earl of Shrewſbury a daughter named Anne, wife of the lord Boteler or Butler of Sudley. As there appears no other female Talbot who married a lord Butler, it was natural to ſuppoſe that the chriſtian name of *Anne* was put for Catherine; a miſtake ſo common in voluminous genealogies, that no man of ſenſe can wonder at it. Dugdale ſays the ſame, and makes the lady Butler grand-daughter of the duke of Buckingham—Thus, if Buck miſled me, Dugdale miſled him. But Raphe Brooke, p. 196, makes Eleanor lady Butler, as Mr. Maſters does, daughter of John Talbot firſt earl of Shrewſbury by his ſecond wife Margaret Beauchamp. Indeed Brooke, nor any man elſe, I believe, but Mr. Maſters ever ſaid that a woman was *deſcended* from her own father. Mr. Maſters, taking half of my argument for the whole, by a licence frequent in controverſy, ſays, that to magnify her deſcent I make her of the royal family: I have ſaid *ſhe was ſiſter of the earl of Shrewſbury, one of the greateſt peers in the kingdom, and grand-daughter of the duke of Buckingham, a prince of the blood; an alliance in that age never reckoned unſuitable.* I could not be abſurd enough to ſay a princeſs of the blood was in that age not reckoned a match unſuitable to the crown. I muſt have meant that a ſiſter of one great peer and grand-daughter of another deſcended from Edward III. muſt have ſtruck the nation as a properer match for the king than the widow Gray—and Mr. Maſters, with his uſual kindneſs in aſſiſting me, affirms that lady Eleanor was grand-daughter of the great Beauchamp earl of Warwick, and niece of the ducheſs of Norfolk, beſides being daughter of the firſt hero of the age. Are not my arguments wonderfully invalidated by ſuch contradiction?

For the wardrobe-account, I will refer the reader to my anſwer to Dr. Milles. For the reſt of Mr. Maſters's opinions, containing neither new facts nor arguments, I ſhall leave them to make for or againſt me as they may. One inſtance of his candour I will mention. I have aſked why the evidence of the queen-mother, of her daughters, and of a thouſand others who had

ſeen Richard duke of York in his childhood, was not demanded to prove that Perkin Warbeck was an impoſtor. Mr. Maſters has diſcovered that the queen-dowager was dead: and one of a legion being dead, he thinks it very fair to ſet aſide all the reſt. It is juſt what has been done by all my anſwerers. They have picked and culled disjointed paſſages here and there, jumped at a trifling anachroniſm or two, ſhunned, carefully ſhunned the thread of the argument, dreaded and fled from the repeated queſtion on Tirrel's evidence, on which I offered to reſt the whole, and taken care to make no reply to the table of arguments that I have recapitulated at the end. Inſtead of this manly mode of logical argumentation, they have recourſe to clamours on great names, and aſk me how I dare diſpute the authorities of ſuch men as More and Bacon? Mr. Maſters, the laſt of my anſwerers, is even offended that I laugh at three chancellors. I hope a fourth will reward Him, and then I ſhall laugh at four.

But I have not incurred this gentleman's diſpleaſure for making free with chancellors alone: he feels even for popiſh biſhops, and in p. 214 reproves my reflections on the catholic clergy who condemned Jane Shore. Yet the very cenſures that I paſs on *holy perſons*, are decent, commendable, in ſound divines. A holy perſon may call downright names; with impunity he may, in very coarſe terms, abuſe a prelate, who was both biſhop and *chancellor*. In ſhort, Mr. Maſters, in p. 206, ſays of doctor Stillington biſhop of Bath and chancellor, that he was a time-ſerving, revengeful prelate, and acted the part of a pimp to king Edward. That I deſpiſe *monkiſh* hiſtorians is moſt certain, (v. p. 200 of the Archæol.) and for theſe reaſons, becauſe they are partial, bigoted to authority, inaccurate, and generally incapable of reaſoning: becauſe they illiberally vilify thoſe who are not of their opinion, and yet deny the ſmalleſt liberty of cenſure to others: and, above all, becauſe they prefer abſurd traditions to the inveſtigation of truth, and cannot ſee a ſun-beam break into their cell, without being ready to cry Fire! So much do they apprehend the detection of error, ſo much do they think faith and darkneſs involved in one common cauſe. Sir Thomas More and lord Bacon repeat over and over that the murders of the children were uncertain. The true believers, that is the credulous, inſiſt on believing that More and Bacon believed what they ſay they did not believe, for could they believe what they declare was uncertain? Was it poſſible for two men of ſuch acute and

and penetrating genius as More and Bacon to believe that a king and his brother were murdered, that the crime was confeſſed by the perpetrators, and yet that the fact remained uncertain? A monkiſh hiſtorian may relate ſuch a legend, but one muſt be a monk or an antiquary to give him credit.

Here therefore I take my leave of All who think credulity in ancient fables a couſin-german of faith, and that great names can legitimate baſtard tales by having ſtood godfathers to them, even though the ſponſors have regiſtered their doubts on the ſpuriouſneſs of the babes they have uſhered into the world.

Whilſt I had the honour of being member of the Society of Antiquaries, I uſed my weak endeavours to promote the ſtudy of antiquities by publiſhing ancient pieces really valuable or intrinſically curious; at the ſame time taking the liberty of blending criticiſm and free diſcuſſion with the paſſion I had for the remains of paſt ages; not having quite ſo much ſuperſtition or bigotry as to think that time can ſtamp value on every thing it has ſpared, merely by not having deſtroyed it. I went ſo far as to hold, that popular lies do not acquire the force of truth ſolely by having been handed down to us—an opinion, which I confeſs does not a little claſh with the dignity of oral tradition. I have found my error: the preſident of our learned ſociety, and the reverend Mr. Maſters, diſapproved of my making common ſenſe the touchſtone of legends which two great men had adopted, and three centuries had conſecrated. The immortal volumes of our ſociety, the *Archæologia*, which I was once ſo irreverent as to interpret *old women's logic*, will for ever record my condemnation. The tales, which the acute ſceptic Hume thought himſelf called upon in honour to uphold, only becauſe he had from idleneſs adopted them, are now irrefragably eſtabliſhed in the annals of the ſociety, amidſt ſo many profound reſearches and conjectures on Daniſh inſcriptions, and Saxon epitaphs in Latin on obſcure Romiſh prieſts, thoſe relics of ignorant and barbarous ages, of late become the darling occupation of the learned. Richard the Third and I are left to the mercy of that futile poſterity, who ſhall be content with the trifling amuſement of reaſoning and argumentation; while the more enlightened ſhall be ſuſtained in their faith by the authority of ſuch great names as thoſe of More, Bacon, Milles, and Maſters.

Convinced

Convinced of my unworthineſs to fill a ſeat in ſo ſolid an aſſembly, I reſigned my place: and though I ſhall no more diſturb the repoſe of their *erudite* and *recondite* volumes, I ſhall wait with impatience for the moment when the venerable academy ſhall oblige the public with their lucubrations on the hiſtory of Whittington and his cat *.

POSTSCRIPT TO MY HISTORIC DOUBTS,

Written in FEBRUARY 1793.

IT is afflictive to have lived to find in an age called not only civilized but enlightened, in this eighteenth century, that ſuch horrors, ſuch unparalleled crimes have been diſplayed on the moſt conſpicuous theatre in Europe, in Paris the rival of Athens and Rome, that I am forced to allow that a multiplicity of crimes, which I had weakly ſuppoſed were too manifold and too abſurd to have been perpetrated even in a very dark age, and in a northern iſland not only not commencing to be poliſhed, but enured to barbarous manners, and hardened by long and barbarous civil wars amongſt princes and nobility ſtrictly related—Yes, I muſt *now* believe that any atrocity may have been attempted or practiſed by an ambitious prince of the blood aiming at the crown in the fifteenth century. I *can* believe (I do not ſay I do) that Richard duke of Glouceſter dipped his hand in the blood of the ſaint-like Henry the ſixth, though ſo revolting and injudicious an act as to excite the indignation of mankind againſt him. I can now believe that he contrived the death of his own brother Clarence—and I can think it poſſible, inconceivable as it was, that he aſperſed the chaſtity of his own mother, in order to baſtardize the offspring of his eldeſt brother; for all theſe extravagant exceſſes have been exhibited in the compaſs of five years by a monſter, by a

* Though the author pays the ſociety the compliment of having left them on a ſenſe of his own unworthineſs, he did not really withdraw his name from their regiſter, till their conſultation on the ſtory of Whittington and his cat had been brought on the ſtage by Foote, and had made them ridiculous; as the author of theſe pages intimated in a letter to their ſecretary; not thinking he was obliged to ſhare in the ridicule of follies, in which he had no part. H. W.

royal duke, who has actually ſurpaſſed all the guilt imputed to Richard the third, and who, devoid of Richard's courage, has acted his enormities openly, and will leave it impoſſible to any future writer, however diſpoſed to candour, to entertain one *hiſtoric doubt* on the abominable actions of Philip duke of Orleans.

After long plotting the death of his ſovereign, a victim as holy as, and infinitely ſuperior in ſenſe and many virtues to, Henry VI. Orleans has dragged that ſovereign to the block, and purchaſed his execution in public, as in public he voted for it.

If to the aſſaſſination of a brother (like the ſuppoſed complicity of Gloucester to that of Clarence) Orleans has not yet concurred; ſtill, when early in the revolution he was plotting the murder of the king, being warned by an aſſociate that he would be detected, he ſaid, "No; for I will have my (natural) brother the abbé de St. Far ſtabbed too, and then nobody will ſuſpect *me* of being concerned in the murder of my own brother."—So ably can the aſſaſſins of an enlightened age refine on and ſurpaſs the atrocious deeds of Goths and Barbarians!

Shade of Richard of Glouceſter! if my weak pen has been able to waſh one bloody ſpeck, one incredible charge from *your* character, can I but acknowledge that Philip of Orleans has ſullied my varniſh, and at leaſt has weakened all the arguments that I drew from the improbability of *your* having waded ſo deeply into wickedneſs and impudence that recoiled on yourſelf, as to calumniate your own mother with adultery. If *you* did, it was to injure the children of your brother—ſtill *you* had not the ſenſeleſs, ſhameleſs effrontery to ſhake your own legitimacy.—Philip of Orleans mocks your pitiful ſelf-partiality—He in perſon, and not by proxy, has declared his own mother a ſtrumpet, has baſtardized himſelf, and for ever degraded his children as progeny deſcended from a coachman!——For what glory, for what object, far be it from me to conjecture!—Who would have a mind congenial enough to that of ſuch a monſter, as to be able to gueſs at his motives?

FINIS.

AEDES WALPOLIANAE:

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

COLLECTION OF PICTURES

AT

Houghton-Hall in Norfolk,

The SEAT of the Right Honorable

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

Artiſts and Plans reliev'd my ſolemn Hours;
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.

PRIOR's Solomon.

TO

LORD ORFORD.

SIR,

YOU will eaſily perceive how different this addreſs is from other dedications. They are generally calculated, by praiſing the noble, the powerful, the rich, to engage protection and favour to the work: and when the timidity or obſcurity of the author may be prejudicial to his book, he borrows virtue from other men to patronize and ſhelter his own blemiſhes.

This is not the caſe of what I offer: it is a work of your own; a plain deſcription of the effects of your own taſte. If I deſigned to compliment you, the book itſelf would ſupply me with topics. If I mentioned the ornaments of the houſe, your ſtar, your coronet are panegyrics on your nobility; the true nobility, as you are the fountain of it in our family; and, however the ſenſe of the world may differ from me, I own I had rather be the firſt peer of my race than the hundredth.

Your power and your wealth ſpeak themſelves in the grandeur of the whole building.——And give me leave to ſay, ſir, your enjoying the latter, after loſing the former, is the brighteſt proof how honeſt were the foundations of both.

Could

Could thoſe virtuous men your father and grandfather ariſe from yonder church, how would they be amazed to ſee this noble edifice and ſpacious plantations, where once ſtood their plain homely dwelling! How would they be ſatisfied to find only the manſion-houſe, not the morals of the family altered!

May it be long, ſir, ere you join them! And oh! as you wear no ſtain from them, may you receive no diſgrace from

Your dutiful

HOUGHTON,
Aug. 24, 1743.

And affectionate Son,

HORACE WALPOLE.

F. Zinke effig. p. 1735

G. Vertue del & sculp. 1748.

F. Zinke effig. p. 1744

G. Vertue del. & sculp. 1748.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following account of lord Orford's collection of pictures, is rather intended as a catalogue than a deſcription of them. The mention of cabinets in which they have formerly been, with the addition of the meaſures, will contribute to aſcertain their originality, and be a kind of pedigree to them.

In Italy, the native ſoil of almoſt all *virtù*, deſcriptions of great collections are much more common and much more ample. The princes and noblemen there, who loved and countenanced the ARTS, were fond of letting the world know the curioſities in their poſſeſſion. There is ſcarce a large collection of medals but is in print. Their gems, their ſtatues, and antiquities, are all publiſhed. But the moſt pompous works of this ſort are the Ædes Barbarinæ and Giuſtinianæ, the latter of which are now extremely ſcarce and dear.

Commerce, which carries along with it the curioſities and arts of countries, as well as the riches, daily brings us ſomething from Italy. How many valuable collections of pictures are there eſtabliſhed in England on the frequent ruins and diſperſion of the fineſt galleries in Rome and other cities! Moſt of the famous Pallavicini collection have been brought over; many of them are actually at Houghton. When I was in Italy, there were to be ſold the Sagredo collection at Venice, thoſe of the Zambeccari and ſan Pieri palaces at Bologna; and at Rome, thoſe of the * Sacchetti and cardinal Ottoboni †; and of that capital one I mentioned, the Barbarini: but the

* The Sacchetti collection has been ſince purchaſed by pope Benedict XIV. and placed in the capitol.

† I bought the famous buſt of Veſpaſian in baſaltes, at this cardinal's ſale.

extravagant prices affixed had hindered the latter from being broken. Statues are not ſo numerous, and conſequently come ſeldomer, beſides that the chief are prohibited from being ſold out of Rome: a ſilent proof that the ſums ſent thither for purchaſes are not thrown away, ſince the prohibition aroſe from the profits flowing into the city by the concourſe of ſtrangers who travel to viſit the pictures and ſtatues there. For however common and more reaſonable the pretext, I believe, ten travel to ſee the curioſities of a country, for one who makes a journey to acquaint himſelf with the manners, cuſtoms, and policy of the inhabitants.

There are not a great many collections left in Italy more worth ſeeing than this at Houghton: in the preſervation of the pictures, it certainly excells moſt of them. That noble one in the Borgheſe palace at Rome is almoſt deſtroyed by the damps of the apartment where it is kept.

The Italian collections are far more numerous and more general. Lord Orford could not meet with a few very principal hands: but there are enough here for any man who ſtudies painting to form very true ideas of moſt of the chief ſchools, and to acquaint himſelf with moſt of the chief hands. Knowledge of this ſort is only to be learnt from pictures themſelves. The numerous volumes wrote on this art have only ſerved to perplex it. No ſcience has had ſo much jargon introduced into it as painting: the bombaſt expreſſion of the Italians, and the prejudices and affectation of the French, joined to the vanity of the profeſſors, and the intereſted myſterioufneſs of picture-merchants, have altogether compiled a new language. 'Tis almoſt eaſier to diſtinguiſh the hands of the maſters, than to decypher the cant of the virtuoſi. Nor is there any ſcience whoſe productions are of ſo capricious and uncertain a value. As great as are the prices of fine pictures, there is no judging from them of the ſeveral merits of the painters; there does not ſeem to be any ſtandard of eſtimation. You hear a virtuoſo talk in raptures of Raphael, of Coreggio's grace, and Titian's colouring: and yet the ſame man, in the ſame breath, will talk as enthuſiaſtically of any of the firſt maſters, who wanted all the excellencies of all the three. You will perhaps ſee more paid for a picture of Andrea del Sarto, whoſe colouring was a mixture of miſt and tawdry, whoſe drawing hard and forced, than for the moſt graceful air of a Madonna that ever flowed from the pencil of Guido. And as for the Dutch painters, thoſe drudging mimicks of nature's moſt uncomely coarſeneſſes, do not their

earthen

earthen pots and braſs kettles carry away prices only due to the ſweet neatneſs of Albano, and to the attractive delicacy of Carlo Maratti? The gentleſt fault that can be found with them, is what Apelles ſaid of Protogenes: "Dixit enim omnia ſibi cum illo paria eſſe, aut illi meliora, ſed uno ſe præſtare, quod manum ille de tabula neſciret tollere." *Plin. lib.* 35, *cap.* 10. Their beſt commendation was the ſource of their faults; their application to their art prevented their being happy in it. "Artis ſumma intentio, et ideo minor fertilitas." Nicolo Pouſſin had the greateſt averſion for Michael Angelo Caravaggio, for debaſing the art by imitations of vulgar and unrefined nature. His lights and ſhades are as diſtinct and ſtrongly oppoſed as on objects ſeen by candle-light. It was not ſo much want of genius in the Flemiſh maſters, as want of having ſearched for ſomething better. Their only idleneſs ſeems to have been in the choice of their ſubjects. Rottenhamer and Paul Brill, who travelled into Italy, contracted as pleaſing a ſtyle as any of the Italian maſters. Lord Orford's landſcapes of the latter are very near as free, as pure, and as genteel as Claude's and Titian's.

There was ſomething in the Venetian ſchool, eſpecially in Paul Veroneſe, which touches extremely upon the ſervile imitation of the Dutch: I mean their ornaments of dreſs, and gaudy embroidered garments. It puts me in mind of a ſtory of Apelles, who, looking on a picture juſt finiſhed by one of his ſcholars, which was mightily decked out with gold and jewels, "At leaſt, my lad, ſaid he, if you could not make her handſome, you have made her rich."

If ever collections could be perfect, the preſent age ſeems to be the period for making them ſo. Another century may ſee half the works of the great maſters deſtroyed or decaying: and I am ſorry to ſay, that there ſeems to be a ſtop to any farther improvements, or continuation of the perfection, of the art. We ſeem to be at Pliny's period, "Hactenus dictum ſit de dignitate artis morientis." I know none of the profeſſors who merit the name (for if ever Solimeni did, which I ſcarce think, he is now paſt the uſe of his pencil), except Roſalba and Zink—two artiſts whoſe manners are the moſt oppoſite—hers*, as periſhable as it is admirable; his †, almoſt as laſting as it deſerves to be. Though there are no remains of this kind of painting among the

* Crayons. † Enamel.

ancients, yet they certainly knew it; for Pliny, in the fourth chapter of his thirty-fifth book, abſolutely mentions a kind of enamel, where he ſays Auguſtus bought a picture which "Nicias ſcripſit ſe inuſſiſſe." They called it the encauſtic manner of painting, and had three different ſorts of it *. It is not at all improbable that time ſhould diſcover ſomething of this ſort too. I believe, till within theſe ſix years, it was agreed among the virtuoſi that the ancients knew little or nothing of perſpective; but among the very fine pieces of painting dug out from the new-diſcovered underground town at Portici near Naples, which is ſuppoſed the ancient Herculaneum, deſtroyed by an earthquake with ſeveral other towns in the reign of Titus, there was found an excellent and perfect piece of perſpective, conſiſting of a view of a ſtreet with ſeveral edifices on each ſide, which is now preſerved in the king of Naples's cloſet.

In one part of painting, indeed, their ignorance was very extraordinary; for they were amazed at a picture of Minerva, which ſeemed to look at you wherever you ſtood. Pliny, in the above cited book, ſays, "Amulii erat Minerva ſpectantem aſpectans quacunque aſpiceretur." One is aſtoniſhed how they could ever paint portraits and not perceive this common effect. I don't imagine they drew all portraits in profile, as they did the heads on their medals, till about Juſtinian's time. Some of their buſts and ſtatues have eyeballs marked, and conſequently have the effects of other portraits.

In another particular, the painters had a method very common among the moderns, which was, to make their miſtreſſes fit for the ideal goddeſſes they were to draw. One example Pliny mentions of Arellius, "ſemper alicujus fœminæ amore flagrans, et ob id deas pingens, ſed dilectarum imagine: itaque in pictura ejus ſcorta numerabantur." Among the moderns Baroccio always drew his Madonnas from his ſiſter: Rubens, all his principal women from his three wives. In the Luxembourg gallery at Paris he has painted them for the three graces. In lord Orford's picture of Chriſt at the houſe of Simon the leper, he has taken the idea of the laſt for the Magdalene. Lord Orford has a head of the ſame woman by him, and her portrait at length in that celebrated picture of her by Vandyke. The firſt is with him in his family-piece by his ſcholar Jordans of Antwerp; the ſecond was a dark woman.

* See Pliny, lib. xxv. cap. 11.

Sir

Sir Peter Lely was employed by the ducheſs of Cleveland to draw her and her ſon the duke of Grafton for a Madonna and little Jeſus, which ſhe ſent for an altar-piece to a convent of nuns in France. It ſtaid there two years, when the nuns, diſcovering whoſe portrait it was, returned it.

I cannot conclude this topic of the ancient painters without taking notice of an extreme pretty inſtance of Prior's taſte, and which may make an example on that frequent ſubject the reſemblance between poetry and painting, and prove that taſte in the one will influence in the other. Every body has read his tale of Protogenes and Apelles. If they have read the ſtory in Pliny they will recollect, that by the latter's account it ſeemed to have been a trial between two Dutch performers. The Roman author tells you, that when Apelles was to write his name on a board, to let Protogenes know who had been to enquire for him, he drew an exactly ſtraight and ſlender line. Protogenes returned, and with his pencil, and another colour, divided his competitor's. Apelles, on ſeeing the ingenious minuteneſs of the Rhodian maſter, took a third colour, and laid on a ſtill finer and indiviſible line. But the Engliſh poet, who could diſtinguiſh the emulation of genius from nice experiments about ſplitting hairs, took the ſtory into his own hands, and in a leſs number of trials, and with bolder execution, comprehended the whole force of painting, and flung drawing, colouring, and the doctrine of light and ſhade into the noble contention of thoſe two abſolute maſters. In Prior, the firſt wrote his name in a perfect deſign, and

"-------with one judicious ſtroke
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true."

Protogenes knew the hand, and ſhowed Apelles that his own knowledge of colouring was as great as the other's ſkill in drawing.

* "Upon the happy line he laid
Such obvious light and eaſy ſhade,

* Mr. Vertue the engraver made a very ingenious conjecture on this ſtory: he ſuppoſes that Apelles did not draw a ſtraight line, but the outline of a human figure, which not being correct, Protogenes drew a more correct figure within his; but that ſtill not being perfect, Apelles drew a ſmaller and exactly proportioned one within both the former.

That Paris' apple ſtood confeſt,
Or Leda's egg, or Chloe's breaſt."

Apelles acknowledged his rival's merit, without jealouſly perſiſting to refine on the maſterly reply: *" Pugnavere pares, ſuccubuere pares."

I ſhall not enter into the hiſtory of either ancient or modern painting; it is ſufficient to ſay that the former expired about the year 580, and revived again in the perſon of Cimabue, who was born in 1240. Some of his works are remaining at Florence; and at Rome and in other cities are to be ſeen the performances of his immediate ſucceſſors: but as their works are only curious for their antiquity, not for their excellence; and as they are not to be met with in collections, I ſhall paſs over thoſe fathers of painting to come to the year 1400, ſoon after which the chief ſchools began to form themſelves. Andrea Mantegna was born in the year 1431, and of himſelf formed that admirable ſtyle, which is to be ſeen in his triumphs of Julius Cæſar at Hampton-court;—a ſtyle which Raphael, Julio, and Polidore, ſeem rather to have borrowed from him, as he had drawn it from the antique, than to have diſcovered it themſelves.

The firſt and acknowledged principal ſchool was the Roman: it was particularly admired for drawing, taſte, and great ideas; all flowing from thoſe models of improved nature, which they had before their eyes in the antique ſtatues and bas-reliefs. Their faults were, minute and perplexed draperies, and a hardneſs of colouring: faults ariſing from the ſame ſource as their perfections, they copied too exactly the wet draperies which the ancient ſtatuaries uſed to cling round their figures very judiciouſly, to ſhow the formation of the limbs, and to give a lightneſs to the marble, which would not endure to be encumbered with large folds and flowing garments, but which are the great beauties of painting. Raphael towards the end of his life grew ſenſible of this, and ſtruck out a greater ſtyle in his draperies. Their hard colouring too was owing to their cloſe application to the ſtudy of the antique, and to their neglect of nature. Raphael's ſuperior genius made him alone comprehend both. The many volumes written on his ſubject make it needleſs to ſay more of Raphael. Michael Angelo Buonarotti alone of all the

* Martial.

Roman

Roman ſchool fell into the contrary extreme: he followed nature too cloſely, ſo enamoured with that ancient piece of anatomical ſkill, the Torſo, that he neglected all the purer and more delicately-proportioned bodies. He was as much too fond of muſcles, as Rubens afterwards was of fleſh; each overloaded all their compoſitions with their favourite ſtudy. This great ſchool, after the death of the diſciples of Raphael and Michael Angelo, languiſhed for ſeveral years, but revived in almoſt all its glory in the perſon of * Andrea Sacchi, who carried one part of the art to greater perfection than any before him or ſince, the harmony of colours. His countryman and competitor Pietro Cortona was a great ornament to Rome. He had rather a richneſs than a fruitfulneſs of fancy. There is too remarkable a ſameneſs in his ideas, particularly in the heads of his women; and too great a compoſure in his expreſſion of the paſſions. No collection can be complete without one picture of his hand, and none wants more than one, except of his greater and leſs ſort, for his ſmall pieces are his beſt. Lord Orford has one in his cabinet, which is very capital. He had an extreme good ſcholar, Ciro Ferri. Andrea Sacchi bred up a moſt admired ſcholar, the famous Carlo Maratti. This latter and his ſcholars formed a new Roman ſchool, and added grace, beauty, and lightneſs, to the majeſty, dignity, and ſolemnity, of their predeceſſors. Indeed Carlo Maratti has unluckily been one of the deſtroyers of painting, by introducing that very light ſtyle of colouring, which in leſs ſkilful hands has degenerated into glare and tawdry. The drawing-room in this collection, called the Carlo Marat room, is a perfect ſchool of the works of him, Nicolo Beretoni, and Gioſeppe Chiari, his diſciples.

Cotemporary with the elder Roman ſchool was the Venetian, as renowned for their colouring, as the other for their drawing. Titian, Giorgione, Pordenone, Paul Veroneſe, Tintoret, the Baſſans, Paris Bourdon, Andrea Schiavoni, and the Palmas, were the chief maſters of it; Titian and Paul Veroneſe by far the beſt. The landſcapes of the former, and the architecture of the latter, were equal to their carnations. Giorgione had great ideas. Pordenone and Tintoret were dark and ungraceful. The Palmas were ſtiff, and the † Baſſans particular. The elder Palma is remarkable for ill-drawn

* He firſt ſtudied under Albano.

† Sanderſon in his Graphice, an affected but ſenſible book, obſerves that the picture of the deluge by Baſſan, then at St. James's, had ſo many pots and dripping-pans, blue coats and dogs, that it ſeemed rather a diſordered and confuſed kitchen than Noah's flood. *Page* 74.

hands and arms, of which he was ſo ſenſible, that he ſeldom has ſhown above one of each figure. The Baſſans have always ſtooping figures, and delighted in drawing the backs of them. Their landſcapes are dark, and their greateſt lights conſiſt in the red draperies, which they promiſcuouſly diſtributed to almoſt every figure.

The ſame century produced that univerſal genius, Lionardo da Vinci, whoſe colouring of fleſh does not yield in roundneſs to Titian's; nor his ſkill in anatomy to his cotemporary Michael Angelo's; his judgment in it was greater. Though he was not born at Milan, yet his reſidence there eſtabliſhed a kind of Milaneſe ſchool. It was the fate of that city not to have its greateſt ornaments born its natives. The Procacini, who were of Bologna, retired thither on ſome diſputes with the Caracci. Camillo, who was moſt known of the three, was very particular in his colouring. The variety of tints in his fleſh, the odd diſpoſition of his lights on the verges of the limbs, and his delighting in cluſtering groupes, make his pictures extremely eaſy to be known.

There is little to be ſaid of the Florentine ſchool, as there was little variety in the maſters; and except Andrea del Sarto, and the two Zuccheros, their names are ſcarce known out of Tuſcany. Their drawing was hard, and their colouring gaudy and gothic.

The Lombard ſchool was as little univerſal, but far more known by producing thoſe two great men Coreggio and Parmegiano: the firſt, for grace and ſweetneſs confeſt the firſt of painters; and the latter as celebrated for the majeſty of his airs. His works are eaſily known by long necks and fingers, and by a certain greenneſs in his colouring. To Coreggio ſeems applicable what Pliny tells us of Apelles; "cum aliorum opera admiraretur, collaudatis omnibus, deeſſe iis unam illam venerem dicebat, quam Græci charita (grace) vocant: cætera omnia contigiſſe, ſed hac ſoli ſibi neminem parem. *Lib.* 35, *cap.* 10." Frederico Baroccio was a great imitator of Coreggio, but ſeems rather to have ſtudied what Coreggio did, than what he did well; his beautiful colouring and bad drawing are both like Coreggio's.

The Neapolitan ſchool has produced little good: if Lanfranc was a great maſter, which in my own mind I do not think, he was bred up in the ſchool

ſchool of the Caracci. His manner was wild, glaring, and extravagant. What Luca Jordano did well, he owed to his maſter Pietro Cortona. His careleſs and haſty manner almoſt always prevented his pictures from being excellent. His hand is often difficult to be known, as it was the moſt various and uncertain. There cannot be three manners more unlike, than in the Cyclops, the judgment of Paris, and the two ſmall ones in the Carlo Marat room, all by him. Generally indeed his pictures are to be diſtinguiſhed by deep blue ſkies, blue and white draperies, and vaſt confuſion of unaccountable lights, particularly on the extremities of his figures. His genius was like Ovid's, flowing, abundant, various, and incorrect.

The greateſt genius Naples ever produced reſided generally at Rome; a genius equal to any that city itſelf ever bore. This was the great Salvator Roſa. His thoughts, his expreſſion, his landſcapes, his knowledge of the force of ſhade, and his maſterly management of horror and diſtreſs, have placed him in the firſt claſs of painters. In lord Townſhend's * Beliſarius, one ſees a majeſty of thought equal to Raphael, an expreſſion great as Pouſſin's. In lord Orford's prodigal is repreſented the extremity of miſery and low nature; not foul and burleſque like Michael Angelo Caravaggio; nor minute, circumſtantial and laborious, like the Dutch painters. One of them would have painted him eating broth with a wooden ſpoon, and have employed three days in finiſhing up the bowl that held it. In the ſtory of the old man and his ſons, one ſees drawing and a taſte of draperies equal to the beſt collected from the antique. Salvator was a poet and an excellent ſatiriſt. Here again was a union of thoſe arts. His pictures contain the true genius and end of ſatire. Though heightened and expreſſive as his figures are, they ſtill mean more than they ſpeak. Pliny deſcribed Salvator in the perſon of Timanthes: "In omnibus ejus operibus intelligitur plus ſemper quam pingitur." Does not the very pity and indignation which the figure of Beliſarius excites, ſilently carry with it the ſevereſt ſatire on Juſtinian? This great maſter had a good cotemporary, who imitated his manner very happily: it was Bourgognon, the battle-painter. There was a ſort of genius ſome time before like Salvator's, but which, for want of his ſtrength of mind, ſoon degenerated into capricious wildneſſes, and romantic monſtrouſneſs: this was Pietro Teſta. The compariſon of theſe two leads me to another between Salvator, and that

* This picture has been engraved in the moſt exquiſite manner by Strange, 1757.

great Engliſh genius Shakeſpeare, of whom it is ſaid, that he not only invented new characters, but made a new language for thoſe characters. His Caliban, and Salvator's monſter at the duke of Rutland's, have every attribute which ſeems proper to thoſe imaginary ſpecies.

Naples was the general reſidence too of Spagnolet, one of the few good painters produced by Spain. His pictures breathe the ſpirit of his country; fierce and dark colouring; barbarous and bloody ſubjects. Velaſco and Murillio were the only two other Spaniſh painters who have made any figure. Velaſco's manner was bold and ſtrong; his colours daſhed on in thick relief. Murillio's taſte was much ſweeter than that of his countrymen. He imitated Vandyck's ſtyle in hiſtory-pieces ſo nearly, that at firſt they may be miſtaken for them.

The French ſchool has flouriſhed with ſeveral extremely good maſters. One character runs through all their works, a cloſe imitation of the antique, unaſſiſted by colouring. Almoſt all of them made the voyage of Rome. Nicolo Pouſſin was a perfect maſter of expreſſion and drawing, though the proportion of his figures is rather too long. Le Sœur, his diſciple, to the ſtyle of his maſter, and the ſtudy of the antique, joined an imitation of Raphael, which, had his life been longer, would have raiſed him high above Pouſſin. The man kneeling on the fore-ground in lord Orford's ſaint Stephen, might be taken for the hand of Raphael. And in the Moſes in the bull-ruſhes, the diſtant woman is quite in that great maſter's taſte. The cloiſter, painted by him at the Chartreuſe at Paris, is, in my opinion, equal to any compoſition extant for the paſſions and fine thoughts. His fault was in his draperies; the folds are mean and unnatural. Sebaſtian Bourdon was liker Pouſſin, only that, as Pouſſin's figures are apt to be too long, his are generally too ſhort, and conſequently want the grace which often conſiſts in over-lengthened proportions. Le Brun's colouring was better than any of the French, but his compoſitions are generally confuſed and crowded. Lord Orford's Icarus is much beyond and very unlike his uſual manner. It is liker to Guercino, without having the fault of his too black ſhadows. France and Lorrain have produced two more painters, who in their way were the greateſt ornaments to their profeſſion; Gaſpar Pouſſin, and Claude Lorrain: the latter eſpecially was the Raphael of landſcape-painting.

I ſhall

I ſhall not enter into any detail of the Flemiſh painters, who are better known by their different varniſhes, and the different kind of utenſils they painted, than by any ſtyle of colouring and drawing. One great man they had, who ſtruck out of the littleneſſes of his countrymen, though he never fell into a character of graceful beauty: but Rubens is too well known in England to want any account of him. His ſcholar Vandyck contracted a much genteeler taſte in his portraits. But what ſerved other painters for models of beauty, was to him a ſtandard of miſcarrying: all his portraits of women are graceful: but his Madonnas, which he probably drew from ſome miſtreſs, are moſt remarkable for want of beauty.

It will eaſily be obſerved that I have yet omitted one of the principal ſchools, the Bologneſe; but, as I began with the Roman, I reſerved this to conclude with. This, which was as little inferior to the Roman as it was ſuperior to all the reſt; this was the ſchool, that to the dignity of the antique joined all the beauty of living nature. There was no perfection in the others, which was not aſſembled here. In Annibal Caracci one ſees the ancient ſtrength of drawing. In his Farneſe gallery, the naked figures ſupporting the ceiling are equal to the exerted ſkill of Michael Angelo, ſuperiorly coloured. They talk of his faults in drawing, but thoſe figures and lord Orford's little Venus are ſtandards of proportion for men and women. In Guido were the grace and delicacy of Coreggio, and colouring as natural as Titian's. I cannot imagine what they mean, who ſay he wanted knowledge in the chiaro oſcuro: it was never more happily applied and diffuſed than in lord Orford's Adoration of the ſhepherds. In Albano was finiſhing as high as in the exacteſt Flemiſh maſters. His ſcholar Mola formed compoſitions as rich as the famed Barbarini ceiling by Pietro da Cortona; lord Orford's Curtius is an inſtance. There are numbers of figures leſs crowded, more neceſſary, and with far more variety of expreſſion. If nature and life can pleaſe, the ſweet Dominichini muſt be admired. Theſe two never met in one picture in a higher degree than in lord Orford's Madonna and child, by him. One cannot conceive more expreſſion in two figures ſo compoſed, and which give ſo little room for ſhowing any paſſion or emotion. Ludovico Caracci, the founder of this great ſchool, was more famous for his diſciples than his works: though in Bologna they prefer him to Annibal: but his drawing was incorrect, and his hands and feet almoſt always too long. In

one point I think the Bologneſe painters excelled every other maſter; their draperies are in a greater taſte than even Raphael's. The largeneſs and ſimplicity of the folds in Guido's Diſpute of the doctors is a pattern and ſtandard for that ſort of painting.

I ſhall conclude with theſe few recapitulations. I can admire Coreggio's grace and exquiſite finiſhing; but I cannot overlook his wretched drawing and diſtortions. I admire Parmegiano's more majeſtic grace, and wiſh the length of limbs and necks, which forms thoſe graceful airs, were natural. Titian wanted to have ſeen the antique; Pouſſin to have ſeen Titian. Le Sœur, whom I think in drawing and expreſſion equal to Pouſſin, and in the great ideas of his heads and attitudes ſecond to Raphael, like the firſt wanted colouring, and had not the fine draperies of the latter. Albano never painted a picture but ſome of the figures were ſtiff, and wanted grace; and then his ſcarce ever ſucceeding in large ſubjects will throw him out of the liſt of perfect painters. Dominichini, whoſe communion of ſaint Jerome is allowed to be the ſecond picture in the world, was generally raw in his colouring, hard in his contours, and wanted a knowledge of the chiaro oſcuro. In ſhort, in my opinion, all the qualities of a perfect painter never met but in Raphael, Guido, and Annibal Caracci.

A DESCRIPTION

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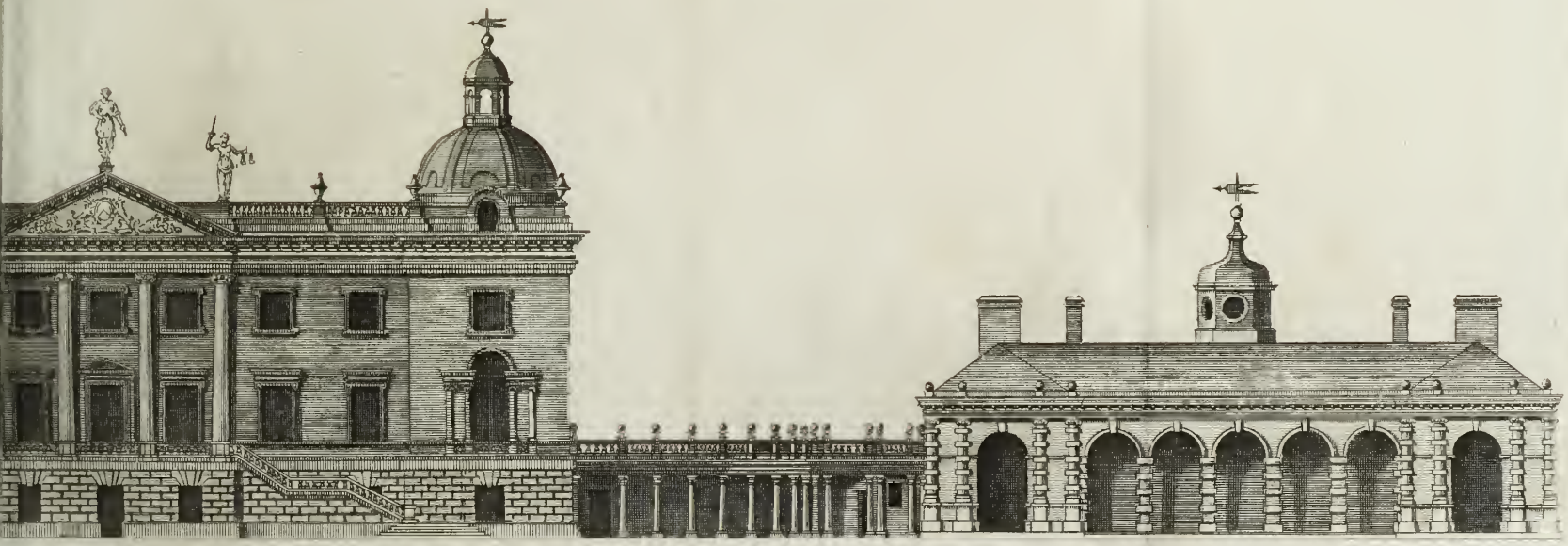

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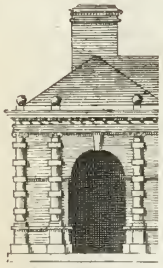

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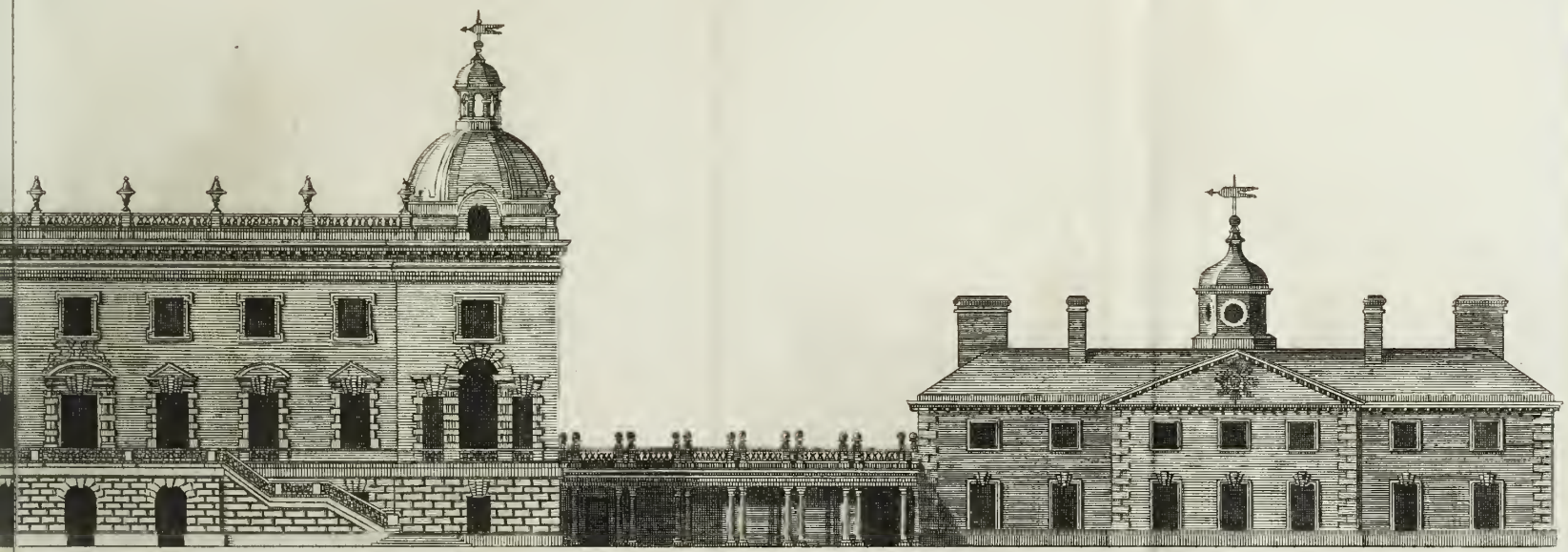

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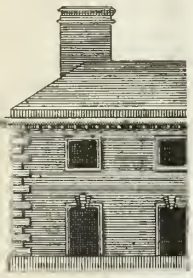

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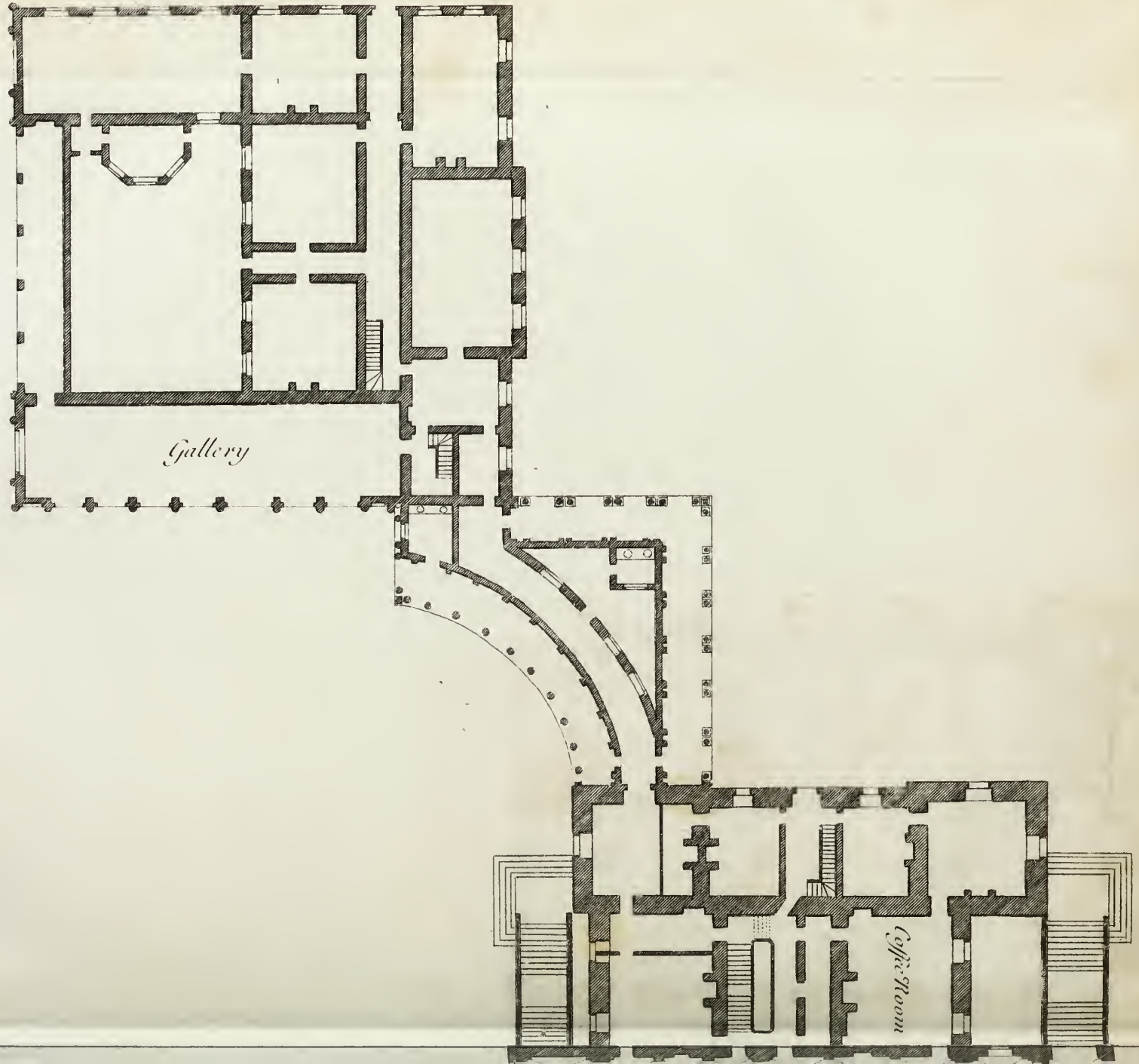
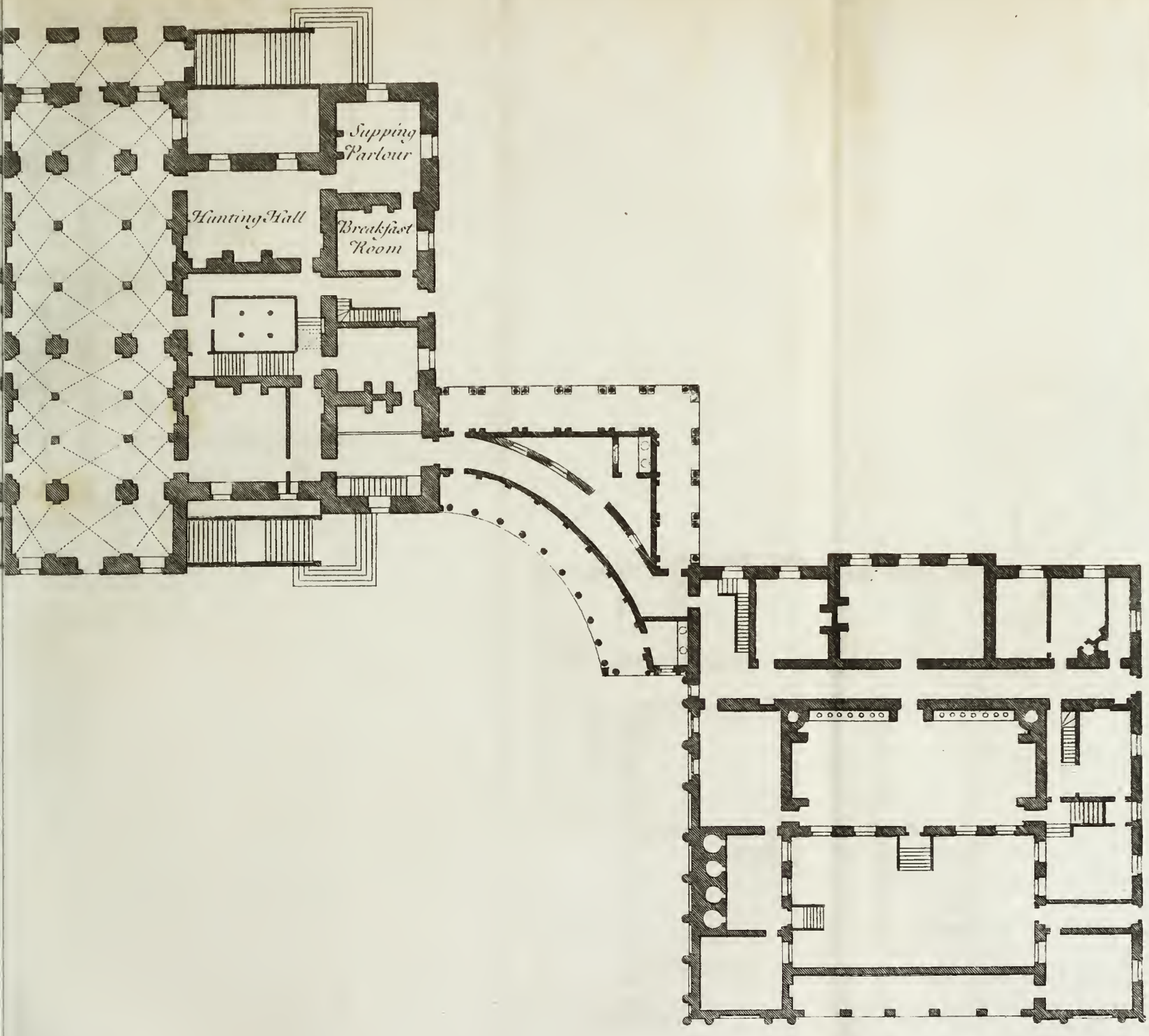

Gallery
Coffee Room



ound Plan.

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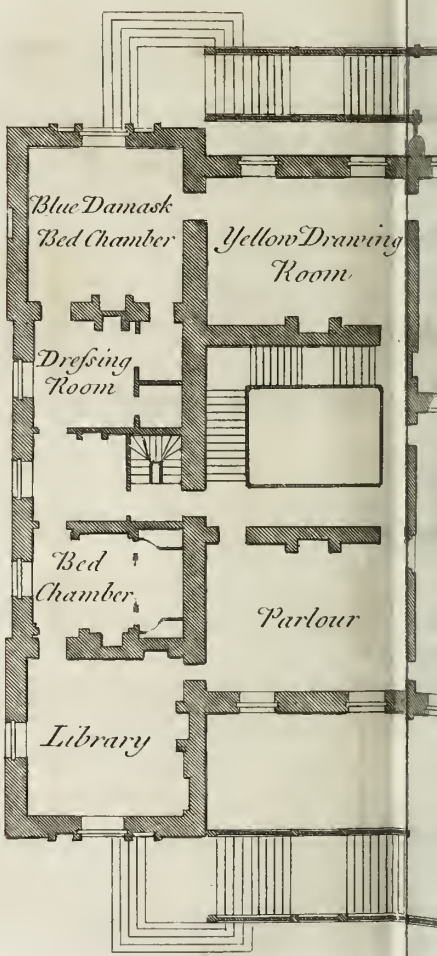
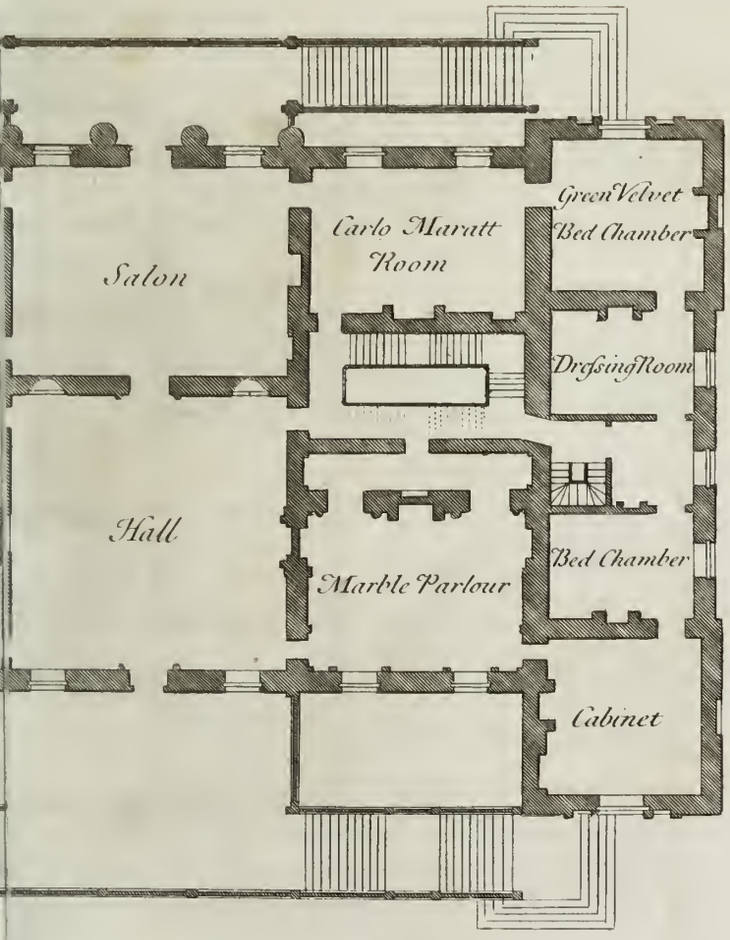

Blue Damask
Bed Chamber
Yellow Drawing
Room
Dreſsing
Room
Bed
Chamber
Parlour
Library

Plan &



the Principal floor.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

HOUGHTON-HALL*.

THE common approach to the houſe is by the ſouth-end door, over which is engraved this inſcription,

ROBERTUS WALPOLE
HAS ÆDES
ANNO S. MDCCXXII.
INCHOAVIT,
ANNO MDCCXXXV.
PERFECIT.

On the Right-Hand you enter a ſmall Breakfaſt-Room.

Over the chimney is a very good picture of hounds, by Wootton.

* Sir Robert Walpole uſed to ſay that he had taken the idea of the towers from Oſterly-park, near Brentford.

A concert

A concert of birds, by Mario di Fiori; a very uncommon picture, for he ſeldom painted any thing but flowers; it belonged to Gibbons the carver, and is four feet ſeven inches high, by ſeven feet nine and a quarter wide.

The prodigal ſon returning to his father; a very dark picture by Pordenone, the architecture and landſcape very good. It is five feet five inches high, by eight feet eleven and half wide. This picture belonged to George Villiers, the great duke of Buckingham.

A horſe's head, a fine ſketch, by Vandyck.

A greyhound's head, by old Wyck, who was Wootton's maſter.

Sir Edward Walpole, grandfather of ſir Robert Walpole. He was created knight of the bath at the coronation of king Charles the ſecond, and made a great figure in parliament. Once on a very warm diſpute in the houſe, he propoſed an expedient, to which both parties immediately concurred: Waller the poet moved that he might be ſent to the Tower, for not having compoſed the heats ſooner, when he had it in his power. He married Suſan, daughter of ſir Robert Crane, on whoſe death he wrote theſe verſes in his bible, which is now in the church here:

"She lives, reigns, triumphs in a ſtate of bliſs:
My life no life, a daily dying is.
If ſaints for pilgrims here concern'd can be,
I'm confident ſhe now remembers me.
My love for her, not leſſened by her death,
I'm ſure will laſt unto my lateſt breath."

Thus turned into Latin by doctor Bland *, dean of Durham:

"Vivit adhuc, regnat, cœleſti in ſede triumphat:
At vita, heu! mors eſt quotidiana mihi.
Tangere ſi qua poteſt miſerorum cura beatos,
Sat ſcio non curas negligit illa meas.

* He alſo drew up the Latin inſcription engraved on the foundation-ſtone.

Occidit

Occidit illa mihi, ſed amor non occidit unà ;
Nec niſi cum pereat vita, peribit amor."

He is buried at Houghton church, with this plain epitaph : " Here lies ſir Edward Walpole : Cætera ſi quæras, narrabit fama ſuperſtes."

Robert Walpole, ſon of ſir Edward, and father of ſir Robert Walpole : he was member for Caſtle-Riſeing, from the firſt of William and Mary till his death in 1700. His wife was Mary, only daughter of ſir Jeffery Burwell, by whom he had nineteen children.

Horatio lord Townſhend, father of Charles lord viſcount Townſhend.

Mr. Harold, gardener to ſir Robert Walpole, a head, by Ellis.

The Supping Parlour.

The battle of Conſtantine and Maxentius, a copy, by Julio Romano, of the famous picture in the Vatican, which he executed after a deſign of Raphael. It is four feet eight inches and a half high, by nine feet ſeven and a quarter wide *. The ſtory is thus told by Zoſimus, hiſt. lib. 2. " Tantis cum ambo copiis inſtructi eſſent, Maxentius pontem ſupra Tiburim flumen faciebat, non connexum prorſus à ripa, qua urbem ſpectat, ad alteram uſque ripam; ſed duas in partes ita diviſum, ut in medio flumine ea, quæ partem utramque pontis explebant, inter ſe quodam modo concurrentem fibulis ferreis, quo revellebantur, quoties pontem quis junctum nollet, ſimul imperabat fabris, quamprimum viderent exercitum Conſtantini juncturæ pontis inſiſtere, fibulas revellerent ac pontem ſolverent, ut quotquot huic inſiſterent, in fluvium dilaberentur. Ac Maxentius quidem hæc ſtruebat. Conſtantinus autem cum exercitu Romam uſque progreſſus, ante urbem caſtra metabatur in campo, qui et late patet et equitatui eſt opportunus. Maxentius intra muros incluſus, Diis victimas offerebat, et extiſpices de belli eventu conſulebat, ipſis quoque Sybillinis oraculis perveſtigatis. Quumq; reperiſ-

* There was one of theſe (probably this very picture) in the collection of king James the ſecond. *See his Catalogue publiſhed by Bathoe*, p. 22, No. 248.

ſet oraculum, quo ſignificaretur in fatis eſſe, ut qui ad perniciem P. R. ſpectantia deſignaret, miſerabili morte periret: de ſemetipſo id accipiebat, quaſi qui Romam adortos eamque capere cogitantes, propulſaret. Eventus autem comprobavit id, quod verum erat. Nam cum Maxentius copias ex urbe produxiſſet, jamque pontem, quem ipſe junxerat, tranſiiſſet; infinita quædam multitudo noctuarum devolans, muros complebat. Quo conſpecto, ſuis Conſtantinus, ut aciem ſtruerent imperabat. Quum exercitus utrimque cornibus adverſis ſtarent, equitatum Conſtantinus immiſit. Is equitatum hoſtilem adortus, fudit. Peditibus quoque ſigno ſublato, rite compoſiteque in hoſtem illi tendebant. Acri conſerto prælio, Romani quidem ipſi et Itali ſocii ſegniores ad obeunda pericula ſe præbebant, quod aceiba tyrannide ſe liberari optarent. Reliquorum vero militum innumerabilis quædam multitudo cecidit, tum ab equitibus proculcata, tum à peditibus interempta. Enimvero quum diù reſiſtebat Equitatus, aliqua Maxentio ſpes eſſe reliqua videbatur: ſed equitibus jam ſuccumbentibus, fuga cum reliquis abrepta, per pontem fluminis ad urbem contendebat. Tignis autem minime ſuſtinentibus eam vim oneris, adeoq; ruptis, cum cætera multitudine Maxentius etiam fluminis impetu abripiebatur."

Over the chimney, Horace Walpole, brother of ſir Robert Walpole. He was ambaſſador in France and Holland, cofferer of the houſehold, and laſtly one of the tellers of the exchequer; and created a baron a little before his death. Three quarters length, by Richardſon.

Sir Robert Walpole, when ſecretary at war to queen Anne. Three quarters, by Jervaſe.

Catherine lady Walpole, his firſt wife; ditto.

Sir Charles Turner, one of the lords of the treaſury. He married to his firſt wife, Mary, eldeſt ſiſter of ſir Robert Walpole. Three quarters, by Richardſon.

Charles lord viſcount Townſhend, ſecretary of ſtate to king George the firſt and ſecond. Three quarters, by ſir Godfrey Kneller.

Dorothy, his ſecond wife, and ſecond ſiſter of ſir Robert Walpole. Three quarters, by Jervaſe.

Anne

Anne Walpole, aunt of ſir Robert Walpole (a head). She was wife of Mr. Spelman, of Narborough in Norfolk.

Dorothy Walpole, ditto (died unmarried).

Mary Walpole, ditto, married to John Wilſon, eſq. of Leiceſterſhire.

Elizabeth Walpole, ditto, ſecond wife of James Hoſt, eſq. of Sandringham in Norfolk.

The Hunting-Hall.

Suſannah and the two elders, by Rubens; five feet eleven inches and half high, by ſeven feet eight inches and a quarter wide.

A hunting-piece. Sir Robert Walpole is in green*; colonel Charles Churchill in the middle; and Mr. Thomas Turner on one ſide. By Wootton, ſix feet ten inches high, by eight feet five wide. There are prints of this picture.

The Coffee-Room.

Over the chimney, a landſcape with figures dancing, by Swanivelt, two feet three inches high, by three feet three wide.

Jupiter and Europa, after Guido, by Pietro da Pietris; four feet ten inches high, by ſix feet two wide.

Galatea, by Zimeni; four feet ten inches high, by ſix feet two wide.

Horatio Walpole, uncle of ſir Robert Walpole. He married lady Anne Oſborn, daughter of Thomas the firſt duke of Leeds, and widow of Robert Coke, eſq. of Holkham in Norfolk, grandfather of the preſent earl of Leiceſter. Three quarters.

* He is upon a white horſe called the Chevalier, which was taken in Scotland in the year 1715, and was the only horſe the Pretender mounted there.

Galfridus Walpole, younger brother of ſir Robert, and one of the general poſt-maſters. He was captain of the Lion in queen Anne's wars, and was attacked by five French ſhips on the coaſt of Italy againſt three Engliſh, two of which deſerted him, but his own he brought off, after fighting bravely and having his arm ſhot off.

Returning through the arcade, you aſcend the great ſtaircaſe, which is painted in chiaro oſcuro by Kent. In the middle four Doric pillars riſe and ſupport a fine caſt in bronze of the * gladiator, by John of Boulogne, which was a preſent to ſir Robert from Thomas earl of Pembroke.

The Common Parlour.

This room is thirty feet long, by twenty-one broad. Over the chimney is ſome fine pear-tree carving, by Gibbons, and in the middle of it hangs a portrait of him by ſir Godfrey Kneller. It is a maſter-piece, and equal to any of Vandyck's. Three quarters.

King William, an exceedingly fine ſketch by ſir Godfrey, for the large equeſtrian picture which he afterwards executed very ill at Hampton-court, and with ſeveral alterations. Four feet three inches high, by three feet ſix wide †.

King George the firſt, a companion to the former, but finiſhed. The figure is by ſir Godfrey, which he took from the king at Guilford horſe-race. The horſe is new painted by Wootton. I ſuppoſe this is the very picture which gave riſe to Mr. Addiſon's beautiful poem to Kneller.

A ſtud of horſes by Wovermans; two feet one inch and three quarters high, by two feet nine wide.

* I ſhould imagine that this is the ſtatue mentioned in the catalogue of king Charles the firſt, and which was ſold for 300l. It was poſſibly caſt by Hubert le Sueur, who lived in ſaint Bartholomew's cloſe, a ſcholar of John of Boulogne, not by him himſelf: it ſtood in the garden at ſaint James's palace.

† Mrs. Barry and another actreſs ſat for the two emblematic figures on the fore-ground, in the great picture.

Venus

Venus bathing, and Cupids with a car, in a landſcape, by Andrea Sacchi; one foot ten inches and half high, by two feet ſix inches wide. It was lord Halifax's.

A holy family, by Raphael da Reggio, a ſcholar of Zucchero; two feet two inches and three quarters high, by one foot and a quarter wide.

A fine picture of architecture in perſpective, by Steenwyck; one foot nine inches high, by two feet eight wide.

A cook's ſhop by Teniers. It is in his very beſt manner. There are ſeveral figures; in particular his own, in a hawking habit, with ſpaniels; and in the middle an old blind fiſherman, finely painted. Five feet ſix inches and three quarters high, by ſeven feet ſeven and three quarters wide.

Another cook's ſhop, by Martin de Vos, who was Snyder's maſter, and in this picture has excelled any thing done by his ſcholar. It is as large as nature. There is a greyhound ſnarling at a cat, in a moſt maſterly manner. Five feet eight inches high, by ſeven feet ten and half wide.

A Bacchanalian, by Rubens. It is not a very pleaſant picture, but the fleſh of the Silenus and the female ſatyrs are highly coloured. There is a ſmall deſign for this picture reverſed, in the great duke's tribune at Florence. Two feet eleven inches and three quarters high, by three feet ſix wide.

The nativity, by Carlo Cignani. The thought of this picture is borrowed (as it has often been by other painters) from the famous Notte of Coreggio at Modena, where all the light of the picture flows from the child. Three feet ſeven inches and half high, by two feet ten and half wide.

Sir Thomas Chaloner, an admirable portrait; three quarters, by Vandyck. Sir Thomas was governor to Henry prince of Wales * [*vide Strafford Papers*,

* He had been ſo to the celebrated duke of Northumberland, the baſtardized ſon of the earl of Leiceſter. *Vide Wood's Athenæ*, vol. ii. p. 126. This ſir Thomas gave a piece of ground to archbiſhop Grindal's executors for that prelate's free ſchool at ſaint Begh's, and 40 loads of coal yearly to it out of his mines there, reſerving a right of placing two ſcholars, by the name of Chaloner's ſcholars. *Biogr. Brit.* page 2439.

vol. i. page 490] and in 1610 was appointed his lord chamberlain. [*Vide Sandford's genealogical tables*, page 529.] He died in 1615, and was buried at Chiſwick *.

Sir Thomas Greſham, the founder of Greſham-college, by Antonio More. Two feet ſix inches and a quarter high, by two feet and half wide.

* He wrote a treatiſe on the virtue of NITRE, printed at London 1584, ſome other philoſophic works, and a paſtoral. He diſcovered the alum-mines at Giſburg in Yorkſhire (where he had an eſtate) towards the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign; but they being adjudged to be mines royal, little benefit accrued to the family, though the long parliament afterwards reſtored them to his ſons, who were from theſe cauſes engaged on the parliament ſide; and Thomas and James, two of them, ſat as judges on king Charles the firſt. James, who wrote a treatiſe on the iſle of Man †, and made ſeveral collections of antiquities, poiſoned himſelf with a potion prepared by his miſtreſs, 1660, on an order for taking him into cuſtody. Thomas, who was one of the Yorkſhire members, had been a witneſs againſt archbiſhop Laud, and one of the council of ſtate, and died in exile at Middleburg in Zeland, 1661. He wrote An anſwer to the Scotch papers concerning the diſpoſal of the perſon of the king; A juſtification of that anſwer; A true and exact relation of finding the tomb of Moſes near mount Nebo; and A ſpeech containing a plea for monarchy in 1659. Thomas, his grandfather, was a celebrated wit, poet, and warrior, having ſerved in the expedition againſt Algier under Charles the fifth; where being ſhipwrecked, and having ſwam till his arms failed him, he caught hold on a cable with his teeth and ſaved himſelf. He was knighted by the ‡ duke of Somerſet, for his valour, after the battle of Muſſelborough; and by queen Elizabeth ſent embaſſador to the emperor Ferdinand and to king Philip the ſecond, where he reſided four years, and died ſoon after his return in 1565, and was buried with a ſumptuous funeral in ſaint Paul's. He wrote A little dictionary for children; A poem in ten books in Latin verſe §; De republicâ Anglorum inſtaurandâ, printed 1579, with an appendix, De illuſtrium quorundam encomiis, cum epigrammatibus & epitaphiis nonnullis; His voyage to Algier, 1541 ‖; and tranſlated from the Latin, The office of ſervants, written by Gilbert Cognatus; and Eraſmus's Praiſe of folly, 1549, and re-printed 1577. *Vide Wood's Athenæ Oxon.* His epitaph in Latin and Engliſh was written by doctor Walter Haddon, maſter of requeſts to queen Elizabeth. *Vide Hackett's Collect. of Epitaphs*, vol. ii. p. 184. His portrait was engraved by Hollar. In the year 1616 an earthen pot full of braſs money of the emperors Carauſius and Allectus was found under the root of a tree in Steeple-Claydon pariſh near the pond, in the woods of ſir Thomas Chaloner. *Vide Kennet's Parochial Antiq.* page 11.

† *It was dedicated to T. lord Fairfax, the parl. general, whom he celebrates for his taſte and patronage of antiquities.* Vide Thoreſby's Leeds, p. 525.

‡ *The duke at the ſame time ſent his wife a jewel.* Engliſh Worthies, p. 535.

§ *He wrote this book in Spain, when he was no better houſed, as he himſelf ſays in his preface, than hieme in furno, eſtate in horreo. He took for his motto, Frugality is the left hand of fortune, and diligence the right.* Eng. Worthies, p. 535. *Puttenham names maſter Chaloner with ſir Ph. Sidney, as excellent for eclogue and paſtoral poeſy.*

‖ *Villegaignon, an extraordinary adventurer, wrote an account of the ſame expedition, in Latin.* Vide Gen. Dict. vol. x. p. 1.

Eraſmus, by Holbein, a half length, ſmaller than the life.

A friar's head, by Rubens.

Francis Halls, a head, by himſelf.

The ſchool of Athens, a copy (by Le Brun) of Raphael's fine picture in the Vatican. Three feet two inches high, by four feet two and three quarters wide.

Joſeph Carreras, a Spaniſh poet, writing; he was chaplain to Catharine of Braganza, queen of Charles II. Half length, by ſir Godfrey Kneller. There is a mezzotinto from this picture.

Rembrandt's wife, half length, by Rembrandt.

Rubens's wife, a head, by Rubens.

A man's head, by Salvator Roſa.

Mr. Locke, a head, by ſir Godfrey Kneller.

Inigo Jones, a head, by Vandyck.

Over the door, Anne, daughter of ſir Henry Lee; three quarters, by ſir Peter Lely. She was married to Mr. Wharton, afterwards created a marquis; and was herſelf a celebrated poeteſs. Waller has addreſſed a copy of verſes to her on the death of lord Rocheſter, whoſe great friend and relation ſhe was. See her article in the General Dictionary, vol. x. where are two letters of hers in a very amiable ſtyle, and ſome of doctor Burnet's in a very wretched one.

Over another door, Mrs. Jenny Deering, miſtreſs to the marquis of Wharton. Theſe two came out of the Wharton collection.

Over the two other doors, two pieces of ruins, by Viviano.

The

The Library.

This room is twenty-one feet and half, by twenty-two and half. Over the chimney is a whole length, by ſir Godfrey Kneller, of king George I. in his coronation-robes, the only picture for which he ever ſat in England.

The Little Bed-Chamber.

This little room is all wainſcoted with mahogany; and the bed, which is of painted taffety, ſtands in an alcove of the ſame wood. Over the chimney is a half length, by Dahl, of Catharine Shorter, firſt wife of ſir Robert Walpole, and eldeſt daughter of John Shorter, eſq. of Bybrook in Kent, by Elizabeth, daughter of ſir Eraſmus Philips, of Picton-caſtle in Pembrokeſhire. This is an exceedingly good portrait.

On the other ſide, a portrait of Maria Skerret, ſecond wife of ſir Robert Walpole; three quarters, by Vanloo.

The Little Dreſſing-Room.

A landſcape by Wootton, in the ſtyle of Claude Lorrain, over the chimney.

The Blue Damaſk Bed-Chamber

Is of the ſame dimenſions with the library, and is hung with tapeſtry. Over the chimney, ſir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford, prime miniſter to king George I. and to king George II.

Quem neque Tydides, nec Lariſſæus Achilles,
Non * Anni domuere Decem.

He built this houſe, and made all the plantations and waters here. A whole length, in the Garter-robes, by Vanloo.

* After his reſignation, a ſecret committee was appointed to inquire into the laſt ten years of his adminiſtration.

The

The Drawing-Room

Is thirty feet by twenty-one, and hung with yellow caffoy. The ceiling is exactly taken, except with the alteration of the paternal coat for the ſtar and garter, from one that was in the dining-room of the old houſe, built by ſir Edward Walpole, grandfather of ſir Robert.

Over the chimney is a genteel buſt of a Madonna in marble, by Camillo Ruſconi.

Above, is carving by Gibbons, gilt, and within it a fine picture by Vandyck, of two daughters of lord Wharton, out of whoſe collection theſe came, with all the other Vandycks in this room, and ſome others at lord Walpole's at the Exchequer. Five feet four inches high, by four feet three wide.

The judgment of Paris, by Luca Jordano. There is an odd diffuſion of light all over this picture: the Pallas is a remarkably fine figure. Eight feet high, by ten feet eight and a quarter wide.

A ſleeping Bacchus, with nymphs, boys and animals; its companion.

King Charles I. a whole length, in armour, by Vandyck. By a miſtake, both the gauntlets are drawn for the right hand *.

Henrietta Maria of France, his queen, by ditto.

Archbiſhop Laud, the original portrait of him; three quarters, by Vandyck. The univerſity of Oxford once offered the Wharton family four hundred pounds for this picture.

Philip lord Wharton, three quarters, by Vandyck. This lord in his youth was handſome and a beau; in the civil war he ſided with the parliament,

* When this picture was in the Wharton collection, old Jacob Tonſon, who had remarkably ugly legs, was finding fault with the two gauntlets. Lady Wharton ſaid, Mr. Tonſon, why might not one man have two right hands, as well as another two left legs?

and

and had a regiment of horſe, but his courage was called in queſtion. He left the houſe when the laſt violences were determined againſt the king, but was one of Oliver's peers and privy-council, and narrowly eſcaped being excepted in the general act of indemnity, though he expended ſome thouſand pounds to make a figure in the cavalcade at the king's reſtoration, in particular having diamond buttons to the mourning which he was then wearing for his ſecond wife. He was committed to the Tower with the duke of Buckingham and lord Shaftſbury, on their aſſerting the diſſolution of the long parliament; but his chief merits were a patriot fraud, by which he procured the paſſing the habeas corpus act, being one of the tellers in the houſe of lords, when he outwitted his partner and gave in a falſe majority; and by moving for an abrogation of the old oaths of allegiance, and ſubſtituting the preſent plain oath in their ſtead. He was one of the firſt that appeared for the revolution; and died in 1694. He laid out a large ſum at Woburn in Buckinghamſhire, and made the fine collection of Vandyck's and Lely's, which were removed to Winchendon by his ſon the marquis of Wharton, and ſold to ſir Robert Walpole by the late duke his grandſon. *Vide Memoirs of the life of T. marq. of Wharton.*

Sir Chriſtopher Wandesford, head of the Caſtlecomer family; lord deputy of Ireland in 1640; in which year he died. Three quarters, ſitting, by Vandyck.

* Lady Wharton, three quarters, by ditto.

Jane, daughter of lord Wenman; ditto. The hands, in which Vandyck excelled, are remarkably fine in this picture.

Robert lord Walpole, eldeſt ſon of ſir Robert Walpole, by Catherine his firſt wife; a head in crayons, by Roſalba. He ſucceeded his father in the earldom, and died in 1751, being knight of the Bath, auditor of the Exchequer, and maſter of the fox-hounds to the king.

Edward Walpole†, ſecond ſon of ſir Robert Walpole, ditto.

Horace Walpole, third ſon of ſir Robert Walpole, ditto.

* Philadelphia, daughter of Robert Carey earl of Monmouth, wife of ſir Thomas Wharton.

† He was created knight of the Bath in Auguſt 1753.

Mary

Mary lady viſcounteſs Malpas, ſecond daughter of ſir Robert Walpole by his firſt wife, and married to George lord Malpas, maſter of the horſe to Frederic prince of Wales, and knight of the Bath; afterwards earl of Cholmondeley, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaſter, and lord privy-ſeal. She died of a conſumption at Aix, in Provence, ætatis ſuæ 29. A profile ſketch, by Jervas.

N. B. There is no portrait here of Catharine Walpole, eldeſt daughter of ſir Robert Walpole, who died at Bath of a conſumption, ætatis ſuæ 19.

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of ſir Robert Walpole earl of Orford by Maria his ſecond wife, married to Charles Churchill, eſq. in crayons, by Pond.

The Salon

Is forty feet long, forty high, and thirty wide; the hanging is crimſon flowered velvet; the ceiling painted by Kent, who deſigned all the ornaments throughout the houſe. The chimney-piece is of black and gold marble, of which too are the tables.

In the broken pediment of the chimney ſtands a ſmall antique buſt of a Venus; and over the garden-door is a larger antique buſt.

On the great table is an exceeding fine bronze of a man and woman, by John of Boulogne. When he had made the fine marble groupe of the rape of the Sabines in the loggia of the piazza del gran duca at Florence, he was found fault with for not having expreſſed enough of the ſoftneſs of the woman's fleſh; on which he modelled this, which differs in its attitudes from the other, and has but two figures; but theſe two are maſter-pieces for drawing, for the ſtrength of the man, and the tender delicacy of the woman. This bronze was a preſent to lord Orford from Horace Mann, eſq. the king's reſident at Florence.

On the other tables are two vaſes of oriental alabaſter.

Over the chimney, Chriſt baptized by ſaint John, a moſt capital picture of Albano. His large pieces are ſeldom good, but this is equal both for colouring and drawing to any of his maſter Caracci, or his fellow-ſcholar Guido. It is eight feet eight inches high, by ſix feet four and a half wide. There is one of the ſame deſign in the church of ſan Giorgio at Bologna, with an oval top, and God the father in the clouds, with different angels; two are kneeling, and ſupporting Chriſt's garments. This picture belonged to Mr. Law, firſt miniſter to the regent of France.

The ſtoning of ſaint Stephen; a capital picture of Le Sœur. It contains nineteen figures, and is remarkable for expreſſing a moſt maſterly variety of grief. The ſaint, by a conſiderable anachroniſm, but a very common one among the Roman catholics, is dreſt in the rich habit of a modern prieſt at high maſs. Nine feet eight inches and a half high, by eleven feet three and three quarters wide.

The holy family; a moſt celebrated picture of Vandyck. The chief part of it is a dance of boy-angels, which are painted in the higheſt manner. The virgin ſeems to have been a portrait, and is not handſome; and the piece is too much crowded with fruits and flowers and birds. In the air are two partridges finely painted. This picture was twice ſold for fourteen hundred pounds: ſince that, it belonged to the houſe of Orange. The princeſs of Frieſland, mother of the preſent prince of Orange, ſold it during his minority, when ſir Robert bought it. It is ſeven feet and half an inch high, by nine feet one and three quarters wide. It belonged originally to king Charles the firſt, and is mentioned in the Catalogue of his pictures, p. 171. There is a fine print of it.

Mary Magdalen waſhing Chriſt's feet; a capital picture of Rubens, finiſhed in the higheſt manner, and finely preſerved. There are fourteen figures large as life. The Magdalen is particularly well coloured. Six feet and three quarters of an inch high, by eight feet two wide. It was monſieur de Morville's, and had belonged to monſieur Bourvalais, a financier, who bought it from the collection of monſieur Cormery, a fermier general *. It is engraved.

* See Deſcript. de Paris, vol. i. p. 226, edit. of 1706.

The

The holy family, in a round, by Cantarini. The child is learning to read. Three feet ſix inches every way.

The holy family, by Titian. It belonged to monſieur de Morville, ſecretary of ſtate in France. Four feet ſeven inches and a half high, by three feet four and a half wide.

Simeon and the child; a very fine picture by Guido. The deſign is taken from a ſtatue of a Silenus with a young Bacchus, in the villa Borgheſe at Rome. This was in monſieur de Morville's collection. Three feet two inches and a half high, by two feet ſeven and a half wide. There is another of theſe, but much leſs finiſhed, in the palace of the marquis Gerini at Florence.

The virgin with the child aſleep in her arms, by Auguſtine Caracci. Three feet ſix inches high, by two feet nine and three quarters wide.

An old woman giving cherries to a boy, by Titian. It is his own ſon and nurſe: four feet ten inches high, by three feet ſix and three quarters wide.

The holy family, by Andrea del Sarto. This and the laſt were from the collection of the marquis Mari at Genoa. Three feet one inch and a quarter high, by two feet ſeven and a quarter wide. Lord Egremont has another of theſe, and lord Exeter another.

The aſſumption of the virgin; a beautiful figure ſupported by boy-angels, in a very bright manner, by Murillio. Six feet four inches and three quarters high, by four feet nine and a half wide *.

The adoration of the ſhepherds, its companion: all the light comes from the child.

* The duke of Bedford has a large picture like this, except that it wants the virgin, by the ſame hand, brought out of Spain by Mr. Bagnols, from whoſe collection the prince of Wales bought ſome fine pictures. Sir Sampſon Gideon has another, in which the virgin is much older than this at Houghton, but finely painted: the boys are fewer, and far inferior; and one corner is too deſtitute of objects. There is a half-moon reverſed under the feet of the virgin.

The Cyclops at their forge, by Luca Jordano. There is a copy of this at ſaint James's by Walton. This belonged to Gibbons. Six feet four inches high, by four feet eleven wide.

Dædalus and Icarus, by Le Brun. In a different manner from what he generally painted. Six feet four inches high, by four feet three wide. For the ſtory, ſee it twice told in Ovid's Metamorphoſis, lib. viii; and lib. ii. De arte amandi.

The Carlo Marat Room

Is thirty feet by twenty-one. The hangings are green velvet, the table of lapis lazuli: at each end are two ſconces of maſſive ſilver.

Over the chimney is* Clement the ninth, of the Roſpiglioſi family; three quarters ſitting, a moſt admirable portrait, by Carlo Maratti. It was bought by Jervas the painter out of the Arnaldi palace at Florence, where are the remains of the great Pallavicini collection, from whence ſir Robert bought ſeveral of his pictures. Nothing can be finer than this: the boldneſs of the penciling is as remarkable as his delicacy in his general pictures, and it was ſo much admired that he did ſeveral of them: one is at lord Burlington's at Chiſwick.

The judgment of Paris, drawn by Carlo Maratti when he was eighty-three years old, yet has none of the rawneſs of his latter pieces: the drawing of the Juno is very faulty, it being impoſſible to give ſo great a turn to the perſon as he has given to this figure: it came out of the Pallavicini collection. The earl of Strafford has a very good copy of it, by Gioſeppe Chiari. Five feet nine inches and three quarters high, by ſeven feet ſeven and a quarter wide. It was engraved by Giacomo Freii.

* He was a poet. *See an account of him in the Sidney Papers publiſhed by Collins*, vol. ii. p. 714; *and Firmani's Seminar. Roman.* p. 189. He was nuntio at Madrid, when the ſix royaliſts, who had murdered Aſcham, the parliament's reſident, were taken out of ſanctuary, and inſiſted on their being re-delivered, which he prevailed on the bigoted king to order. Five of them, catholics, were ſuffered to eſcape; the ſixth, a proteſtant, was ſo watched, that he was retaken on his flight and put to death. *Vide Peck's Deſid. curioſ.* lib. xii. p. 2.

Galatea ſitting with Acis, Tritons and Cupids; its companion. Five feet eight inches and three quarters high, by ſeven feet ſeven and a half wide.

The holy family, an unfiniſhed picture, large as life, by Carlo Maratti in his laſt manner. Three feet two inches and three quarters high, by two feet eight and a quarter wide.

The virgin teaching Jeſus to read, by Carlo Maratti. Two feet three inches and a quarter high, by one foot ten and a quarter wide. Gioſeppe Chiari has executed this thought in the Barberini palace at Rome, but with alterations. In this the virgin is in red. Gioſeppe's is in white; and inſtead of ſaint John, ſaint Elizabeth, and the angels, he has drawn a cardinal reading.

Saint Cæcilia with four angels playing on muſical inſtruments, companion to the former.

> Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cæcilia, ſhine
> With ſimp'ring angels, palms and harps divine. POPE.

Theſe two laſt are moſt perfect and beautiful pictures in his beſt and moſt finiſhed manner, and were in the Pallavicini collection. It has been engraved by Strange, but he has not preſerved the extreme beauty of the faces.

The aſſumption of the virgin, by Carlo Maratti. She has a deep blue veil all over her. Two feet three inches and three quarters high, by one foot ten and a quarter wide.

The virgin and Joſeph with a young Jeſus, a fine picture, by Carlo Maratti, in the manner of his maſter Andrea Sacchi. Two feet five inches and a quarter high, by two feet wide.

The marriage of ſaint Catharine, by Carlo Maratti, two feet ſeven inches high, by one foot ten and a half wide.

Two ſaints worſhiping the virgin in the clouds, by Carlo Maratti. Two feet three inches and a half high, by one foot nine and a half wide.

St. John the evangeliſt, its companion.

A naked

A naked Venus and Cupid, by Carlo Maratti, in a very particular ſtyle. Three feet one inch and a half high, by four feet four and a half wide.

The holy family, by Nicholo Beretoni, Carlo's beſt ſcholar: this picture is equal to any of his maſter's. The grace and ſweetneſs of the virgin, and the beauty and drawing of the young Jeſus, are incomparable. Three feet one inch and a half high, by four feet four and a half wide.

The aſſumption of the virgin, by ditto. Two feet two inches and a half high, by one foot eight and a half wide.

The pool of Betheſda, by Gioſeppe Chiari, another of Carlo's ſcholars. Three feet three inches high, by four feet five wide.

Chriſt's ſermon on the mount, ditto.

Apollo and Daphne, ditto.

Bacchus and Ariadne, ditto, the beſt of the four: the Bacchus ſeems to be taken from the Apollo Belvedere, as the ideas of the Ariadne, and the Venus, evidently are from the figures of Liberality and Modeſty in the famous picture of Guido, in the collection of marquis del Monte at Bologna. There are four pictures about the ſize of theſe in the Spada palace at Rome, by the ſame hand; two, juſt the ſame with theſe two laſt; the other two are likewiſe ſtories out of the Metamorphoſis.

Apollo, in crayons, by Roſalba. Two feet two inches high, by one foot eight wide.

Diana, its companion.

A profile head of a man, a capital drawing, in a great ſtyle, by Raphael.

A profile head of ſaint Catharine, by Guido.

The birth of the virgin, by Luca Jordano. Two feet one inch high, by one foot and a quarter of an inch wide.

The preſentation of the virgin in the temple; its companion. Theſe two are finiſhed deſigns for two large pictures, which he painted for the fine church of the Madonna della Salute at Venice.

The flight into Egypt, by Murillio, in the manner of Vandyck. Three feet two inches and a quarter high, by one foot eleven and a quarter wide.

The crucifixion; its companion.

Hercules and Omphale, by Romanelli: three feet one inch and a half high, by four feet three inches wide.

The Velvet Bed-Chamber

Is twenty-one feet and a half, by twenty-two feet and a half: the bed is of green velvet, richly embroidered and laced with gold, the ornaments deſigned by Kent: the hangings are tapeſtry, repreſenting the loves of Venus and Adonis, after Albano.

Alexander adorning the tomb of Achilles, by Le Mer. The ſubject is taken from the fourth chapter of the ſecond book of Quintus Curtius. Achillem, cujus origine (Alexander) gloriabatur, imprimis mirari ſolitus, etiam circum cippum ejus cum amicis nudus decucurrit, unctoque coronam impoſuit. The head of Alexander is taken from his medals; the figures are in the true antique taſte, and the buildings fine. Eight feet two inches and three quarters high, by five feet two and a half wide.

Over one of the doors, a ſea-port, by old Griffier. Three feet two inches and a half high, by four feet one inch wide.

A landſcape over the other door, by ditto.

The Dreſſing-Room

Is hung with very fine gold tapeſtry after pictures of Vandyck. There are whole-length portraits of James the firſt, queen Anne his wife, daughter of Frederick

Frederick the ſecond king of Denmark, Charles the firſt and his queen, and Chriſtian the fourth king of Denmark, brother of queen Anne; they have fine borders of boys with feſtoons, and oval pictures of the children of the royal family. At the upper end of this room is a glaſs caſe filled with a large quantity of ſilver philegree, which belonged to Catharine lady Walpole.

Over the chimney, the conſulting the Sibylline oracles, a fine picture, by Le Mer; companion to that in the bed-chamber: the architecture of this is rather the better. The painter has miſtaken, and repreſented a large number of books; whereas the hiſtories ſay, that when the Sibyl offered them at firſt to Tarquinius Superbus, there were but nine; and on his twice refuſing them, ſhe burnt ſix, and then made him pay the firſt demanded price for the remaining three, which were kept in a ſtone vault with the greateſt care; and only conſulted on extraordinay occaſions, by two of the nobility who had the charge of them. This number in the time of the commonwealth was increaſed to ten, and in Sylla's time, the laſt time they were conſulted, to fifteen: the year before his dictatorſhip the capitol was burnt, and they with it. There were ſome diſperſed Sibylline oracles afterwards collected, but never much credited, which remained to the reign of Honorius, when Stilicho burnt them *. There is an anachroniſm in this picture, which may be pardoned in a painter: he has thrown in among the buildings the ſeptizonium Severi; now Sylla's dictatorſhip began in the year 672 U. C. and Severus did not begin his reign till 945 U. C. or 193 A. D.

Over the door, dogs and ſtill life, by Jervas.

Over the other door, its companion.

* In the reign of Tiberius, an act paſſed in the ſenate at the motion of one of the tribunes, to add a book to the Sibylline oracles, at the requeſt of Caninius Gallus, one of the Quindecim Viri. The emperor reprimanded the fathers, and told them, that Auguſtus, quia multa vana ſub nomine celebri vulgabantur, ſanxiſſe, quem intra diem ad prætorem Urbanum deferrentur, neque habere privatim liceret. He added, à majoribus quoque decretum erat, poſt exuſtum ſociali bello capitolium, quæſitis Samo, Ilio, Erythris, per Africam etiam ac Siciliam, et Italicas colonias, carminibus Sibyllæ (una, ſeu plures fuere) datoque ſacerdotibus negotio, quantum humanâ ope potuiſſent, vera diſcernere. *Tacit. Ann.* 6, 12. It is probable that Tiberius's ſtrictneſs on this ſubject proceeded from his apprehenſions of the people being excited by propheeies to rebel againſt him; he having but a little time before put ſeveral perſons to death for publiſhing a prediction that he had left Rome in ſuch a conjunction of the planets as for ever to exclude his return. *Ann.* 4, 58.

The

The Embroidered Bed-Chamber.

The bed is of the fineſt Indian needle-work. His royal highneſs Francis duke of Lorrain, afterwards grand duke of Tuſcany, and ſince emperor, lay in this bed, which ſtood then where the velvet one is now, when he came to viſit ſir Robert Walpole at Houghton. The hangings are tapeſtry.

Over the chimney, the holy family, large as life, by Nicolo Pouſſin. It is one of the moſt capital pictures in this collection; the airs of the heads and the draperies are in the fine taſte of Raphael and the antique; Elizabeth's head is taken from a ſtatue of an old woman in the villa Borgheſe at Rome: the colouring is much higher than his uſual manner; the Virgin's head and the young Jeſus are particularly delicate. Five feet ſeven inches high, by four feet three and three quarters wide. There is a print of it.

Over the doors, two pieces of cattle, by Roſa di Tivoli.

The Cabinet

Is twenty-one feet and a half, by twenty-two and a half, hung with green velvet. Over the chimney is a celebrated picture of Rubens's wife, by Vandyck; it was fitted for a pannel in her own cloſet in Rubens's houſe. She is in black ſatin, with a hat on, a whole length; the hands and the drapery are remarkably good.

Rubens's family, by Jordans of Antwerp; Rubens is playing on a lute, his firſt wife is ſitting with one of their children on her lap, and two others before her. There are ſeveral other figures, and genii in the air. Five feet nine inches high, by four feet five inches and a half wide. This picture belonged to the duke of Portland.

A winter-piece, by Giacomo Baſſan. Three feet eight inches and a half high, by five feet eleven and three quarters wide.

A ſummer-piece, by Leonardo Baſſan. Three feet eight inches and a half

high, by five feet eleven and three quarters wide. Theſe two were in the collection of monſieur de la Vrilliere.

Boors at cards, by Teniers: one foot four inches high, by one foot ten wide.

Chriſt appearing to Mary in the garden; an exceedingly fine picture, by Pietro da Cortona. One foot nine inches and a half high, by one foot eight inches wide.

The judgment of Paris, by Andrea Schiavone.

Note, That all the pictures in this room, except the portraits, that have not the ſizes ſet down, are very ſmall.

Midas judging between Pan and Apollo, by ditto.

Chriſt laid in the ſepulchre; one of the fineſt pictures that Parmegiano ever painted, and for which there is a tradition that he was knighted by the duke of Parma: there are eleven figures; the expreſſion, the drawing and colouring, the perſpective, and chiaro ſcuro, are as fine as poſſible. The figure of Joſeph of Arimathea is Parmegiano's own portrait: there are two drawings in the grand duke's collection for this picture, but with variations from what he executed: in one of theſe, Joſeph has his hands extended like Paul preaching at Athens, in the cartoon of Raphael: there have been three different prints made of this picture and the drawings for it.

The adoration of the magi, by Velvet Brueghel: there are a multitude of little figures, all finiſhed with the greateſt Dutch exactneſs: the ideas too are a little Dutch; for the Ethiopian king is dreſt in a ſurplice with boots and ſpurs, and brings for a preſent a gold model of a modern ſhip.

The virgin and child; a very pleaſing picture, by Baroccio; but the drawing is full of faults.

Naked Venus ſleeping; a moſt perfect figure, by Annibal Caracci; the contours and the colouring exceſſively fine.

* Head of Dobſon's father, by Dobſon.

Saint John, a head, by Carlo Dolci. There is another of theſe at Burleigh.

Head of Innocent the tenth, by Velaſco. He was ſent by the king of Spain to draw this pope's picture. When the pope ſent his chamberlain to pay him, he would not receive the money, ſaying the king his maſter always paid him with his own hand: the pope humoured him. This pope was of the Pamphilii family, was reckoned the ugliеſt man of his time, and was raiſed to the papacy by the intrigues of his ſiſter-in-law donna Olympia, a moſt beautiful woman and his miſtreſs †. There is a half-length at Chiſwick of the ſame pope, by Andrea Sacchi.

A boy's head with a lute, by Cavalier Luti.

Friars giving meat to the poor, by John Miel. One foot ſeven inches and a half high, by two feet two inches wide.

Its companion.

A dying officer at confeſſion, by Bourgognone: very bright colouring and fine expreſſion. One foot ſix inches and a half high, by two feet one inch and three quarters wide.

* In four different MSS. of Vertue, I find that this picture belonged to Richardſon, and is certainly the portrait of Vanderdort, keeper of king Charles's pictures, and who, on having miſlaid a fine ſmall picture, and not being able to find it when aſked for it by the king, hanged himſelf. *Vide Sanderſon's Graphice.*

† Amelot de la Houſſaie relates the following remarkable ſtory as the foundation of this pope's hatred to the French, and of his perſecution of the family of his predeceſſor Urban the eighth. While cardinal Barberini, Urban's nephew, was legate in France, he went to ſee the curious library and collection of the ſieur Du Mouſtier. Monſignor Pamphilio, who attended him, ſlipped a ſmall and ſcarce book into his pocket. As they were going away, the legate ſhut the door, and deſired Du Mouſtier to examine whether he had loſt any book. He immediately miſſed the ſtolen one. The cardinal bid him ſearch all his train: but Pamphilio refuſing to be examined, they came to blows; and Du Mouſtier, getting the better by the prelate's being encumbered in his long habit, beat him ſeverely, and found the book in his pocket. *Mem. Hiſt.* vol. i. p. 362. In Howel's Letters are the following particulars relating to this pope: "Among other paſquils this was one, Papa magis amat Olympiam quam Olympum." *Lett.* 4°, *book* 4th. And afterwards, "'Tis true he is one of the hardeſt favoured popes that ſat in the chair a great while, ſo that ſome call him l'uomo di tre pelle, the man with three hairs; for he hath no more beard on his chin."

Its companion.

Boors at cards, by Teniers.

Boors drinking, its companion, by Oſtade.

Chriſt laid in the ſepulchre, by Giacomo Baſſan; a very particular picture; the lights are laid on ſo thick, that it ſeems quite baſſo-relievo. It is a fine deſign for a great altar-piece which he has painted at Padua. This picture was a preſent to lord Orford, from James earl of Waldegrave, knight of the garter, and embaſſador at Paris.

Holy family, with ſaint John on a lamb, by Williberts, a ſcholar of Rubens, who has made a large picture, from whence this is taken, now in the palace Pitti, at Florence: this is finely finiſhed, and the colouring neater than Rubens'.

Holy family, by Rottenhamer.

The virgin and child, by Alexander Veroneſe; painted on black marble.

Three ſoldiers; a fine little picture, by Salvator Roſa, in his brighteſt manner.

The virgin with the child in her arms, by Murillio, on black marble. A preſent from ſir Benjamin Keene, embaſſador at Madrid.

The virgin with the child in her arms aſleep, by Sebaſtian Concha.

Edward the ſixth, an original ſmall whole length, by Holbein: it was in the royal collection, and, upon the diſperſion of king Charles's pictures in the rebellion, ſold into Portugal, where it was bought by lord Tyrawley, embaſſador to the court of Liſbon, and by him ſent as a preſent to lord Orford. Within the frame is written in golden letters, Edvardus Dei gratia ſextus rex Anglia, & Francia, & Hibernia.

Laban ſearching for his images, by Sebaſtian Bourdon. When Jacob withdrew privately from Laban, Rachael ſtole her father's idols, which he purſued them to demand. *Gen.* xxxi. 33. Three feet one inch and three quarters high, by four feet four inches and a half wide.

The banqueting-houſe ceiling. It is the original deſign of Rubens for the middle compartment of that ceiling, and repreſents the aſſumption of king James the firſt into heaven; it belonged to ſir Godfrey Kneller, who ſtudied it much, as is plain from his ſketch for king William's picture in the parlour. Two feet eleven inches high, by one foot nine inches and a half wide.

Six ſketches of Rubens for triumphal arches, &c. on the entry of the infant Ferdinand of Auſtria into Antwerp; they are printed with a deſcription of that feſtival. They are about two feet and a half ſquare. They were Mr. Norton's, and coſt him 180l. at ſir Peter Lely's ſale.

Bathſheba bringing Abiſhag to David; an exceedingly high-finiſhed picture in varniſh, by Vanderwerffe; a preſent to lord Orford from the duke of Chandos. Two feet ten inches high, by two feet three wide.

Two flower-pieces, moſt highly finiſhed, by Van Huyſum. His brother lived with lord Orford, and painted moſt of the pictures in the attic ſtory here. Two feet ſeven inches high, by two feet two wide.

Chriſt and Mary in the garden, by Philippo Laura.

The holy family, by John Bellino. It belonged to Mr. Law.

A landſcape with figures, by Bourgognone, in the manner of Salvator Roſa.

Its companion, with ſoldiers.

Two ſmall landſcapes, by Gaſpar Pouſſin.

Over the door into the bed-chamber, the holy family, by Matteo Ponzoni, a moſt uncommon hand, and a very fine picture. Three feet ſeven inches and

and a half high, by five feet two and a half wide. It belonged to count Plattemberg, the emperor's minister at Rome, who had carried all his pictures thither and died there. They were sent to Amsterdam to be sold, where Mr. Trevor bought this for sir Robert Walpole. Lord Burlington has a head by the same master, who was a Venetian: there are no others in England of the hand.

Over the parlour-door, the murder of the innocents, by Sebastian Bourdon. Four feet and half an inch high, by five feet eight wide.

Over the other door, the death of Joseph, by Velasco. Three feet three inches high, by four feet ten wide.

Saint Christopher, a very small picture, by Elsheimer: a present from sir Henry Bedingfield. Here is a very common error among the Roman catholic painters; in the distant landskip is a hermit, with an oratory of the virgin Mary, at the time that saint Christopher is carrying Jesus yet a child. At Bologna there is an old picture of the salutation, where the angel finds the virgin Mary praying before a crucifix, with the Officium beatæ virginis in her hand. In Evelyn's preface to his translation of The idea of the perfection of painting, he mentions a picture of Moses in the bullrushes, by Paul Veronese, in which Pharaoh's daughter is attended by a guard of Swiss.

The Marble Parlour.

One entire side of this room is marble, with alcoves for side-boards, supported with columns of Plymouth marble. Over the chimney is a fine piece of alto relievo in statuary-marble, after the antique, by Rysbrach; and before one of the tables, a large granite cistern.

Henry Danvers earl of Danby, a fine whole length in the garter-robes, by Vandyck. This lord was son of sir John Danvers, by Elizabeth daughter of John Nevil lord Latimer son-in-law of queen Catharine Parr, and was first distinguished by his behaviour in the war in the Low Countries, where he served under prince Maurice, and afterwards in France under Henry IV. where he was knighted for his valour. In the Irish wars he was lieutenant-general

general of the horſe, and ſerjeant-major of the whole army, under Robert earl of Eſſex and Charles lord Mountjoy. In the firſt of king James I. he was made baron of Dauntesey, and afterwards lord preſident of Munſter and governor of Guernſey. By king Charles I. he was created earl of Danby, made a privy-counſellor and knight of the garter. He founded the phyſic-garden at Oxford, and died aged 71, 1643, at Cornbury, and is buried at Dauntesey in Wiltſhire, where he built an alms-houſe and free-ſchool. His elder brother ſir Charles loſt his life in the earl of Eſſex's inſurrection, temp. Eliz. This picture was given to lord Orford by ſir Joſeph Danvers. Lord Danby built the houſe at Cirenceſter, now lord Bathurſt's.

Sir Thomas Wharton, brother of Philip lord Wharton, and knight of the Bath; whole-length, by Vandyck. From the Wharton collection.

Two fruit-pieces over the door, by Michael Angelo Campidoglio. From Mr. Scawen's collection.

The aſcenſion, by Paul Veroneſe, over a door.

The apoſtles after the aſcenſion, ditto.

The Hall

Is a cube of forty, with a ſtone gallery round three ſides. The ceiling and the frieze of boys are by Altari. The bas-reliefs over the chimney and doors are from the antique.

The figures over the great door, and the boys over the leſſer doors, are by Ryſbrach. In the frieze are bas-reliefs of ſir Robert Walpole and Catharine his firſt lady, and of lord Walpole their eldeſt ſon and Margaret Rolle his wife. From the ceiling hangs a * lantern for eighteen candles, of copper gilt.

* Ben Jonſon, in his Foreſt, poem 2d, has theſe lines on Penſhurſt:

Thou art not, Penſhurſt, built to envious ſhow,
Of touch or marble; nor canſt boaſt a row
Of poliſhed pillars, or a roof of gold;
Thou haſt no lantern whereof tales are told.

I imagine there was ſome old pamphlet or ballad written on a lantern of ſome great man at that time, from whence was taken the Craftſman, which made ſo much noiſe about this lantern at Houghton. This lantern has ſince been ſold to the earl of Cheſterfield, and is replaced by a French luſtre.

Over

Over the chimney is a buſt of ſir Robert Walpole, earl of Orford, by Ryſbrach.

Before a niche, over againſt the chimney, is the Laocoon, a fine caſt in bronze, by Girardon, bought by lord Walpole at Paris.

On the tables, the Tiber and the Nile in bronze, from the antiques in the capitol at Rome.

Two vaſes in bronze, from the antiques in the villas of Medici and Borgheſe at Rome.

The buſt of a woman, a moſt beautiful antique.

The buſt of a Roman empreſs, antique *.

On Terms and Conſoles round the Hall are the following Buſts and Heads:

Marcus Aurelius, antique.

Trajan, ditto.

Septimius Severus, ditto. } Theſe two were given to general Churchill by cardinal Alexander Albani, and by him to ſir Robert Walpole.
Commodus, ditto. }

A young Hercules, ditto.

* This and the laſt were brought from Mrs. Vernon's at Twickenham park, which belonged to Robert earl of Eſſex, the celebrated favourite of queen Elizabeth, who having promiſed ſir Francis Bacon to get him made ſolicitor-general, juſt before his own diſgrace, and not being able to perform it, gave ſir Francis this villa to make him amends. Sir Francis entertained the queen here, and preſented her with a ſonnet of his own compoſing, to intercede for the earl's pardon. He ſoon after ſold Twickenham-park for eighteen hundred pounds. From thence it came into the earl of Cardigan's family; they ſold it to king William: he gave it to his favourite, lord Albemarle, who ſold it to Mr. Vernon, after whoſe widow's death lord Montrath bought it for fifteen thouſand pounds. Bacon, in a letter to his brother Antony, calls it "that wholeſome pleaſant lodge and finely deſigned garden." *Bacon Papers*, vol. i. 486.

Baccio

Baccio Bandinelli, by himſelf.

Fauſtina ſenior, antique.

A young Commodus, antique.

Homer, modern.

Heſiod, ditto.

Jupiter, antique.
A philoſopher, ditto.
Hadrian, ditto.
Pollux, ditto.
} Heads.

Going from the Salon, down the great Steps through the Garden, you enter a Porch adorned with Buſts of

Rome.
Minerva.
Antinous.
Apollo Belvedere.
} By Camillo Ruſconi.

A philoſopher's head, antique.

Julia Pia Severi, ditto.

Out of this you go into a Veſtibule, round which in the Niches are ſix Vaſes of Volterra Alabaſter. This leads into

The Gallery,

Which is ſeventy-three feet long, by twenty-one feet high: the middle riſes eight feet higher, with windows all round; the ceiling is a deſign of Serlio's in the inner library of ſaint Mark at Venice, and was brought from thence by Mr. Horace Walpole, junior; the frieze is taken from the Sibyl's temple at Tivoli. There are two chimneys, and the whole room is hung with Norwich damaſk. It was intended originally for a green-houſe; but on ſir Robert Walpole's reſigning his employments February 9, 1742, it was fitted up for his pictures, which had hung in his houſe in Downing-ſtreet. That houſe belonged to the crown: king George the firſt gave it to baron Bothmar, the Hanoverian miniſter, for life. On his death king George the ſecond offered it to ſir Robert Walpole; but he would only accept it for his office of firſt lord of the treaſury, to which poſt he got it annexed for ever.

Over the fartheſt chimney is that capital picture, and the firſt in this collection, The doctors of the church: they are conſulting on the immaculateneſs of the virgin, who is above in the clouds. This has been a moſt controverted point in the Romiſh church. Bonoſus, biſhop of Naiſſus in Dacia, was one of the firſt who held that the virgin Mary had other children after Chriſt; which was reckoned a great hereſy. He was condemned for it by pope Damaſus, ſuſpended by the council of Capua, cenſured by the biſhops of Macedon, who declared their abhorrence of this deteſtable error as they called it, and wrote againſt by pope Syricius. His followers were ſtyled Bonoſiacs, or Bonoſians. This doctrine had been taught before by Helvidius anno 383, and before him by Tertullian. Thoſe who oppoſed the perpetual virginity of the virgin Mary were ſtyled Antidicomarianites. Saint Jerom and ſaint Ambroſe were two of the principal champions for the virginity, and are probably the chief figures in this picture. *Vide Bower's Hiſtory of the Popes*, vol. i. 263. This pretended hereſy is founded on the 25th verſe of the firſt chapter of ſaint Matthew, where it is ſaid, that Joſeph knew not his wife till ſhe had brought forth her firſt-born; and from James and John being frequently called the brethren of Chriſt. In anſwer to this laſt evidence the orthodox ſay, that among the Jews all near relations are called brothers, and that James and John were only firſt couſins to Chriſt. It is obſervable, that Raphael has followed the opinion of the virgin Mary having had other children, in many of his pictures, particularly in The laſt ſupper, in this collection,

tion, he having drawn ſaint James extremely like Jeſus Chriſt. There has been another controverſy in the Romiſh church, which is more properly called the queſtion of the immaculate conception: viz. Whether the virgin was conceived in original ſin, though ſanctified in her mother's womb, or was preſerved from that ſtain of general infection by a ſpecial privilege, on the foreſight of the merits of Chriſt, whom ſhe was to bear. Albertus Magnus and his followers maintained the firſt againſt many learned doctors, who defended her exemption from original ſin; and the debate grew ſo warm, that it was judged neceſſary to put an end to it by a public diſputation. It was in defence of the immaculate conception that the famous Duns Scotus obtained the name of the Subtile Doctor. *Vide Antiquities of the Engliſh Franciſcans*, page 129. I cannot help obſerving, that the celebrated picture at Windſor of this doctor muſt be ideal; for he died in the year 1308, when there was no ſuch thing as a tolerable painter: beſides, that portrait repreſents him as an elderly man, whereas he was not thirty-four when he died. In the year 1387 the Dominicans were expelled the univerſity of Paris, for oppoſing the immaculate conception, and many of them were killed. In 1438, the council of Baſil declared it immaculate; and laſtly, in 1655, Alexander VII. peremptorily determined it to be ſo. Paul V. had been preſſed to make it an article of faith; but he had been ſo mortified with the event of his rupture with and interdict of the Venetians, that he would not venture occaſioning a new ſchiſm. He contented himſelf to forbid the contrary to be taught publicly. *Vide Voltaire's Univ. Hiſt.* vol. iv. 222.

About the year 1670, the Spaniſh Jeſuits prevailed on Charles II. * to requeſt from the court of Rome that a definition might be made of the immaculate conception; and the famous cardinal Nidhard, who had been prime miniſter to the queen regent, and was then in honourable baniſhment as embaſſador to Clement IX. was ordered to write for the queſtion; which he did, and pretended to prove that the immaculate conception was morally, phyſically, metaphyſically, and infallibly certain. The court of Rome gave a bull that was rather favourable to the Dominicans. *Vide Bayle in artic. Nidhard*; *and for a more particular account, the article of Mill in the General Dictionary, vol. vii. page* 559, *and Geddes's Tracts, vol. iii. page* 113, 189. Montfaucon relates, that when he viſited Italy, ſignor Belcreddi of Pavia had a li-

* Biſhop Burnet ſays that, when that prince, Charles II. called the duke of Anjou to the Spaniſh ſucceſſion, among other penalties he enjoined, that his ſucceſſor ſhould forfeit the crown if he did not maintain the immaculate conception of the virgin. Vol. ii. 251.

brary full of books in behalf of the immaculate conception, moſt of them written by Franciſcans. *Diar. Ital. qu.* p. 26. In the year 1678, Innocent XI. ſuppreſſed the miſſal or office of the immaculate conception of the virgin. In Spain, they write under all her pictures, concebida ſin peccado originale. In Luſſan's Hiſt. of Charles VI. it is ſaid, page 173, vol. ii. that the Dominicans, in the year 1388, made a fund of 120,000 crowns (a vaſt ſum at that time) to carry on their cauſe againſt the immaculate conception *.

In this picture, which is by Guido in his brighteſt manner, and perfectly preſerved, there are ſix old men as large as life. The expreſſion, drawing, deſign, and colouring, wonderfully fine. In the clouds is a beautiful virgin all in white, and before her a ſweet little angel flying. Eight feet eleven inches high, by ſix feet wide. After ſir Robert had bought this picture, and it was gone to Civita Vecchia to be ſhipped for England, Innocent XIII. then pope, remanded it back, as being too fine to be let go out of Rome; but on hearing who had bought it, he gave permiſſion for its being ſent away again. It was in the collection of the marquis Angeli, and was engraved by Giacomo Freii.

Over the other chimney, The prodigal ſon, by Salvator Roſa. This fine picture was brought out of Italy by ſir Robert Geare †, and carried back by him when he went to live there. On his death it was ſent back to England to be ſold. Eight feet three inches high, by ſix feet five and a half wide.

Meleager and Atalanta, a cartoon, by Rubens, larger than life; brought out of Flanders by general Wade: it being deſigned for tapeſtry, all the weapons are in the left hand of the figures. Ten feet ſeven inches high, by twenty feet nine and a half wide. For the ſtory ſee Ovid's Metamorphoſes, lib. 3. When general Wade built his houſe in Burlington-garden, lord Bur-

* There is a paſſage in Rabelais, book 1ſt, chap. 7, which evidently alludes to this controverſy, where he ſays that Scotus's opinion was reckoned heretical, who affirmed that Gargantua's own mother gave him ſuck, and could draw out of her breaſts at one time 1402 pipes and nine pails of milk. The Jacobins, who were always unpopular for denying the immaculate conception, got a triumph in the 15th century, by a Cordelier's maintaining that during the three days of Chriſt's interment the hypoſtatic union was diſſolved: this drew great odium on the Cordeliers. *Vide Hume's Diſſertation on religion*, page 48.

† This gentleman, I ſuppoſe, had a collection: a picture of Michael Angelo delle battaglie at Wilton is ſaid to have coſt 300 piſtoles. *See Kennedy's Account of Wilton*, p. 70.

lington gave the deſign for it. The only direction the general gave was, that there might be a particular place for this picture; but when the great room was finiſhed, there were ſo many ornaments and correſponding doors, that there was no room for the picture; and the general, not knowing what to do with it, ſold it to ſir Robert Walpole.

Four markets, by Snyders; one of fowl, and another of fiſh, another of fruit, and the fourth of herbs. There are two more of them at Munich, a horſe and a fleſh market; each ſix feet nine inches and a half high, by eleven feet one and a half wide. Mr. Pelham has four markets by Snyders like theſe, which he bought at marſhal Wade's ſale, the figures by Long John.

Marcus Curtius leaping into the gulph: an exceeding fine picture, by Mola. There are multitudes of figures, fine attitudes, and great expreſſions of paſſion. To ornament the diſtant proſpect, he has committed ſome anachroniſms, by placing among the buildings an amphitheatre, which were of far later invention, and the Pantheon with the portico of Agrippa. Now Pompey was the firſt that made a laſting theatre; before him they were temporary, and often deſtroyed by public authority. Statilius Taurus built the firſt amphitheatre in the fourth conſulſhip of Auguſtus. This action of Curtius happened in the year 391 U. C. and the portico was built by Agrippa (who died 741 U. C.) in his third conſulſhip, as appears by the inſcription ſtill remaining: M. Agrippa. L. F. Cos. III. fecit. The ſtory of this exploit is thus told by Livy: "Eodem anno (ſcil. U. C. 391.) ſeu motu terræ, ſeu quâ vi aliâ, forum medium fermè ſpecu vaſto collapſum in immenſam altitudinem dicitur: neque eam voraginem conjectu terræ, quam pro ſe quiſque gereret, expleri potuiſſe, prius quam deûm monitu quæri cœptum, quo plurimùm P. R. poſſet. Id enim illi loco dicandum vates canebant, ſi rempublicam Romanam perpetuam eſſe vellent. Cum Marcum Curtium juvenem bello egregium, caſtigaſſe ferunt dubitantes, an ullum magis Romanum bonum, quam arma virtuſque eſſet. Silentio facto, templa deorum immortalium, quæ foro imminent, capitoliumque intuentem, et manus nunc in cœlum, nunc in patentes terræ hiatus, ad Deos Manes porrigentem ſe devoviſſe: equo deinde quam poterat maxime exornato inſidentem, armatum ſe in ſpecum immiſiſſe, donaque ac fruges ſuper eum à multitudine virorum ac mulierum congeſtas: lacumque Curtium non ab antiquo illo T. Tatii milite Curtio Metio, ſed ab hoc appellatum." *Lib. vii. cap.* 6. This picture is ſix feet four inches

inches and a half high, by eleven feet four inches and a quarter wide ; and, with the next, belonged to Gibbons the carver.

Horatius Cocles defending the bridge. Its companion. Thus deſcribed by Livy, lib. ii. cap. x. " Quum hoſtes adeſſent, pro ſe quiſque in urbem ex agris demigrant: urbem ipſam ſepiunt præſidiis: alia muris, alia Tiberi objecto videbantur tuta: pons ſublicius iter pæne hoſtibus dedit; ni unus vir fuiſſet, Horatius Cocles (id munimentum illo die fortuna urbis Romanæ habuit), qui poſitus forte in ſtatione pontis, quum captum repentino impetu janiculum, atq; inde citatos decurrere hoſtes vidiſſet; trepidamque turbam ſuorum arma ordineſq; relinquere, reprehenſans ſingulos, obſiſtens, obteſtanſq; deûm & hominum fidem, teſtabatur: *nequicquam deſerto præſidio eos fugere, ſi tranſitum pontem à tergo reliquiſſent: jam plus hoſtium in palatio Capitolioque, quam in Janiculo fore.* Itaque monere, præcipere, *ut pontem ferro, igni, quacunque vi poſſent, interrumpant: ſe impetum hoſtium, quantum corpore uno poſſet obſiſti,* excepturum. Vadit inde in primum aditum pontis: inſigniſq; inter conſpecta cedentium pugnæ terga, obverſis cominus ad ineundum prælium armis, ipſo miraculo audaciæ obſtupefecit hoſtes: duos tamen cum eo pudor tenuit, Sp. Larcium ac T. Herminium, ambos claros genere factiſque: cum his primam periculi procellam, & quod tumultuoſiſſimum pugnæ erat, parumper ſuſtinuit, deinde eos quoque ipſos exigua parte pontis relicta, revocantibus qui reſcindebant, cedere in tutum coegit. Circumferens inde truces minaciter oculos ad proceres Etruſcorum: nunc ſingulos provocare: nunc increpare omnes: *ſervitia regum ſuperborum, ſuæ libertatis immemores, alienam oppugnatum venire.* Cunctati aliquamdiu ſunt, dum alius alium, ut prælium incipiant, circumſpectant: pudor deinde commovit aciem, & clamore ſublato undiq; in unum hoſtem tela conjiciunt: quæ quum in objecto cuncta ſcuto hæſiſſent, neque ille minus obſtinatus ingenti pontem obtineret gradu: jam impetu conabantur detrudere virum, quum ſimul fragor rupti pontis, ſimul clamor Romanorum alacritate perfecti operis ſublatus, pavore ſubito impetum ſuſtinuit. Tum Cocles, *Tiberine pater*, inquit, *te ſancte precor, hæc arma & hunc militem propitio flumine accipias:* ita ſic armatus in Tiberim deſiluit: multiſque ſuper incidentibus telis incolumis ad ſuos tranavit, rem auſus plus famæ habituram ad poſteros, quàm fidei. Grata erga tantam virtutem civitas fuit: ſtatua in comitio poſita: agri quantum uno die circumaravit, datum, privata quoque inter publicos honores ſtudia eminebant: nam in magna inopia pro domeſticis copiis unuſquiſque ei aliquid, fraudans ſe ipſe victu ſuo, contulit."

A lioneſs

A lioneſs and two lions, by Rubens *. Nothing can be livelier, or in a greater ſtyle, than the attitude of the lioneſs. Five feet ſix inches high, by eight feet wide.

Architecture. It is a kind of a ſtreet with various marble palaces in perſpective, like the Strada Nuova at Genoa: the buildings and bas-reliefs are extremely fine; the latter eſpecially are ſo like the hand of Polydore, that I ſhould rather think that this picture is by this maſter, than by Julio Romano, whoſe it is called. There are ſome figures, but very poor ones, and undoubtedly not by the ſame hand as the reſt of the picture: there is an officer kneeling by a woman, who ſhows the virgin and child in the clouds ſitting under a rainbow.

About the year 1525, Julio Romano made deſigns for Aretine's Putana errante, which were engraved by Marc Antonio, for which the latter was put in priſon, and Julio fled to Mantua. Two years after Rome was ſacked by Charles V. who made public proceſſions and prayers for the delivery of the pope [Clement VII.] whom he kept in priſon: it is ſuppoſed the figure kneeling in this picture is Charles V. who is prompted by Religion to aſk pardon of the virgin (above in the clouds) for having ſo ill treated the pope: the figure ſitting on the ſteps is certainly Aretine, and the man in priſon in the corner Marc Antonio. *Vide Bayle in artic. Aretine.* This picture was a preſent to lord Orford, from general Charles Churchill. Five feet ſix inches three quarters high, by ſix feet eleven wide.

An old woman ſitting in a chair, a portrait three quarters, by Rubens, bought at Mr. Scawen's ſale.

An old woman reading; an extremely fine portrait, by Boll, bought at the duke of Portland's ſale, when he went governor to Jamaica.

* When Tomo Chachi, the Indian king, and his company were in England, about the year 1736, they were extremely ſurpriſed at the lions in the Tower, animals they had never ſeen: it was ſaid in the public papers that they were frightened; which being told to Tomo Chachi, he replied, that He who had ventured himſelf into ſo ſtrange and diſtant a country at his great age, could not eaſily be afraid of any thing. Afterwards ſeeing this picture at ſir Robert Walpole's in Downing-ſtreet, he ſaid he was ſtill more ſurpriſed that any man could draw thoſe beaſts ſo well; and begged a copy, which was painted for him by Varelſt.

Cupid

Cupid burning armour, by Eliſabetta Sirani, Guido's favourite ſcholar. Two feet one inch and a half high, by two feet ſeven and a half wide.

The holy family, a groupe of heads, by Camillo Procaccino. One foot nine inches high, by two feet three and three quarters wide.

An uſurer and his wife, by Quintin Matſis, the blackſmith of Antwerp. This picture is finiſhed with the greateſt labour and exactneſs imaginable, and was painted for a family in France; it differs very little from one at Windſor, which he did for Charles the firſt. Two feet eight inches and a half high, by one foot ten and three quarters wide. There is a copy of this picture at Hinchinbrook, and another at Boughton.

Job's friends bringing him preſents; a fine picture by Guido, which he has executed in large, and in his brighteſt manner, in the church of the Mendicants at Bologna: this is dark, but there is moſt maſterly ſkill in the naked, and in the diſpoſition of the figures. Three feet one inch high, by two feet four and a half wide.

Europa, a fine landſcape, by Paul Brill; the figures by Dominichini. Two feet five inches high, by three feet five and three quarters wide.

Africa; its companion. Theſe two came out of the numerous collection of the counteſs de la Verrue at Paris.

Dives and Lazarus, by Paul Veroneſe. There are few of him better than this; the building is particularly good. Two feet ſeven and a half high, by three feet five wide. It belonged to monſieur de Morville, ſecretary of ſtate in France.

The expoſition of Cyrus, by Caſtiglione; a very capital picture of this maſter. The ſubject is taken from Juſtin, lib. i. cap. 4. "Paſtori regii pecoris puerum exponendum tradit. Ejus uxor audita regii infantis expoſitione, ſummis precibus rogat ſibi afferri oſtendique puerum. Cujus precibus fatigatus paſtor, reverſus in ſilvam, invenit juxta infantem canem fœminam, parvulo ubera præſtantem, & à feris alitibuſque defendentem." Two feet four inches and a half high, by three feet ſix and a quarter wide.

Its

Its companion. The ſubject, which ſeems at firſt to be the ſtory of Orpheus, but certainly is not, from the principal figure being thrown into the diſtant landſcape, was gueſſed by lord Orford to be taken from this ſtanza of the 19th ode, lib. ii. of Horace:

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite poſteri);
Nymphaſque diſcentes, & aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

The adoration of the ſhepherds, by old Palma, from the collection of monſieur de la Vrilliere, ſecretary of ſtate in France. Two feet ſix inches high, by three feet ten wide.

The holy family, by ditto. Two feet ſeven inches and a half high, by four feet five wide: from Mr. Flinck's collection.

A fine moon-light landſcape with a cart overturning, by Rubens. Two feet ten inches high, by four feet one wide. It was lord Cadogan's, and has been engraved.

A nymph and ſhepherd, by Carlo Cignani. Three feet four inches high, by four feet one and a half wide. Mr. Charles Stanhope had another of the ſame deſign, but much darker.

Two women, an emblematical picture, by Paris Bourdon. Three feet ſix inches high, by four feet two wide: from Mr. Flinck's collection.

Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar, by Pietro Cortona. The Great Duke has a ſmall ſketch of this, but reverſed, and with the Sarah and other figures at a diſtance. The Hagar is much fairer than in this. Six feet ten inches high, by ſix feet one wide.

Abraham's ſacrifice, by Rembrandt. Abraham's head, and the naked body of Iſaac, are very fine; the painter has avoided much of the horror of the ſtory, by making Abraham cover the boy's face, to hide the horror from himſelf. Six feet three inches high, by four feet three and three quarters wide.

The old man and his ſons with the bundle of ſticks, by Salvator Roſa, in his fine taſte. Six feet high, by four feet two and a half wide.

The adoration of the ſhepherds, octagon, a moſt perfect and capital picture of Guido, not inferior to The doctors: the beauty of the virgin, the delicacy of her and the child (which is the ſame as in the Simeon's arms in the ſalon), the awe of the ſhepherds, and the chiaro-oſcuro of the whole picture, which is in the fineſt preſervation, are all incomparable; you ſee the ſhepherds ready to cry out to one another, Deus! Deus ille, Menalca! There is one of this ſame deſign in the church of the Chartreuſe at Naples, large as life, oblong, with many more figures, but unfiniſhed. This belonged to monſieur de la Vrilliere. Three feet three inches and a half every way. There is a fine print of it.

The continence of Scipio, by Nicolo Pouſſin; painted with all the purity and propriety of an ancient bas-relief. The ſtory is told by Livy, lib. xxvi. cap. 50. "Captiva deinde à militibus adducitur ad eum adulta virgo, adeo eximia forma, ut, quacunque incedebat, converteret omnium oculus. Scipio, percunctatus patriam parenteſque, inter cætera accepit, *deſponſatam eam principi Celtiberorum adoleſcenti, cui Allucio nomen erat.* Extemplo igitur parentibus ſponſoque ab domo accitis, quum interim audiret deperire eum ſponſæ amore; ubi primum venit, accuratiore eum ſermone quam parentes alloquitur. *Juvenis*, inquit, *juvenem appello: quo minus ſit inter nos hujus ſermonis verecundia. Ego, quum ſponſa tua capta à militibus noſtris ad me deducta eſſet, audiremque eam tibi cordi eſſe, & forma faceret fidem; quia ipſe, ſi frui liceret ludo ætatis (præſertim recto & legitimo amore) & non Reſpublica animum noſtrum occupaſſet, veniam mihi dari ſponſam impenſius amanti vellem: tuo, cujus poſſum, amori faveo. Fuit ſponſa tua apud me eâdem quâ apud ſoceros tuos parenteſque ſuos verecundiâ: ſervata tibi eſt, ut inviolatum & dignum me teque dari tibi donum poſſet. Hanc mercedem unam pro eo munere paciſcor, amicus populo Romano ſis: & ſi me virum bonum credis eſſe, quales patrem patruumque meum jam ante hæ gentes norant, ſcias multos noſtri ſimiles in civitate Romana eſſe: nec ullum in terris populum hodie dici poſſe, quem minus tibi hoſtem tuiſque eſſe velis, aut amicum malis.* Quum adoleſcens, ſimul pudore gaudioque perfuſus, dextram Scipionis tenens, *Deos omnes invocaret ad*

gratiam illi pro ſe referendam: quoniam ſibi nequaquam ſatis facultatis pro ſuo animo, atque illius erga ſe merito, eſſet. Parentes inde cognatique virginis appellati. Qui, quoniam gratis ſibi redderetur virgo, ad quam redimendam ſatis magnum attuliſſent auri pondus, orare Scipionem, *ut id ab ſe donum acciperet*, cœperunt: *haud minorem ejus rei apud ſe gratiam futuram eſſe* affirmantes, *quam redditæ inviolatæ foret virginis.* Scipio, *quando tanto opere peterent, accepturum* ſe pollicitus, poni ante pedes juſſit: vocatoque ad ſe Allucio: *Super dotem*, inquit, *quam accepturus à ſocero es, hæc tibi à me dotalia dona accedent*—aurumque tollere, ac ſibi habere juſſit. His lætus donis honoribuſque dimiſſus domum, implevit populares laudibus & meritis Scipionis: *Veniſſe Diis ſimillimum juvenem, vincentem omnia quum armis tum benignitate ac beneficiis.*"

When thus the virtuous conſul had decreed,
A captive virgin to his tent they lead:
In her each motion ſhin'd attractive grace,
And beauty's faireſt features form'd her face.
A Celtiberian prince her deſtin'd ſpouſe;
But, more than int'reſt, love had bound their vows—
Allucius was his name. When Scipio heard
How fond the youth, how for his bride he fear'd;
He ſummons to his tribune all her friends:
Allucius in that number chief attends.
To him the conſul moſt addreſs'd his word,
To him, her anxious lover and her lord.
" A youth myſelf, to thee a youth I call,
Leſt diſtant awe thy freer ſpeech appall.
When to my tent this beauteous maid was brought,
When of your mutual paſſion I was taught,
And ſoon her charms confirm'd the ſtory true,
(For Scipio's ſelf could idolize like you)
Durſt I indulge the character of age,
And in a youthful, lawful love engage;
Did not the commonwealth enjoy me whole,
And all majeſtic Rome poſſeſs my ſoul;
Oh! I could love like thee; like thee could pine;
Like thee could—but, Allucius, ſhe is thine!

Inviolate have I preſerv'd the maid;
Not purer in her native courts ſhe ſtay'd:
Pure, as becomes a Roman chief to give;
Pure, as becomes thy paſſion to receive.
The ſole return for this fair boon I aſk;
To live a friend to Rome be all thy taſk:
And if in me ſome virtue you have known,
As other Scipios in this realm have ſhown;
Think many ſuch ſpring from her glorious womb,
And learn to love the virtuous ſons of Rome."

This picture belonged to monſieur de Morville, and is three feet eight inches and three quarters high, by five feet two wide.

Moſes ſtriking the rock, by Nicolo Pouſſin. There is a great fault in it; Moſes is by no means the principal figure, nor is he ſtriking the rock angrily, and with a great air, but ſeems rather ſcraping out the water. The thirſt in all the figures, the piety in the young man lifting his father to the ſtream, and the devotion in others, are extremely fine. It was painted for Stella, and bought in the beginning of the laſt war between France and the emperor Charles VI. of a French nobleman, who declared he ſold it to pay for his campaign equipage. Three feet eleven inches and a half high, by ſix feet three and a half wide. It has been engraved.

The placing Chriſt in the ſepulchre, over the door, by Ludovico Caracci. Six feet three inches high, by five feet one wide.

Moſes in the bullruſhes, by Le Sœur; a preſent to lord Orford from the duke of Montagu. Seven feet one inch high, by four feet eight and a half wide. There is a print of it.

The adoration of the Magi, by Carlo Maratti. He has painted another of them in the church of the Venetian St. Mark at Rome. Six feet eleven inches high, by four feet four wide.

Cows and ſheep, by Teniers, in his beſt manner; one foot eleven inches high, by two feet nine wide.

A landſcape

A landſcape with a caſcade and ſheep; a very fine picture, by Gaſpar Pouſſin. It was bought at the late earl of Halifax's ſale. One foot eleven inches high, by two feet nine wide. Pond publiſhed a print of it.

The laſt ſupper, by Raphael. It was in the Arundel collection, and is mentioned in the catalogue of thoſe pictures; from thence it came into the poſſeſſion of the earl of Yarmouth, and from him to ſir John Holland, of whom lord Orford bought it. It is in fine preſervation. One foot eight inches high, by two feet eight and a half wide. There are various prints from it.

Solomon's idolatry, by Stella. It is painted on black and gold marble, which is left untouched in many places for the ground. There are many figures finely finiſhed, and ſeveral beautiful airs of women's heads. One foot ten inches high, by two feet five and a quarter wide.

A ſea-port; a fine picture of Claude Lorrain. There is a bright ſun playing on the water, and the whole ſhine of the picture is in his very beſt manner. It belonged to monſieur Morville. Three feet one inch and a quarter high, by four feet two and a half wide.

A calm ſea, ditto. A moſt pleaſing and agreeable picture. There are two figures on the fore-ground. Apollo and the Sibyl; ſhe is taking up a handful of ſand, for every grain of which ſhe was to live a year. Apollo granted her this boon as the price of her perſon, which afterwards ſhe refuſed him. The promontory is deſigned for Cumæ, the reſidence of the Sibyl. Among the buildings are the ruins of the caſtellum aquæ Martiæ, with the trophies of Marius, which are now placed in the capitol; the remains of the building itſelf ſtand near the Coliſæum. Three feet two inches and three quarters high, by four feet one wide.

Two landſcapes, by Gaſpar Pouſſin, in his dark manner. That at the upper end of the gallery is fine. Theſe two and the latter Claude were in the collection of the marquis of Mari. Mr. Edwin, of whom theſe were purchaſed, had two more; the prince of Wales bought the fine one of Jonah in the ſtorm, the only ſea-piece, I believe, of that hand. Three feet three inches and a quarter high, by four feet five and a quarter wide each.

The Jocenda, a ſmith's * wife, reckoned the handſomeſt woman of her time; ſhe was miſtreſs to Francis I. king of France. By Leonardo da Vinci. She would often ſit half-naked, with muſic, for ſeveral hours together, to be drawn by him. Mr. Richardſon had another of them. This was monſieur de Morville's. Two feet nine inches high, by two feet and a quarter wide.

Apollo, by Cantarini, a cotemporary of Guido, whoſe manner he imitated. Two feet ſeven inches high, by two feet and a quarter wide.

The holy family, with angels, by Valerio Caſtelli, who ſtudied Vandyck. Two feet five inches high, by one foot eleven and a half wide.

The eagle and Ganymede, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti; a ſubject he has often repeated, but with alterations. The king has one larger, and the queen of Hungary another, printed in Teniers's gallery: there is another in the Altieri palace at Rome. Two feet eleven inches high, by one foot eleven wide. There is a print of it.

Ætherias Aquila puerum portante per auras,
Illæſum timidis unguibus hæſit onus. MART. lib. i. ep. 7.

The virgin and child, a moſt beautiful, bright, and capital picture, by Dominichino. Bought out of the Zambeccari palace at Bologna, by Horace Walpole, junior. Two feet four inches high, by one foot eleven and a half wide.

The ſalutation, a fine finiſhed picture, by Albano. The angels are much the ſame with thoſe in the great picture by this maſter in the ſalon. Two feet high, by one foot ſix inches and a half wide.

* Mezeray calls her La Ferroniere, and ſays, her huſband being enraged at the king's taking her, caught on purpoſe a very violent diſtemper, which he communicated through her to the king, who never recovered it. The ſame ſtory is told of lord Southeſk and king James II. when duke of York.

A SERMON

A

SERMON

ON

PAINTING.

PREACHED BEFORE

The EARL of ORFORD, at Houghton, 1742.

PSALM CXV. VERSE 5.

They have Mouths, but they ſpeak not: Eyes have they, but they ſee not: neither is there any Breath in their Noſtrils.

THESE words, with which the royal prophet laſhes the inſenſibility of the gods of Paganiſm, are ſo deſcriptive of modern idolatry, that, though ſo frequently applied, they ſtill retain all the force of their firſt ſeverity. I do not deſign to run into the parallel of ancient and modern ſuperſtition, but ſhall only obſerve with concern, that the ſame arguments which at laſt exploded and defeated the heatheniſm of the Gentiles, have not yet been able to conquer the more obſtinate idolatry of Chriſtians. The blind, the miſled Pagans bowed and adored the firſt ray of truth that broke in upon them: but we have eyes, and will not ſee!

I muſt

I muſt remark to you, that the words in the text, though ſpoken of images, which were more particularly the gods of the ancients, are equally referable to the pictures of the Romiſh church, and to them I ſhall chiefly confine this diſcourſe.

Indeed, ſo groſs is the error of adoring the works of the creature, that the folly ſeems almoſt greater than the ſin; ſeems rather to demand pity, than provoke indignation! They would worſhip! they bow to a ſhadow!—They would adore the incomprehenſible God! but they revere the faint produce of their own idea! Inſtead of him who is the eye of the univerſal world; who ſpeaks through all nature, who breathes life into every being; inſtead of him, they adore ſhadows, that have eyes, but ſee not; mouths, but ſpeak not; neither is there any breath in their noſtrils. Theſe are thy gods, O Rome!

It has been obſerved, that the evil principle has with the moſt refined policy always choſen to ſpread his law under the covert of the true one; and has never more ſucceſsfully propagated ſin, than when introduced under the veil of piety. In the preſent caſe, has he not deluded men into idolatry by paſſing it on the world for religion? He preached up adoration of the godhead, but taught them to worſhip the copy for the original. Nay, what might have tended to heighten their devotion he perverted to the means of their deſtruction. Painting in itſelf is innocent; no art, no ſcience can be criminal; it is the miſapplication that muſt conſtitute the ſin. Can it be wrong, to imitate or work after the works of the divinity, as far as man can copy the touches of the great artificer? It is when with impious eyes we look on the human performance as divine; when we call our own trifling imitations of the deity, inimitable gods: it is then we ſin: this is vanity! this is idolatry! Would we with other eyes regard theſe efforts of art, how conducive to religion! What ſubjects for devout meditation! How great that Being, that could give to his productions the power even to work after his almighty hand, to draw after his heavenly deſigns! Could we ſo inform our labours, our creations, then were idolatry more excuſable; then might the veſſel ſay to the potter, *How haſt thou made me thus?*

And

And here I cannot but reflect on that infinite goodneſs, whoſe thought for our amuſement and employment is ſcarce leſs admirable than his care for our being and preſervation. Not to mention the various arts which he has planted in the heart of man, to be elaborated by ſtudy, and ſtruck out by application; I will only mention this one of Painting. Himſelf from the duſt could call forth this glorious ſcene of worlds; this expanſe of azure heavens and golden ſuns; theſe beautiful landſcapes of hill and dale, of foreſt and of mountain, of river and of ocean! From nothing he could build this goodly frame of man, and animate his univerſal picture with images of himſelf.—To us, not endowed with omnipotence, nor maſters of creation, he has taught with formleſs maſſes of colours and diverſifications of light and ſhade to call forth little worlds from the blank canvaſs, and to people our mimic landſcapes with almoſt living inhabitants; figures, who, though they ſee not, yet have eyes; and have mouths that ſcarce want ſpeech. Indeed, ſo great is the perfection to which he hath permitted us to arrive, that one is leſs amazed at the poor vulgar who adore what ſeems to ſurpaſs the genius of human nature; and almoſt excuſe the credulity of the populace, who ſee miracles made obvious to their ſenſes by the hand of a Raphael or a Guido. Can we wonder at a poor illiterate creature's giving faith to any legend in the life of the Romiſh virgin, who ſees even the doctors of the * church diſputing with ſuch energy on the marvellous circumſtances aſcribed to her by the catholics? He muſt be endowed with a courage, a ſtrength of reaſoning above the common ſtandard, who can reject fables when the ſword enforces, and the pencil almoſt authenticates, the belief of them. Not only birds have pecked at painted fruit, and horſes neighed at the coloured female: Apelles himſelf, the prince of the art, was deceived by one of its performances.—No wonder then the ignorant ſhould adore, when even the maſter himſelf could be cheated by a reſemblance.

When I thus ſoften the crime of the deceived, I would be underſtood to double the charge on the real criminal; on thoſe miniſters of idolatry, who, calling themſelves ſervants of the living God, transfer his ſervice to inanimate images. Inſtead of pointing out his attributes in thoſe objects that might

* See the picture by Guido, in the gallery.

make religion more familiar to the common conceptions, they enſhrine the frail works of mortality, and burn incenſe to canvaſs and oil.

Where is the good prieſt, where the true charitable Levite, to point out the creator in the works of the creature? to aid the doubting, to ſtrengthen the weak, to imprint the eternal idea on the frail underſtanding? Let him lead the poor unpractiſed ſoul through the paths of religion, and by familiar images mould his ductile imagination to a knowledge of his maker. Then were painting united with devotion, and ranſomed from idolatry; and the blended labours of the preacher and the painter might tend to the glory of God: then were each picture a ſermon, each pencil *the pen of a heavenly writer*.

Let him ſay, Thus humble, thus reſigned, looked the * ſon of God, when he deigned to receive baptiſm from the hand of man; while miniſtering angels with holy awe beheld the wondrous office.

Thus chaſtely beauteous, in ſuch meek majeſty, ſhone the † mother of God! Thus highly favoured among women was the handmaid of the Lord! Here behold the heavenly love of the holy family! the tender care, the innocent ſmiles, the devout contemplation! Behold inſpired ‡ ſhepherds bowing before the heavenly babe, and the holy mother herſelf adoring the fruit of her womb! whilſt good § Simeon in raptures of devotion pronounces the bleſſings of that miraculous birth!

Then let him turn his eyes to ſadder ‖ ſcenes! to affliction! to death! Let him behold what his God endured for his ſake! behold the pale, the wounded body of his ſaviour; waſted with faſting; livid from the croſs! See the ſuffering parent ſwooning; and all the paſſions expreſſed which ſhe muſt have felt at that melancholy inſtant! Each touch of the pencil is a leſſon of contrition, each figure an apoſtle to call you to repentance.

* See the picture by Albano, in the ſalon.

† Several pictures of Madonnas, particularly in the Carlo Marat room, and holy families.

‡ The octagon picture of The adoration, by Guido, in the gallery.

§ Simeon and the child, by Guido, in the ſalon.

‖ See the picture of Chriſt laid in the ſepulchre, by Parmegiano, in the cabinet.

This

This leads me to conſider the advantages of Painting over a ſiſter art, which has rather been allotted the preference, I mean Poetry. The power of words, the harmony of numbers, the expreſſion of thoughts, have raiſed poetry to a higher ſtation than the mute picture can ſeem to aſpire to. But yet the poem is almoſt confined to the nation where it was written: however ſtrong its images, or bold its invention, they loſe their force when they paſs their own confines; or not underſtood, they are of no value; or if tranſlated, grow flat and untaſted. But Painting is a language every eye can read: the pictured paſſions ſpeak the tongue of every country.

The continence of * Scipio ſhines with all its luſtre, when told by the hand of a Pouſſin; while all the imagination of the poet, or eloquence of the hiſtorian, can caſt no beauty on the virtuous act, in the eye of an illiterate reader.

When ſuch benefits flow from this glorious art, how impious is it to corrupt its uſes, and to employ the nobleſt ſcience to the mercenary purpoſes of prieſtly ambition! to lend all the brightneſs with which the maſter's hand could adorn virtue, to deck the perſecuting, the barbarous, the wicked head of a ſainted inquiſitor, a gloomy viſionary, or an imaginary hermit! Yet ſuch are deified, ſuch are ſhrouded in clouds of glory, and expoſed for adoration, with all the force of ſtudy and colours! How often has a conſecrated glutton, or noted concubine, been dreſt in all the attributes of divinity, as the lewdneſs or impiety of the painter or pontiff has influenced the picture!—The pontiffs! thoſe gods on earth! thoſe vicegerents of heaven! whoſe riches, whoſe vices, nay, whoſe infirmities and near approach to the grave have perhaps raiſed them to the † ſeat of infallibility; ſoon proved how frail, how mortal, when the only immortality they can hope, is from the maſterly pencil of ſome ineſtimable painter!

This is indeed not one of the leaſt merits of this, I may ſay, heavenly art—its power to preſerve the form of a departed friend, or dear relation dead! to ſhow how ſeverely juſt looked the good legiſlator! how awfully ſerene

* See the picture on this ſubject in the gallery.

† See the picture of pope Clement IX. in the Carlo Marat room.

the humane, the true patriot! It ſhows us with what fire, what love of mankind, WILLIAM flew to ſave religion and liberty! It expreſſes how honeſt, how benign the line of HANOVER*! It helps our gratitude to conſecrate their memory; and ſhould aid our devotion to praiſe the almighty goodneſs, who by thoſe his inſtruments has preſerved his people Iſrael!

When we can draw ſuch advantages from the productions of this art, and can collect ſuch ſubjects for meditation from the furniture of palaces, need we fly to deſerts for contemplation, or to foreſts to avoid ſin? Here are ſtronger lectures of piety, more admonitions to repentance. Nor is he virtuous who ſhuns the † danger, but who conquers in the conteſt. He is the true philoſopher, who can turn from three the brighteſt forms that paganiſm or painting could aſcribe to ideal goddeſſes; and can prefer the penitent, the contrite ſoul of the ‡ Magdalene, whoſe big-ſwoln eye and diſheveled hair ſpeak the anguiſh of her conſcience; her coſtly offering and humble embraces of her ſaviour's feet, the fervency of her love and devotion. Who can ſee this without repentance? who view the haughty worldly phariſee, without abhorrence and indignation?

Sights like theſe muſt move, where the preacher fails; for each picture is but ſcripture realized; and each piece a comment on the hiſtory; they are explications of parables, that ſeeing *ye may ſee and underſtand.* The painter but executes pictures which the ſaviour himſelf deſigned. He drew in all the colours of divine oratory the rich, the pampered nobleman, ſwelling in purple and fine linen, and ſumptuouſly banqueting his riotous companions: he drew poor anguiſhed § Lazarus, ſighing without the proud portal for the very crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, while the dogs came and licked his ſores! Who can hear this deſcription without ſentiments of compaſſion, or emotions of anger? Who can ſee it repreſented, without blaming the one, or ſhedding a charitable tear for the other?—Who can—is as the idol that has *a mouth but ſpeaks not, and eyes that cannot ſee.*

* See the portraits of king William III. and king George I. by ſir Godfrey Kneller, in the parlour.

† See The judgment of Paris, by Carlo Marat and by Luca Jordano, in the yellow drawing-room.

‡ See the picture of Chriſt at the houſe of Simon the phariſee, by Rubens, in the ſalon.

§ See the picture of Dives and Lazarus, by Paul Veroneſe, in the gallery.

Again,

Again, behold the divine maſter ſketching out new groupes of figures, which every day compoſe pictures of ſin, of folly and repentance! Hear him paint the luxurious* prodigal, given up to riot and debauchery; hear him draw the conſequential ills, the miſeries, the want, that tread hard upon his profuſion and exceſs. See that prodigal, half naked, half in rags, uncouth and foul, kneeling among ſwine, and curſing the vices that drew on him ſuch extremity of diſtreſs.——With him let us ariſe and ſay, *I will go to my father, and ſay unto him, Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven and thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy ſon!* That father will hear, will not turn from the cry of the penitent: he is not like thoſe idols that have ears and hear not.——Will the Romiſh ſaints do thus? Can their hallowed Madonnas thus incline to their ſupplications? Can thoſe gaudy miſſionaries, whoſe conſecrated portraits elbow the altars of the living God, can they caſt their unſeeing eyes on their proſtrate votaries? Can their ſpeechleſs mouths ſay, *I will, be thou clean?*——Alas! thoſe ſaints which thoſe worſhipped pictures repreſent, may themſelves want the very pardon which their deluded adorers ſo idolatrouſly demand of them. Thus, be it, as we affirm, that they worſhip them and their images; or, as they pretend, that they only pray to them to pray to God, how lamentable is their option! Either to adore idols inſtead of the divinity; or to beg their interceſſion who themſelves want all the interceſſion of the Son of GOD.

One really knows not how to account for the prevalence of this ſin. Men fly from God into all the various crimes which human nature is capable of committing; and when apprehenſions of futurity, or decay of appetite, overtake them, inſtead of throwing themſelves into the arms of eternal mercy or infinite goodneſs, they barter for pardon with impotent images, or periſhed mortals, who died with the repute of a few leſs ſins than the reſt of mankind!——But could theſe ſuppoſititious deities attend to their prayers——why ſhould canvaſs or ſtone, why men who when living were ſubject to all the obduracy, ill-nature, and paſſions of humanity, why be ſuppoſed more capable of pity, more ſenſible of our ſorrows, than the fountain of tenderneſs and compaſſion, who ſacrificed his beſt-beloved for the ſake of mankind? Or why prefer the purchaſe of pardon from intereſted mercenary ſaints, to

* See the picture on this ſtory by Salvator Roſa, in the gallery.

the free forgiveneſs of him who delighteth not in burnt-offerings; who hath no pleaſure in the death of a ſinner, but rather that he ſhould turn from his wickedneſs and live?

Yet ſtill this prodigality of devotion is the favourite, the faſhionable religion! This builds thoſe hoſpitals for droning monks; this raiſes thoſe ſumptuous temples, and decks their gorgeous altars. Miſers *, who count farthings with ſuch labour and exactneſs, with ſuch careful minuteneſs, who would deny a mite to the fatherleſs and widow, here ſquander their precious treaſures and darling exactions. View but the tabernacle of a ſaint in vogue! How offerings pour in! What riches are ſhowered upon their altars! Not happy † Job, when relieved from his misfortunes, and replaced on the ſeat of felicity, ſaw ſuch treaſures, ſuch oblations heaped on him by the bounty and munificence of his returning friends.

How great is one's ſurpriſe, on coming to enquire into the merits that are the foundation of this univerſal eſteem! Perhaps a churliſh recluſeneſs; a bold oppoſition of lawful magiſtrates; a dogmatical defence of church-prerogatives; a ſelf-tormenting ſpirit; or, worſe, a ſpirit that has tormented others, under colour of eradicating hereſies or propagating the faith, is the only certificate they can ſhow for their titles to beatitude. No love of ſociety; no public ſpirit; no heroic actions; are in the catalogue of their virtues. A moroſe Carthuſian, or bloody Dominican, is inveſted with robes of glory, by authority of councils and conſiſtories; while a ‡ Curtius or a Cocles is left to the chance of fame which a private pencil can beſtow on him.

But it is not neceſſary to dive into profane hiſtory for examples of unregarded merit: the ſcriptures themſelves contain inſtances of the greateſt patriots, who lie neglected, while new-faſhioned bigots or noiſy incendiaries are the reigning objects of public veneration §. See the great Moſes himſelf! the law-giver, the defender, the preſerver of Iſrael! Peeviſh orators are

* See the picture of The uſurers, by Quint. Matſis, in the gallery.

† See the picture on this ſubject, by Guido, in the gallery.

‡ See the two pictures on their ſtories, by Mola, in the gallery.

§ The alluſion to lord Orford's life is carried on through this whole character.

more run after, and artful Jeſuits more popular. Examine but the life of that ſlighted patriot: how boldly in his youth he undertook the cauſe of liberty! Unknown, without intereſt, he ſtood againſt the face of Pharaoh! He ſaved his countrymen from the hand of tyranny, and from the dominion of an idolatrous king: how patiently did he bear for a ſeries of years the clamours and cabals of a factious people, wandering after ſtrange luſts, and exaſperated by ambitious ringleaders! How oft did he intercede for their pardon, when injured himſelf! How tenderly deny them ſpecious favours, which he knew muſt turn to their own deſtruction! See him lead them through oppoſition, through plots, through enemies, to the enjoyment of peace, and to the poſſeſſion of *a land flowing with milk and honey!* Or with more ſurpriſe ſee him in the * barren deſert, where ſands and wilds overſpread the dreary ſcene, where no hopes of moiſture, no proſpect of undiſcovered ſprings could flatter their parching thirſt; ſee how with a miraculous hand

He ſtruck the rock, and ſtraight the waters flow'd †.

Whoever denies his praiſe to ſuch evidence of merit, or with jealous look can ſcowl on ſuch benefits, is like the ſenſeleſs idol, that *has a mouth that ſpeaks not, and eyes that cannot ſee.*

Now to God the father, &c.

* Alludes to the waters made at Houghton, and to the picture of Moſes ſtriking the rock, by Pouſſin, in the gallery.

† A line of Cowley.

FINIS.

NATURE WILL PREVAIL:

A

MORAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN ONE ACT.

PERSONS.

MEN.

CURRENT.

PADLOCK.

WOMEN.

ALMADINE, a Fairy.

FINETTE, a Country Girl.

NATURE WILL PREVAIL:

A

Moral Entertainment, in one Act.

SCENE, *a Deſert Iſland.*

Enter CURRENT.

WHAT an unfortunate mortal am I! to have ſo many virtues and not a ſoul to communicate them to! I love to know, I love to impart all I know! Not the leaſt myſtery in my whole compoſition. Then my memory is as good as my heart; and though I remember every thing I hear, ſtill I have no peace till I have made ſomebody elſe as wiſe as myſelf. Yet in this curſed deſolate iſland all my curioſity, all my frankneſs are thrown away. I cannot find a creature but that moroſe animal Padlock, who, though I have told him all the ſecrets I ever heard in my life, has never imparted a tittle to me but which way the wind was; and that with as much circumſpection as if he was afraid the wind ſhould overhear him. We have no chance of eſcaping hence, and yet he will not own even what party he is of. I abuſed the Tories. He anſwered, they were very loyal gentlemen. I changed my battery, and railed at the Whigs. The Whigs, replied he, have the merit of bringing in the preſent royal family. Other people praiſe and abuſe; Padlock has an excuſe for every body; yet with ſo little warmth, that I can often perceive he is glad when I rail at them, but will not join in it, for fear we ſhould ever return and I ſhould betray him. We are ſhut up in a deſert, and he is as cautious as if he were in the drawing-room. I long to tell him how frightened I was by a tiger this morning, but I know he would aſſure me he has known many a tiger with very ſociable qualities—Well, I muſt acquaint him, however, for I have nobody elſe to tell it to.

Enter ALMADINE.

CURRENT.

Bleſs me, a woman! Well, now I ſhall have converſation enough—pray heaven ſhe be no relation of Padlock!

ALMADINE.

Stranger, lay aſide your fears—in me you behold—

CURRENT.

A woman, and a charming one.—My lovely madam, do you think I fear a handſome woman, with whom I am alone in a deſert iſland, where there is no one human creature, but a fellow called Padlock—and who, between you and me, is the dulleſt fellow on this ſide of the Atlantic?

ALMADINE.

I know it; but I ſhould be ſorry he knew any thing of me. You will never behold me more, if you mention having ſeen me.

CURRENT.

Dear madam, I give you my honour it ſhall never go out of my lips but to Padlock. He is my friend, and I am bound in honour to keep no ſecrets from him.

ALMADINE.

Your life depends on your taciturnity.

CURRENT.

[*Aſide.*] What ſignifies whether I burſt, or die any other way? Pardon my curioſity, as my being it ſeems is at ſtake. How can my life depend on keeping your ſecret? How can you avoid Padlock's ſeeing you? Nay, has not he ſeen you? Perhaps you are a private friend that he keeps concealed in ſome cave—You may truſt me, he ſhall never know I have found out his ſecret.

ALMADINE.

I cannot be ſure of that. You ſeem ſo communicative, that, having no other confident, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed if you told him even that.

CURRENT.

CURRENT.

What then, you own I have gueſſed right? How kind to prefer me to him! Where is your retreat? I will come to you the moment he is gone to reſt. One kiſs firſt—

ALMADINE.

Raſh mortal, forbear! Know, I am not of your ſpecies—

CURRENT.

My dear lady, you have lived in this damned iſland till you have forgot your own language—You mean, you are not of my ſex.—I ſee it by that ſnowy boſom, and I flatter myſelf you are not ſorry that we are of different ſpecies. Lord! what pleaſure it will be to hear our children prattle!

ALMADINE.

Offend not the purity of ſupernatural organs by your licentious ideas—I tell you I am—

CURRENT.

A ſupernatural beauty, I allow; but your organs, I truſt, are not over-natural.

ALMADINE.

Be dumb for a moment, if poſſible. I am a fairy.

CURRENT.

The devil you are! You are monſtrouſly grown. I have always heard that fairies were not a thought taller than Lilliputians.

ALMADINE.

I am of a ſuperior order. This iſland is under my patronage. I am ſovereign of the weſtern ocean. You and Padlock were both ſhipwrecked on this coaſt by my order. Your deſtiny is in my hands. You can never depart hence but by my permiſſion: and I repeat it to you, your life will end the moment you reveal the inviolable ſecret of having ſeen me.

CURRENT.

What, not even to Padlock?

ALMADINE.

Above all men, not to him.

CURRENT.

Bring any other man hither, and I will not deſire to tell Padlock; for, between you and me, he is the worſt perſon upon earth for a confident.

ALMADINE.

What, is he as communicative as yourſelf?

CURRENT.

Oh, lord! for a fairy you are a woful gueſſer! He communicative! Why, he would not tell if I bid him—nay, I don't think he would, even if I ſwore him to ſecrecy.

ALMADINE.

I find the truſt I place in you, is in good hands—but you know the penalty. [*vaniſhes.*]

CURRENT, *alone.*

Stay, ſtay; where the devil is ſhe? Madam fairy, lady patroneſs, what's your name, queen of the ocean—Zounds, ſhe is gone.—Supernatural indeed! Not ſay I have ſeen you? 'Faith, I don't know whether I have or not. I had fifty queſtions to aſk her—Seen her; ſeen whom? Whom can I ſay I have ſeen? A gentlewoman ſtalks in from behind a rock, acquaints a body with her ſupernaturality, which was not at all the thing I wanted with her, tells me I am a dead man if I mention having ſeen her, and whiſk! ſhe is out of ſight, without even leaving me a card with her direction. Who the devil will believe me? Aye, and moreover ſhe ſays ſhe ordered me to be ſhipwrecked—Very kind, truly! I am certainly bound in honour to keep ſo obliging a ſecret.—And Padlock, too—ſhe ſhipwrecked him likewiſe—Well, ſhe did not bid me not to tell that. I may certainly acquaint him with what relates to himſelf—I will do it, thus: "A certain fairy, that ſhall be nameleſs—Don't, Padlock, don't preſs me—a lady's name, you know, muſt not be imparted to the neareſt friend—nay, nor don't aſk me how I came to know it; but be aſſured a certain fairy—not that I have ſeen her, I don't ſay I have; I cannot help what you may conjecture."—Ay, that will do; I can never be ſtruck dead for what he may gueſs—I hope he

will gueſs.—Gueſs! what can he gueſs? If I was to tell him ever ſo plainly, he would not believe me.—Padlock, with all his religion, I am convinced is an unbeliever—and therefore where can be the harm of telling him what he will think a lie?—Well, but ſuppoſe I tell him upon my honour I have not ſeen a woman theſe twelve hours—his ſuſpicious nature will conclude by the abruptneſs of the aſſertion that I have ſeen one, and thus he will find out my ſecret while I endeavour to keep it from him. It ſhall be ſo.

ECHO. It ſhall be ſo.

CURRENT.

Ha! who was that? 'Faith, I believe it was an echo—What a fortunate diſcovery!—Egad, I'll tell Echo the ſecret; and if ſhe tells Padlock, it is no fault of mine—If he is within a mile he ſhall know it—[*bawls very loud*] Padlock, Padlock, I have ſeen a— [ALMADINE *appears.*] —a tiger.

[*She diſappears.*]

CURRENT.

A fairy, quotha! Why, ſhe is an errant hocus pocus—It is good, however, to have preſence of mind—I ſee I muſt be upon my guard—Now for telling my ſecret, without telling it—[*bawls*] Padlock, Padlock, don't believe I have juſt ſeen a fairy—

ECHO. Believe I have juſt ſeen a fairy.

CURRENT. [ALMADINE *appears.*]

Oh! oh! I am a dead man!

ALMADINE.

What were thoſe ſounds I heard? Is this your ſecrecy? Do you inſult my power? Do you proclaim to the echos what I charged you never to utter?

CURRENT.

As I hope to be ſaved, your majeſty, that Echo is a damned liar. She blunders like an Iriſh footman. I was but dictating a card to her to carry a ſtone's throw, and ſhe forgot the firſt word of it.

ALMADINE.

ALMADINE.

As you have not totally diſobeyed me, for the preſent your life is reſpited —but as you are in ſome degree guilty, you will ere long be deprived of faculties that are very dear to you.

CURRENT.

Lord, madam, which? which? If I muſt be deprived of ſome of my faculties, may I not at leaſt chooſe which?

[ALMADINE *diſappears.*]

ECHO. Chooſe which.

CURRENT.

Alack! alack! what ſhall I do? How can I chooſe? My poor dear faculties, which of you muſt I give up? My eyes, my ears, my tongue, my hands, my—Oh, it is impoſſible to reſolve—Yes, yes, yes, I have it—I have an averſion to ſorrow—Echo, take notice, I have made my option; I will give up my tears—

ECHO. Ears.

CURRENT.

Ha! my ears! No, no, thou abominable jeſuitical quibbling proſtitute! I did not ſay my ears—

ECHO. Ears.

CURRENT.

No, no; I tell you [*as loud as he can bawl*] my tears, my t, e, a, r, s.

ECHO. E, a, r, s.

Enter FINETTE.

Methought I heard a man's voice—I have not ſeen a human creature ſince I was in this diſmal place.—There he is—Sure he will not hurt me—I have been told I am pretty, and that no man will hurt a pretty woman; I'll venture.—[*curtſies*]—Good ſir, have compaſſion on an innocent virgin—

CURRENT.

CURRENT.

She is a ſweet creature—but why does not ſhe ſpeak? Her lips move, but no ſound comes from them. Who are you, pretty maiden? Can you ſpeak Engliſh?

FINETTE.

Yes, an' pleaſe you.

CURRENT.

Do you mock me, child? Are you a fairy too? Can't you articulate?

FINETTE.

I don't underſtand your honour.

CURRENT.

Child, I am not deaf; I don't comprehend the motion of the lips without ſounds. Speak aloud, if you have a mind I ſhould know what you mean. I am not uſed to talk in dumb ſhow.

FINETTE.

What can he mean? Perhaps he is a little deafiſh—I'll ſpeak louder. My name is Finette, your honour; my parents are poor, but very honeſt, I aſſure ye.

CURRENT.

This is certainly ſome trick of the fairy. Young woman, I'll kiſs you till you find your voice—

FINETTE.

O dear, I hope your honour won't be rude—Indeed I will cry out.

CURRENT.

Very well; I have no objections to the conditions, if you have not—ſince kiſſes muſt do the buſineſs—[*offers to kiſs her.*]

[FINETTE *ſcreams.*]

Enter PADLOCK.

What have we here? Current and a pretty wench! Very well, very well, Mr. Current, I wiſh you much joy!

CURRENT.

Oh, Padlock, I was trying to open this girl's lips; ſhe does nothing but make mouths at me. Try if you can make her ſpeak.

PADLOCK.

Very willingly, if I may make uſe of your method.

CURRENT.

What the devil, are you dumb too?—Have you learnt the ſilent language of this country? You was taciturn enough before.

PADLOCK.

I thought the language I found you practiſing was the tongue of every country.

CURRENT.

Ha, what, ha! Come, come, have done fooling. You don't want to be kiſſed too, I hope?

FINETTE, *to* PADLOCK.

Alas, ſir, the poor gentleman is either deaf or mad. I have ſcreamed as loud as I could.

PADLOCK.

Yes, in good truth, for I heard you to the bottom of the hill.

CURRENT.

They talk to one another—ſeem to underſtand one another—and yet I don't hear a word they ſay.—Lord, lord, lord, ſure I am not deaf! Padlock, am I deaf?

PADLOCK.

You are not dumb, at leaſt; your tongue runs as faſt as ever.

CURRENT.

Now, for heaven's ſake, Padlock, tell me, I conjure you; have you ſpoken aloud to me? Am I deaf? Or are you in a plot with this imp of the fairies to torment me?

PADLOCK.

The girl's in the right, he is certainly gone mad—he has talked himſelf out of his ſenſes.

FINETTE.

FINETTE.

Indeed, your honour, I am afraid the poor gentleman's head is a little aſkew, as it were—pardon my boldneſs.

CURRENT.

What ſhall I do to know whether I am really deaf or not? Dear Padlock, ſweet laſs, bawl as loud as you can.

PADLOCK *and* FINETTE.

Do you hear me?

CURRENT.

Pho! you only gape.

PADLOCK.

I tell you, we roared.

FINETTE.

Yes, indeed did us.

CURRENT.

O lord, I don't hear a word they ſay.—I will go let off a piſtol at my own ear. [*Runs out.*]

PADLOCK, FINETTE.

PADLOCK.

Well, pretty maiden, don't look after that fool—my friend, I mean. He is a little apt to be thick of hearing—he is quick at times.

FINETTE.

Indeed, your honour, his worſhip ſeems to be a very civil gentleman in the main.

PADLOCK.

Oh, he does, does he? And pray how long have his worſhip and you been acquainted?

FINETTE.

Oh, not the time of drawing a drap of ſmall beer, indeed and indeed!

PADLOCK.

But what made you ſcream out ſo luſtily?

FINETTE.

Oh,—ſtay; yes, he trod upon my beſt gown.

PADLOCK.

So you did not cry out becauſe he kiſſed you?

FINETTE.

Yes; no—yes, I might ſcream, but indeed I believe the gentleman meant matrimony. Don't all gentlemen that kiſs poor girls, mean to make them their wives?

PADLOCK.

Oh, yes, yes, ſome time or other. But are you poor; very poor?

FINETTE.

Yes, an' pleaſe your honour; and it would be an act of charity, if you would be ſo good as to give me away.

PADLOCK.

Give you away! To whom?

FINETTE.

To yon fine gentleman in the gay clothes that was here awhile agon.

PADLOCK.

Why, ſure you don't like that ſot?—my friend, I mean. He is a very worthy man; but he will never marry you without a portion. You ſhall marry me—and as there is no clergyman in the iſland, we may live as man and wife in the mean time; and if ever we get back to England, or Scotland—

Enter CURRENT.

O lord! Padlock, I am certainly deaf, ſtone-deaf! I fired a piſtol, and did not hear it—I bawled to the echo, I banged great ſtones againſt the anchor, and all in vain: nay, I don't hear my own voice—Do I ſpeak? I hope I am not dumb too.

PADLOCK.

[*Aſide.*] I wiſh you were. Egad, I will make him believe he is; and then the double misfortune may make him drown himſelf. [*Shakes his head.*]

CURRENT.

CURRENT.

No, you don't ſay ſo! What, don't you hear me? [PADLOCK *ſhakes his head.*] Upon your honour! Oh, I ſhall go diſtracted—[*bawls very loud.*] —Don't you hear me yet? [PADLOCK *ſhakes his head.*] Oh, undone, undone, undone!—To have but three people in this world, and not be able to hear them, nor make them hear me!—And you, my angel, don't you hear me neither?

FINETTE.

Yes, indeed, your honour; and I never heard ſo fine a ſpoken gentleman in all my born days.

PADLOCK.

[*Aſide.* The girl's a fool, and in love with him; but at leaſt he does not hear her: I'll make him believe ſhe does not diſtinguiſh a word he ſays.

[*Puſhes her aſide, points to her, and ſhakes his head, as if* FINETTE *did not hear* CURRENT.]

CURRENT.

Don't ſhe, upon your ſoul?—Oh! what will become of me? I cannot even have the ſatisfaction of a dialogue with the echo.

FINETTE, *angrily, to* PADLOCK.

Don't impoſe upon the poor gentleman; you may be aſhamed of yourſelf. [*To* CURRENT.] Sir, I do hear you: ſpeak to me. [*Very loud.*]

PADLOCK.

O nature, nature, didſt thou form fools only to baffle the cunning of wiſe men? Now will love teach this ſimple girl to defeat all my art!

[FINETTE *points to* CURRENT'S *mouth, then to her own ear, and then nods to him.*]

PADLOCK.

Ay, ay; ſee, I ſaid it would be ſo.——Damn her, but I muſt have her—

CURRENT.

'Faith, I believe *ſhe does* hear me.—My life, my angel, nod again if you hear me. [FINETTE *nods, and ſmiles upon him.*] Oh! tranſport! You have

a deviliſh pretty mouth, when you ſmile; but the quickneſs of your ears is ten times better ſtill——And does Padlock hear me too? [FINETTE *nods.*] I thought ſo.—Now do I long to tell them both the ſecret—but if that curſed fairy is within reach, ſhe may make them deaf to. Oh, but now I remember, ſhe did not forbid my telling it to this girl—Lord, it is quite reviving to have ſomebody to tell a ſecret to.—Heark you, heark you, my dear; a word in your ear.

PADLOCK.

[*Aſide.*] He is going to tell her ſomething to my prejudice. I muſt prevent him.

[*Pulls* FINETTE *away, and makes profeſſions to* CURRENT, *by laying his hand to his heart; and expreſſing concern for his deafneſs, by pointing to* CURRENT's *ears, and looking grieved.*]

FINETTE.

It is very unhandſome in you, Mr. Padlock, to interrupt lovyers. The gentleman might be going to propoſe matrimony, for aught you know.

CURRENT.

Good Padlock, let us alone; I was going to tell her a ſecret, and I dare ſwear ſhe will tell it you the moment my back is turned—I muſt go about a little buſineſs the moment I have whiſpered her, and will leave you alone.

PADLOCK.

[*Aſide.*] Good! One fool at leaſt counteracts another. We cunning people always ſucceed ſooner or later. [*To* FINETTE.] Go, go and hear what the gentleman has to ſay to you. It is no buſineſs of mine.

FINETTE.

So I will, without your leave. One may whiſper with one's ſweetheart without offence, I hope. [CURRENT *whiſpers her.*] A fairy! Have you ſeen a fairy? Lord, you make me trimble all over.

PADLOCK.

[*Aſide.*] What nonſenſe is the blockhead talking to her?

CURRENT.

[*Aſide.*] I hope ſhe has told him. [*To her.*] Why, ſure you have not divulged my ſecret? Padlock, you muſt not believe her. Where ſhould I have ſeen a fairy? I do not ſay there are no ſuch beings—nay, I know there are—Not that I ſay I ever ſaw one—I may, or I may not—

PADLOCK.

His brain is certainly cracked—

FINETTE.

For ſartain, it is for love—And yet, Mr. Padlock, you will bear me witneſs I have not been cruel. Would it not be better, think you, if I made him ſigns that I will marry him?

PADLOCK.

Pray, my dear, what ſigns will you make him? [*Aſide.*] As he is mad already, I don't know but matrimony may bring him to his ſenſes.

FINETTE.

Oh, you ſhall ſee in a trice.

[*She takes a ring from* CURRENT's *finger, gives it him, and holds out her own finger; then pulls* PADLOCK *between them, takes out a prayer-book and turns to "Matrimony," ſhows it to* CURRENT, *and then gives the book to* PADLOCK.]

CURRENT.

What the devil is all this? Matrimony? What, child, have you a mind I ſhould marry you? Nay, with all my heart—[*Aſide.*] It is the beſt way of ſecuring the only woman in the iſland to myſelf.—But, my angel, who is to give you away?

ALMADINE *appears.*

That ſhall be my office.

CURRENT.

Oh! ecſtacy! at leaſt I can hear fairies ſpeak.

ALMADINE.

ALMADINE.

And every body elſe: your hearing is reſtored. Know, Current, and thou, Padlock, that a vain endeavour to correct nature has cured me of preſumption; though I have not been able to amend the reſpective faults in each of you. I cauſed you all three to be tranſported hither to make the experiment. What has been the reſult? You, Padlock, in an uninhabited iſland, have not been able to diveſt yourſelf of caution, reſerve, ſuſpicion, cunning, ſelf-intereſt and treachery. One man alone was your companion; it was out of his power to betray you; and yet you could not bring yourſelf to truſt him: the firſt woman you ſaw, tempted you to betray him. Of what uſe has good ſenſe been to you? It has only given edge to the badneſs of your heart. Go back to men; you are fit to live amongſt them. You, Current, are more fool than knave; but you too are incorrigible. The threats of death, the loſs of hearing, could not cure you of your loquacity. It would be hard to puniſh you for what you cannot help. This innocent pretty creature loves you ſincerely, loves you honeſtly. I will ſee you married; you ſhall remain here with her for ever, and ſhall be as happy as your nature will ſuffer you to be. It is no more in my power to make you happier, than it was to make you better.

FINETTE.

Dear gracious, ſhall I live alone with this fine gentleman for ever?

CURRENT.

No, no; I hope her majeſty will now and then have a fit of making experiments, and ſend us more company. Adieu! Padlock; be ſure you put all that has happened to us into the newſpapers.

ALMADINE.

That he will not. He does not like newſpapers meddling with characters like his.

FINIS.

THOUGHTS ON TRAGEDY:

IN THREE LETTERS

TO

ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

LETTER I.

AFTER the very great and general applauſe given to Braganza, my admiration of it, ſir, can be of little value, though very precious to me, as it has procured me ſo very obliging, and, forgive my ſaying, far too flattering, a mark of attention from you. The pleaſure I once had of being acquainted with you naturally attracted my expectation from your play. It is but true to ſay, that it far exceeded it. I did not expect that a firſt production in a way in which I did not know you, would prove the work of a maſter-poet. Even on hearing the three firſt acts, I was ſtruck, not only with the language, metaphors and ſimilies, which are as new as noble and beautiful, but with the modulation of the numbers. Your ear, ſir, is as perfect as your images, and no poet we have excels you in harmony. It enchanted me ſo much, that it had juſt the contrary effect from what it ought to have had; for, forgetting how bad a figure I ſhould make by appearing in company with ſuch verſes, I could not refuſe Mr. Tighe's requeſt of writing an epilogue, though I never was a poet, and have done writing—but in excuſe, I muſt ſay I complied, only becauſe an epilogue was immediately wanted. You have by this time, I fear, ſir, ſeen it in the newſpapers: it was written in one evening; I knew it was not only bad, but moſt unworthy of ſuch a play; and

when I heard it ſpoken, though pronounced better than it deſerved, I thought I never heard, to any play, a flatter epilogue. I beg your pardon, ſir; I am aſhamed of it—the prologue is really a very fine one—but you wanted no aſſiſtance, no props; the immenſe applauſe which you drew from the audience was owing to yourſelf alone. Mrs. Yates and Mr. Smith played well, not quite equally to their parts—Two other principal parts were ſo indifferently performed, that your own merit appeared the greater; and I will venture to ſay, that Braganza will always charm more when read, than when ſeen; for I doubt there never will be found a whole ſet of actors together, who can do it full juſtice. For my own part, though ſo diſcontent with my epilogue, I ſhall always be proud of having facilitated and haſtened Braganza's appearance on the ſtage, by the zeal with which I ſolicited the licence, and which I hope atones for my miſcarriage in the other. I am indifferent to fame on my own account, but glory in having ſerved yours.

My ſelf-condemnation ought to deter me from obeying your further commands, however graciouſly laid on me. Can you want counſel, ſir, who have produced Braganza? Or am I fit to give counſel, who have written a tragedy that never can appear on any ſtage? and who am not only ſenſible of the intrinſic fault in the choice of the ſubject, but of many others that happily will not come into queſtion?

It is true, I have thought often on the ſubject, though not of late till I ſaw your tragedy. I was very attentive to that, and obſerved what parts made impreſſion on the audience, and which did not; for every part even of ſo beautiful a compoſition, and ſo faultleſs in the poetry, could not have equal effect on a vaſt audience, where the greater part could not be judges but from the operation on their paſſions. My letter, ſir, is already too long, nor can I delay thanking you till I have time to recollect my thoughts. I ſhall certainly never pretend to give you inſtruction; but if either in the future choice of a ſubject, or in any obſervations which I have made on the conſtruction of tragedies, I can furniſh you with any hints (for I certainly do not mean to write a treatiſe, or even methodize my thoughts), I will ſo far obey you as to lay them before you—though I own I wiſh rather to ſee you perform what I am ſure I can give no advice upon. As I hold a good comedy the chef-œuvre of human genius, I wiſh, I ſay, you would try comedy—though you

you will be unpardonable too if you neglect tragedy, for which you have ſo marked a vocation.

I have the honour to be, SIR,
With the greateſt reſpect,
eſteem and admiration,
Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Arlington-Street,
Feb. 24, 1775.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

SIR,

IN conſequence of your orders and of my own promiſe, I will venture to lay before you, not advice, but ſome indigeſted thoughts on ſubjects for tragedy, and on the compoſition of one—rather for the ſake of talking with you on a matter agreeable to us both, than to dictate on what I have but once attempted, and never ſufficiently ſtudied; indeed not at all till I had executed ſome part of my piece.

I am ill qualified, ſir, to recommend a ſubject to you; ſince, though I confeſs I thought I had found ſome talent in myſelf for tragedy (after having vainly tried at comedy, to which I was more inclined), I have never been able to find a ſecond ſtory that pleaſed me—at leaſt, that touched me enough to purſue it. My wiſh was to work on that of ſir Thomas More—but the difficulties were various and too great. In the firſt place, it would not be painting him, to omit his characteriſtic pleaſantry. Yet who but Shakeſpeare could render mirth pathetic? His exquiſite ſcene of the grave-diggers is an inſtance of that magic and creative power—now ſo overwhelmed by the ignorance of French criticiſm, that it is acted no more!—And would not ſuch barbarous blunders ſtifle genius itſelf? Not to miſcarry in an imitation of Shakeſpeare, would be to be Shakeſpeare—it would be ſtill meritorious to aim at it. But there are other difficulties: one muſt paſs cenſure on ſir Thomas's bigotry; or draw him as a martyr to a ridiculous worſhip, without cenſuring that worſhip; for

even an oblique cenſure on it out of the mouth of one of his *reformed* perſecutors would flatten the glory of his martyrdom.—Theſe two difficulties combined made me drop all thoughts of that ſtory, though ſo fertile of great and bold ſituations. Anne Boleyn would pleaſe me; but Henry VIII. is too perfectly drawn by Shakeſpeare to admit a ſecond and much weaker edition.

There is one ſubject, a very favourite one with me, and yet which I alone was accidentally prevented from meddling with—Don Carlos. Otway, the next to Shakeſpeare in boldneſs, though only next but one in ſtrokes of nature, in my opinion, as I prefer the tragic ſcenes in The Fatal Marriage and Oroonoko to Venice Preſerved and The Orphan, has miſcarried wofully in Don Carlos. Sir Charles Williams, who had long intended to write a tragedy on that ſubject, and who I believe had no tragic powers, never ſet about it till he was mad—and madneſs did not aſſiſt him as it did Lee; nor allowed him to finiſh it. Yet how many capital ingredients in that ſtory! Tenderneſs, cruelty, heroiſm, policy, pity, terror! The impetuous paſſions of the prince, the corrected and cooler fondneſs and virtue of the queen, the king's dark and cruel vengeance, different ſhades of policy in Rui Gomez, policy and art with franker paſſions in the ducheſs of Eboli—how many contraſts!—And what helps from the religion and hiſtory of the times, or even of the preceding reign!—In ſhort, ſir, I ſee nothing againſt it but the notoriety of the ſtory, which I think always diſadvantageous, as it prevents ſurpriſe—though a known ſtory ſaves the author ſome details—which if exhibited, as the French practice, by telling you all the preceding circumſtances in the firſt ſcene, appear to me a greater crime than any of the improprieties that Shakeſpeare has crowded into The Winter Evening's Tale; for novelty, however badly introduced, can never be ſo inſipid or more improbable than two courtiers telling one another what each muſt know more or leſs, though one of them may have been abſent two or three years. Shakeſpeare's prologues are far more endurable.

Why I gave up this fruitful canvas, was merely becauſe the paſſion is inceſtuous, as is moſt unfortunately that of my Myſterious Mother, though at different points of time, and that of Carlos a pardonable and not diſguſting one. I ſhall rejoice at having left it, if you will adopt it.

For

For all other ſubjects, I have ſaid not one pleaſed me exactly. I think it would not be unadviſable to take any you like, changing the names and the country of the perſons; which would prevent the audience being foreſtalled —though this is leſs an inducement to you, ſir, who have rendered the laſt act of Braganza the moſt intereſting, though half the audience expected the cataſtrophe—not indeed ſo ſtrikingly as you have made it touch them. Still, as the denouement is your own, and one of the fineſt coups de théatre I ever met with, it proves that a known ſtory wants ſome novelty; and I confeſs that, in your moſt tender ſcenes, I felt leſs than I ſhould have done had I not foreknown the proſperous event.

Changing the perſons and country is juſt the reverſe of the bungling contrivance in Le Comte de Warvic, where the author has groſsly perverted a known ſtory without amending it.

One art I think might be uſed, though a very difficult one; and yet I would not recommend it to you, ſir, if I did not think you capable of employing it; and that is, *a very new and peculiar ſtyle.* By fixing on ſome region of whoſe language we have little or no idea, as of the Peruvians in the ſtory of Atabalipa, you might frame a new diction, even out of Engliſh, that would have amazing effect, and ſeem the only one the actors could properly uſe. It is much eaſier to conceive this, than to give rules for it—but Milton certainly made a new Engliſh language; and Shakeſpeare, always greater than any man, has actually formed a ſtyle for Caliban that could ſuit no other kind of being. Dryden, vaſt as his genius was, tried the ſame thing more than once, but failed. He wanted to conceive how the Mexicans muſt have felt the miracles of ſhips, and gunpowder, &c. imported by the Europeans—he wrote moſt harmoniouſly for them; and it might be poetry, but was not nature. He miſcarried ſtill more, when he wanted to forget all he had learned by eyeſight, and to think for blind Emmeline:—he makes her talk nonſenſe:—when ſhe ſuppoſes her lover's face is of *ſoft black gold*, it conveys no idea at all. When blind profeſſor Sanderſon ſaid, he ſuppoſed ſcarlet was like the ſound of a trumpet; it proved he had been told that ſcarlet was the moſt vivid of colours, but ſhowed he had no otherwiſe an idea of it.

The religion of the Peruvians, their demons, which I would allow to be real

real exiſtencies, oracles and prophecies foretelling their ruin and the arrival of ſtrangers, would add great decoration. I love decorations whenever they produce unexpected coups de théatre. In ſhort, we want new channels for tragedy, and ſtill more for poetry. You have the ſeeds, ſir; ſow them where you will, they will grow. Had I your genius, I would hazard a *future* American ſtory—ſuppoſe empires to be founded there—give them new cuſtoms, new manners—But I grow viſionary—and this letter is too long—I will try to have more common ſenſe in the next, not having left room enough in this to tell you how much I am

Your obedient ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

YOU have drawn more trouble on yourſelf, ſir, than you expected; and would probably excuſe my not performing the reſt of my promiſe: but though I look upon myſelf as engaged to ſend you my thoughts, you are neither bound to anſwer them, nor regard them. They very likely are not new, and it is preſumption in me to ſend hints to a much abler writer than myſelf. I can only plead in apology, that I intereſt myſelf in your fame; and as you are the only man capable of reſtoring and improving our ſtage, I really mean no more than to exhort and lead you on to make uſe of your great talents.

I have told you, as is true, that I am no poet. It is as true that you are a genuine one; and therefore I ſhall not ſay one word on that head. For the conſtruction of a drama—it is mechanic, though much depends on it. A byſtander may be a good director at leaſt; for mechaniſm certainly is independent of, though eaſily poſſeſſed by, a genius. Banks never wrote ſix tolerable lines, yet diſpoſed his fable with ſo much addreſs, that I think three plays have been conſtructed on his plot of The Earl of Eſſex, not one of which is

is much better than the original. The diſpoſition is the next ſtep to the choice of a ſubject, on which I have ſaid enough in a former letter. A genius can ſurmount defects in both. If there is art in Othello and Macbeth, it ſeems to have been by chance; for Shakeſpeare certainly took no pains to adjuſt a plan, and in his hiſtoric plays ſeems to have turned Hollinſhed and Stowe into verſe and ſcenes as faſt as he could write—though every now and then his divine genius flaſhed upon particular ſcenes and made them immortal; as in his King John, where nature itſelf has ſtamped the ſcenes of Conſtance, Arthur and Hubert with her own impreſſion, though the reſt is as defective as poſſible. He ſeems to recall the Mahometan idea of lunatics, who are ſometimes inſpired, oftener changelings. Yet what ſignifies all his rubbiſh? He has ſcenes, and even ſpeeches, that are infinitely ſuperior to all the correct elegance of Racine. I had rather have written the two ſpeeches of lady Percy, in the ſecond part of Henry IV. than all Voltaire, though I admire the latter infinitely, eſpecially in Alzire, Mahomet and Semiramis. Indeed, when I think over all the great authors of the Greeks, Romans, Italians, French, and Engliſh (and I know no other languages), I ſet Shakeſpeare firſt and alone, and then begin anew.

Well, ſir, I give up Shakeſpeare's dramas; and yet prefer him to every man. Why? For his exquiſite knowledge of the paſſions and nature; for his ſimplicity too, which he poſſeſſes too when moſt natural. Dr. Johnſon ſays he is bombaſt whenever he attempts to be ſublime: but this is never true but when he aims at ſublimity in the expreſſion; the glaring fault of Johnſon himſelf.—But as ſimplicity is the grace of ſublime, who poſſeſſes it like Shakeſpeare? Is not the

Him, wondrous Him!

in lady Percy's ſpeech, exquiſitely ſublime and pathetic too? He has another kind of ſublime which no man ever poſſeſſed but he; and this is, his art in dignifying a vulgar or trivial expreſſion. Voltaire is ſo groſsly ignorant, and taſteleſs, as to condemn this, as to condemn *the bare bodkin*—But my enthuſiaſm for Shakeſpeare runs away with me.

I was ſpeaking of the negligence of his conſtruction. You have not that

fault. I own I do not admire your choice of Braganza, becauſe in reality it admits of but two acts, the conſpiracy and the revolution. You have not only filled it out with the moſt beautiful dialogue, but made the intereſt riſe, though the revolution has ſucceeded. I can never too much admire the appearance of the friar, which diſarms Velaſquez: and yet you will be ſhocked to hear, that, notwithſtanding all I could ſay at the rehearſal, I could not prevail to have Velaſquez drop the dagger inſtantly, the only artful way of getting it out of his hand; for, as lady *P*——— obſerved, if he kept it two moments, he would recollect that it was the only way of preſerving himſelf. But actors are not always judges. They perſiſted, for ſhow-ſake, againſt my remonſtrances, to exhibit the duke and ducheſs on a throne in the ſecond act; which could not but make the audience conclude that the revolution had even then taken place.

If I could find a fault in your tragedy, ſir, it would be a want of more ſhort ſpeeches, of a ſort of ſerious repartee, which gives great ſpirit. But I think the moſt of what I have to ſay may be compriſed in a recommendation of keeping the audience in ſuſpenſe, and of touching the paſſions by the pathetic familiar. By the latter, I mean the ſtudy of Shakeſpeare's ſtrokes of nature, which, ſoberly uſed, are alone ſuperior to poetry, and, with your ear, may eaſily be made harmonious.

If there is any merit in *my* play, I think it is in interrupting the ſpectator's fathoming the *whole* ſtory till the laſt, and in making every ſcene tend to advance the cataſtrophe. Theſe arts are mechanic, I confeſs; but at leaſt they are as meritorious as the ſcrupulous delicacy of the French in obſerving, not only the unities, but a fantaſtic decorum, that does not exiſt in nature, and which conſequently reduce all their tragedies, wherever the ſcene may lie, to the manners of modern Paris. Corneille could be Roman; Racine never but French, and, conſequently, though a better poet, leſs natural and leſs various. Both indeed have prodigious merit. Phedre is exquiſite, Britannicus admirable; and both excite pity and terror. Corneille is ſcarce ever tender, but always grand; yet never equal in a whole play to Racine. Rodogune, which I greatly admire, is very defective; for the two princes are ſo equally good, and the two women ſo very bad, that they divide both our eſteem and indignation. Yet I own, Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire ought to rank before all

our tragedians, but Shakeſpeare. Jane Shore is perhaps our beſt play after his. I admire All for Love very much; and ſome ſcenes in Don Sebaſtian, and Young's Revenge. The Siege of Damaſcus is very pure—and Phædra and Hippolitus fine poetry, though wanting all the nature of the original. We have few other tragedies of ſignal merit, though the four firſt acts of The Fair Penitent are very good. It is ſtrange that Dryden, who ſhowed ſuch a knowledge of nature in The Cock and Fox, ſhould have ſo very little in his plays—he could rather deſcribe it than put it into action. I have ſaid all this, ſir, only to point out to you what a field is open for you—and though ſo many ſubjects, almoſt all the known, are exhauſted, nature is inexhauſtible, and genius can achieve any thing. We have a language far more energic, and more ſonorous too, than the French. Shakeſpeare could do what he would with it in its unpoliſhed ſtate. Milton gave it pomp from the Greek, and ſoftneſs from the Italian; Waller now and then, here and there, gave it the elegance of the French. Dryden poured muſic into it; Prior gave it eaſe; and Gray uſed it maſterly for either elegy or terror. Examine, ſir, the powers of a language you command, and let me again recommend to you a diction of your own *, at leaſt in ſome one play. The majeſty of Paradiſe Loſt would have been leſs impoſing, if it had been written in the ſtyle of The Eſſay on Man. Pope pleaſes, but never ſurpriſes; and aſtoniſhment is one of the ſprings of tragedy. Coups de théatre, like the ſublime one in Mahomet, have infinite effect. The incantations in Macbeth, that almoſt border on the burleſque, are ſtill terrible. What French criticiſm can wound the ghoſts of Hamlet or Banquo? Scorn rules, ſir, that cramp genius, and ſubſtitute delicacy to imagination in a barren language. Shall not we ſoar, becauſe the French dare not riſe from the ground?

You ſeem to poſſeſs the *tender*. The *terrible* is ſtill more eaſy, at leaſt I know to me. In all my tragedy, Adeliza contents me the leaſt. Contraſts, though mechanic too, are very ſtriking; and though Moliere was a comic writer, he might give leſſons to a tragic. But I have paſſed all bounds; and yet ſhall be glad if you can cull one uſeful hint out of my rhapſodies. I here put an end to them; and wiſh, out of all I have ſaid, that you may remember

* Mr. Jephſon followed this advice in his Law of Lombardy—but was not happy in his attempt. H. W.

nothing, ſir, but my motives in writing, obedience to your commands, and a hearty eagerneſs for fixing on our ſtage ſo ſuperior a writer.

I am, Sir,

With great eſteem and truth,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I muſt beg you, ſir, not to let theſe letters go out of your hands; for they are full of indigeſted thoughts, ſome perhaps capricious, as thoſe on novel diction—but I wiſh to tempt genius out of the beaten road; and originality is the moſt captivating evidence of it.

THOUGHTS ON COMEDY;

Written in 1775 and 1776.

OUR old comedies are very valuable from their variety of characters, and for preſerving cuſtoms and manners; but they are more defective in plans and conduct than excellent in particular parts. Some are very pedantic, the greater part groſs in language and humour, the latter of which is ſeldom true. Ben Jonſon was more correct, but ſtill more pedantic. Volpone is faulty in the moral, and too elevated in the dialogue: The Alchymiſt is his beſt play: The Silent Woman, formed on an improbable plan, is unnaturally loaded with learning. Beaumont and Fletcher are eaſier than Jonſon, but leſs happy in executing a plan than in conceiving it.

The next age dealt in the intricacies of Spaniſh plots, enlivened by the moſt licentious indecency. Dryden and the fair ſex rivalled each other in violating all decorum. Wycherley naturalized French comedy, but proſtituted it too. That chaſte ſtage bluſhed at our tranſlations of its beſt pieces. Yet Wycherley was not incapable of eaſy dialogue. The ſame age produced almoſt the beſt comedy we have, though liable to the ſame reprehenſion: The Man of Mode ſhines as our firſt genteel comedy; the touches are natural and delicate, and never overcharged. Unfortunately the tone of the moſt faſhionable people was extremely indelicate; and when Addiſon, in the Spectator, anathematiſed this play, he forgot that it was rather a ſatire on the manners of the court, than an apology for them. Leſs licentious converſation would not have painted the age. Vanbrugh, the beſt writer of dialogue we have ſeen, is more

blameleſs in his language, than in his images. His expreſſions are ſterling, and yet unſtudied: his wit is not owing to deſcription or caricature; neither ſought nor too abundant. We are pleaſed both with the duration of his ſcenes and with the reſult of them. We are entertained, not ſurpriſed or ſtruck. We are in good company while with him; and have neither adventures nor bons mots to repeat afterwards. It is the proof of conſummate art in a comic writer, when you ſeem to have paſſed your time at the theatre as you might have done out of it—it proves he has exactly hit the ſtyle, manners, and character of his cotemporaries. Plot, the vital principle of Spaniſh and female plays, ought to be little laboured; nor is ſcarcely more neceſſary than to put the perſonages into action and to releaſe them. Vanbrugh's plays, The Man of Mode, and The Careleſs Huſband, have no more intrigue than accounts for the meeting of the characters, as a paſſion or an intended marriage may do. The Double Dealer, the ground-work of which is almoſt ſerious enough for tragedy in private life, perplexes the attention; and the wit of the ſubordinate characters is neceſſary to enliven the darkneſs of the back ground.

Congreve is undoubtedly the moſt witty author that ever exiſted. Though ſometimes his wit ſeems the effort of intention, and, though an effort, never failed; it was ſo natural, that, if he ſplit it into ever ſo many characters, it was a polypus that ſoon grew perfect in each individual. We may blame the univerſality of wit in all his perſonages, but nobody can ſay which ought to have leſs. It aſſimilated with whatever character it was poured into: and, as Congreve would certainly have had wit in whatever ſtation of life he had been born; as he would have made as witty a footman or old lady, as a fine gentleman; his gentlemen, ladies old or young, his footmen, nay his coxcombs (for they are not fools but puppies) have as much wit, and wit as much their own, as his men of moſt parts and beſt underſtandings. No character drops a ſentence that would be proper in any other mouth. Not only Lady Wiſhfor't and Ben are characteriſtically marked, but Scandal, Mrs. Frail, and every fainter perſonage, are peculiarly diſtinct from each other. Sir Wilful Witwoud is unlike Sir Joſeph Wittol. Witwoud is different from Tattle, Valentine from Mellefont, and Cynthia from Angelica. That ſtill each play is unnatural, is only becauſe four aſſemblages of different perſons could never have ſo much wit as Congreve has beſtowed on them. We want breath or attention to follow their repartees; and are ſo charmed with what every body

ſays,

ſays, that we have not leiſure to be intereſted in what any body does. We are ſo pleaſed with each perſon, that we wiſh ſucceſs to all; and our approbation is ſo occupied, that our paſſions cannot be engaged. We even do not believe that a company who ſeem to meet only to ſhow their wit, can have any other object in view. Their very vices ſeem affected, only to furniſh ſubject for gaiety: thus the intrigue of Careleſs and Lady Pliant does not ſtrike us more than a ſtory that we know is invented to ſet off the talents of the relator. For theſe reaſons, though they are ſomething more, I can ſcarce allow Congreve's to be true comedies. No man would be corrected, if ſure that his wit would make his vices or ridicules overlooked.

The delicate and almoſt inſenſible touches of The Careleſs Huſband are the reverſe of Congreve's ungovernable wit. The affected characters of Lady Betty Modiſh and Lord Foppington are marked with the pencil of nature as much as Sir Charles, Lady Eaſy, and Lady Graveairs. It is in drawing *refined* or *affected nature* that conſiſts the extreme difficulty of painting what is called *high life*, where affectation, politeneſs, faſhion, art, intereſt, and the attentions exacted by ſociety, reſtrain the ſallies of paſſion, colour over vice, diſguiſe crimes, and confine man to an uniformity of behaviour, that is compoſed to the ſtandard of not ſhocking, alarming, or offending thoſe who profeſs the ſame rule of exterior conduct. Good breeding conceals their ſenſations, intereſt their crimes, and faſhion legitimates their follies. Good ſenſe forms the plan, education ripens it, converſation gives the varniſh, and wit the excuſe. Yet under all theſe diſguiſes nature lets out its ſymptoms. Proteſtations are ſo generally the marks of falſehood, that the more liberally they are dealt, the more they indicate what they mean to conceal. Ceremonious behaviour is the ſubſtitute for pride, and equally demands return of reſpect. A faſhionable man banters thoſe whom in a ſtate of nature he would affront. Thus good company have the ſame paſſions with low life, and have only changed the terms and moderated the diſplay. The firſt inſtance of good breeding in the world was complimenting the fair ſex with ſubſtituting the word *love* for *luſt*. Courts and ſociety have changed all the other denominations of our paſſions, and regulated their appearance. The feuds of great barons are now marked by not bowing to each other, or not viſiting. The rancour is not decreaſed, but ſociety could not ſubſiſt if they fought whenever they met. In former days fields of battle were the only public places; but ſince wealth and luxury and elegance, and unreſtrained converſation with the other ſex, have ſoftened our manners,

manners, nature finds its account in leſs turbulent gratification of the paſſions; and good-breeding, which ſeems the current coin of humanity, is no more than bank bills real treaſure: but it increaſes the national fund of politeneſs, and is taken as current money; though the acceptor knows it is no more addreſſed to him than the bill to the firſt perſon to whom it was made payable; but he can pay it away, and knows it will always be accepted.

The comic writer's art conſiſts in ſeizing and diſtinguiſhing theſe ſhades, which have rendered man a fictitious animal, without deſtroying his original compoſition. The French, who have carried the *man of ſociety* farther than other nations, no longer exhibit the naked paſſions. Their characters are all graduated. The *miſanthrope* and the *avare* are exploded perſonages. *L'homme du jour ou les dehors trompeurs*, *Le Glorieux*, *Le Méchant*, are the beings of artificial habitude, not the entities that would exiſt in a ſtate of nature *. If any vice predominates, it acts according to the rules within which it is circumſcribed by the laws of ſociety. Ambition circumvents, not invades; luſt tempts, but does not raviſh. Ill-nature whiſpers, rather than accuſes. Huſbands and wives can hate, without ſcolding. A duel is tranſacted as civilly

* This is ſo true, that the French, obſerving how much general paſſions are exhauſted, have of late written pieces on compound characters, as the Bourru bienfaiſant, L'Avare faſtueux, &c. Such characters muſt ariſe in the advanced ſtate of ſociety, and may even be natural; but it requires great addreſs and delicacy to manage them: and though it may not be univerſally true that there is a *ruling paſſion* in every man, it is ſtill very improbable that two predominant paſſions ſhould be ſo equally balanced as to produce ſuch a contraſt or oppoſition as the buſineſs of comedy may require: and yet unleſs the two contending paſſions are nearly equal in force, the ſuperior or predominant one will relapſe into the old comedy, which exhibited ſuch a ſingle paſſion or vice. The difficulty will be increaſed by theſe reflections; one of the paſſions in the compounded character may be, and probably is, an affected one; eſpecially if the latter is at war with the ruling paſſion: for inſtance, an oſtentatious miſer can only *affect* generoſity; for a generous man is not likely to *act* avarice, becauſe, generoſity being a quality eſteemed, and covetouſneſs held in averſion, the latter may be glad to conceal a vice; but few men are ſuch good Chriſtians as to diſguiſe the beauty of their minds beneath an ugly maſk. The parſimony then of the miſer will certainly preponderate; and the poet's art muſt diſtinguiſh between his natural ſordidneſs and adopted liberality, and muſt take care not to make the oppoſition farcical. Another difficulty will be, that compound characters cannot be general; and, therefore, when an author blends two paſſions, he will ſeem to draw a portrait rather than a character. Yet ſuch compound of paſſions may open a new field, and enrich the province of comedy. The extenſive miſchiefs of ambition have appropriated that paſſion to tragedy; but might not very comic ſcenes be produced by repreſenting *an ambitious miſer* perpetually deſtroying his own views by grudging and ſaving the money, which, if expended, would promote his ambition? H. W.

as

as a viſit. Kings, inſtead of challenging, mourn for each other, though in open war.

Even the lower ranks of people could not be brought on the ſtage in this age, without ſoftening the outline. A ſhopkeeper's daughter is a *young lady with a handſome fortune* and neceſſary *accompliſhments*. Her brother *acts plays* for his diverſion, is of a club, and games. Footmen have all the graces of their maſters; and even highwaymen die genteelly.

One reads that in China even carmen make excuſes to one another for ſtopping up the way. Half the time of the Chineſe is paſſed in ceremony. I conclude their comedies cannot be very ſtriking. Where one kind of poliſh runs through a whole nation, the operation of the paſſions muſt be leſs diſcernible. All common characters are not only exhauſted, but concealed. In this nation we have certainly more characters than are ſeen in any other, owing perhaps to two cauſes, our liberty and the uncertainty of our climate. But this does not help the comic writer. Though he may every day meet with an original character, he cannot employ it—for, to be taſted, the humour muſt be common enough to be underſtood by the generality. Peculiarities in character are commonly affectations, and the affectation of a private or ſingle perſon is not prey for the ſtage. I take *Cimberton* in The Conſcious Lovers to be a portrait; probably a very reſembling one—but as nobody knows the original, nobody can be much ſtruck with the copy. Still, while the liberty of our government exiſts, there will be more originality in our manners than in thoſe of other nations, though an inundation of politeneſs has ſoftened our features as well as weakened our conſtitution. Engliſhmen uſed to exert their independence by a certain brutality, that was *not* honeſty, but often produced it; for a man that piques himſelf on ſpeaking truth grows to have a pride in not diſgracing himſelf.

As the great outlines of the paſſions are ſoftened down by urbanity, faſhionable follies uſurp the place which belonged to criticiſm on characters; and when faſhions are the object of ridicule, comedies ſoon grow obſolete and ceaſe to be uſeful. Alchymy was the purſuit in vogue in the age of Ben Jonſon; but, being a temporary folly, ſatire on it is no longer a leſſon. Faſhions puſhed to exceſs produce a like exceſs in the reproof; and comedies degenerate into farce and buffoonery, when follies are exaggerated in the repreſentation.

ſentation. The traits in The Miſer that exhibit his extreme avariee are within the operation of the paſſions: in The Alchymiſt an epidemic folly, grown obſolete, is food for a commentator, not for an audience.

In fact, exaggeration is the fault of the author. If he is maſter enough of his talent to ſeize the preciſe truth of either paſſion or affectation, he will pleaſe more, though perhaps not at the firſt repreſentation. Falſtaff is a fictitious character, and would have been ſo had it exiſted in real life: yet his humour and his wit are ſo juſt, that they never have failed to charm all who are capable of taſting him in his own tongue.

Some leſſons of the drama, or at leaſt the ſhortneſs of its duration, have reduced even Shakeſpeare to precipitate his cataſtrophe. The reformation of the termagant wife in The Taming of the Shrew is too ſudden. So are thoſe of Margaritta in Rule a Wife and have a Wife, and of Lady Townly in The Provoked Huſband. Time or grace only operates ſuch miracles.

In my own opinion, a good comedy, by the paſſions being exhauſted, is at preſent the moſt difficult of all compoſitions, if it repreſents either nature or fictitious nature; I mean mankind in its preſent ſtate of civiliſed ſociety.

The enemies of *ſentimental comedy* (or, as the French, the inventors, called it, *comédie larmoyante)* ſeem to think that the great buſineſs of comedy is to make the audience laugh. *That* may certainly be effected without nature or character. A Scot, an Iriſhman, a Mrs. Slipſlop, can always produce a laugh, at leaſt from half the audience. For my part, I confeſs I am more diſpoſed to weep than to laugh at ſuch poor artifices. The advocates of merry comedy appeal to Moliere. I appeal to him too. Which is his better comedy, The *Miſanthrope*, or the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme?* The *Tartuffe*, or The *Etourdi?* In reality, did not Moliere in The *Miſanthrope* give a pattern of ſerious comedy? What is finer than the ſerious ſcenes of Maſkwell and Lady Touchwood in The Double Dealer? I do not take the *comédie larmoyante* to have been ſo much a deficience of pleaſantry in its authors, as the effect of obſervation and reflection. Tragedy had been confined to the diſtreſſes of kings, princeſſes, and heroes; and comedy reſtrained to making us laugh at paſſions puſhed to a degree of ridicule. In the former, as great perſonages only were concerned, language was elevated to ſuit their rank, rather than their ſentiments; for real paſſion

paſſion rarely talks in heroics. Had tragedy deſcended to people of ſubordinate ſtations, authors found the language would be too pompous. I ſhould therefore think that the firſt man who gave a *comédie larmoyante*, rather meant to repreſent a melancholy ſtory in private life, than merely to produce a comedy without mirth. If he had therefore not married two ſpecies then reckoned incompatible, that is tragedy and comedy, or, in other words, diſtreſs with a cheerful concluſion; and, inſtead of calling it *comédie larmoyante*, had named his new genus *tragédie mitigée*, or, as the ſame purpoſe has ſince been ſtyled, *tragédie bourgeoiſe;* he would have given a third ſpecies to the ſtage.

The French, who feel themſelves and their genius cramped by the many impertinent ſhackles they have invented for authors, have taught theſe to eſcape, in thoſe pieces which ſhake off all fetters, and leave genius and imagination at full liberty—I mean in their *comédie Italienne*, where under the *cannon* of Harlequin, and in defiance of all rules, they indulge their gaiety and invention. In ſhort, a man who declares he writes without rules, may ſay what he pleaſes. If he invents happily, he ſucceeds, is indulged, and his piece laſts in ſpite of Ariſtotle and Boſſu. If he does not compenſate by originality, fancy, wit, or nature, for ſcorning rule, the author is deſervedly damned, at the ſole expence to the public of having been tired by dulneſs for one evening.

I will finiſh this rhapſodical eſſay with remarking, that comedy is infinitely more difficult to an Engliſh than to a French man. Not only their language, ſo inferior in numbers, harmony and copiouſneſs, to ours for poetry and eloquence, is far better adapted to converſation and dialogue; but all the French, eſpecially of the higher ranks*, pique themſelves on ſpeaking their own language correctly and elegantly; the women eſpecially. It was not till of late years with us that the language has been correctly ſpoken even in both houſes of parliament. Before Addiſon and Swift, ſtyle was ſcarce aimed at even by our beſt authors. Dryden, whoſe proſe was almoſt as harmonious and beautiful as his poetry, was not always accurate. Lord Shafteſbury proved that when a man of quality ſoared above his peers, he wrote bombaſtly, turgidly, poetically.

* I include men of learning in the higher ranks, becauſe in France they are admitted into the beſt company, who certainly give the tone to the elegance of any language, and in that ſenſe only the higheſt company are the beſt company; for the term *beſt* has been raviſhed from the loweſt ranks of men, who I doubt are the moſt virtuous of the community, and given to, or uſurped by, the richeſt and moſt noble. H. W.

poetically. Lord Chatham gave the tone to fine language in oratory. Within theſe very few years, our young orators are correct in their common converſation. Our ladies have not yet adopted the patronage of our language. Thence correct language in common converſation ſounds pedantic or affected. Mr. Gray was ſo circumſpect in his uſual language, that it ſeemed unnatural, though it was only pure Engliſh. My inference is, that attention to the ſtyle in comedy runs a riſk of not appearing eaſy. Yet I own The Careleſs Huſband and Vanbrugh are ſtandards—and The School for Scandal and The Heireſs have ſhewn that difficulties are no impediments to genius; and that, however paſſions and follies may be civiliſed, refined, or complicated, ſubjects for comedy are not wanting, and can be exhibited in the pureſt language of eaſy dialogue, without ſwelling to pedantry, or ſinking to incorrectneſs. The authors of thoſe two comedies have equalled Terence in the graces of ſtyle, and excelled him in wit and character: conſequently we have better comedies than Greece or Rome enjoyed. It is even remarkable that the Grecians, who perfected poetry and eloquence, and invented tragedy and comedy, ſhould have made ſo little progreſs in the laſt. Terence's plays, copied from Menander, convey little idea of that author's talent; and when ſo many of the farces of Ariſtophanes have been preſerved, it is difficult to conceive that only a few ſcraps of Menander would have been tranſmitted to us, if his merit had been in proportion to the excellence of their tragic writers. Moliere will probably be as immortal as Corneille and Racine.

DETECTION

DETECTION of a late FORGERY

CALLED

Teſtament Politique du Chevalier Robert Walpoole*.

Ergo age, chare pater, cervici imponere noſtræ:
Ipſe ſubibo humeris, nec me labor iſte gravabit. ÆNEID. II.

THOUGH nothing is leſs worth while in general than to refute ſilly books and printed lies, both becauſe they periſh of themſelves, and becauſe the evil grows faſter than the remedy can follow it; yet there are ſome forgeries which it may be neceſſary to expoſe, leſt malice and ill-deſigning men ſhould treaſure them up, preſerve them from merited oblivion, and conſign them to poſterity, like baſe metals, which become reverenced for the heads with which they have been ſtamped, or valued for their antiquity, which beſtows a kind of authenticity on them, when no other cotemporary memorials exiſt.

I have juſt turned over a ſpurious production called Teſtament politique du chevalier Walpoole, comte d'Orford, coined the Lord knows where, and ſaid to be ſtamped in that mint of forgeries, Holland. If the editor has floundered in the very orthography of my father's name, he has at leaſt improved his ſpelling in the title, if he was the author, as he ſeems to intimate he was,

* The *Teſtament Politique du Chevalier Robert Walpoole* meeting with the contempt and oblivion it deſerved, and never being tranſlated into Engliſh, Mr. Walpole found all public detection of it needleſs, and never publiſhed this anſwer, but left it to appear with the reſt of his poſthumous works.

of a wretched rhapſody called A hiſtory of ſir Robert Walpole's adminiſtration, printed three or four years ago. I think there were two or three volumes of that work, I forget exactly how many: but I know in the title-page of every one he called ſir Robert Walpole earl of Oxford: ſo competent a biographer was he of a man whoſe very title he confounded! He is more correct now by a whole letter. I ſhall give inſtances hereafter that he does not improve very faſt, even in the eaſy and trifling accuracy of titles.

The author's firſt piece was a wretched compilation from newſpapers, pamphlets and magazines, full of blunders and yet void of facts. But peace be with the dead! I haſten to bury its ſucceſſor along with it.

It muſt ſurpriſe every man who has a grain of ſenſe, that the preſent work in queſtion ſhould firſt appear in French. This ill omen, attendant on its birth, never belies itſelf. All the ideas are as foreign as the language. No account is given how the original, ſuppoſing it had ever been compoſed in Engliſh, which it was not, came into poſſeſſion of the editor. Did the ſuppoſed author leave no children, no relations, no friends to whom he communicated or entruſted his work? No child, no relation, no friend ever heard, before or ſince ſir Robert Walpole's death, of ſuch a performance. The editor will perhaps urge that the ſuppoſed author (ſir Robert himſelf) never communicated his work to any perſon connected with him; and, had he written it, he would have been in the right. He was too tender a parent, too amiable a friend, to give his family and friends the mortification of hearing him contradict with his laſt breath every virtuous, every rational principle which had ſo uniformly governed his whole conduct. Their firſt care after his death would have been to burn a writing, that, while it diſgraced his heart, would have proved that his underſtanding was decayed: an event, that in the melancholy hours of his deceaſe was never ſuperadded to the grief of his family and his friends. The ſtrength of his abilities, the ſoundneſs of his judgment, the fortitude of his temper, his calmneſs, his pleaſantries, his patience, his humanity, were never more illuſtrious than in the laſt ſcene of his life. His patriotiſm, his love of his country, his attachment to the royal family on the throne, dignified and occupied moſt of the moments of his laſt hours. I could give proofs and atteſtations of all—but it is not in anſwer to an impoſtor that I ſhall deign to proſtitute ſuch venerable materials.

Should the editor aſſume an air of honeſt roguery, and plead that he had

ſtolen the original MS., I promiſe him he need not fear any proſecution from the family: they will never claim what they know they never had any title to poſſeſs.

No ſatisfaction being given to the public of the means by which the ſuppoſed original came into the hands of the editor, the moſt diſintereſted and indifferent reader will conclude that no ſuch ſatisfaction could be given. I ſhall go farther, and prove inconteſtably that ſir Robert Walpole was not the author of a ſingle line of this fictitious trumpery. Theſe proofs ſhall be produced after a few remarks: but firſt, the editor is hereby called upon to produce the original MS. in ſir Robert Walpole's own hand. From the time that he retired from buſineſs, he kept no ſecretary. If he had occaſion to have even a letter tranſcribed, he made uſe of no hand but that of his two youngeſt children, lady Mary Churchill, and the author of theſe ſheets, who both reſided conſtantly in the houſe with him from the time of his retirement to his death. They, and his other ſurviving ſon ſir Edward Walpole, who was with his father almoſt daily in London, and much with him in the country, never heard of their father's compoſing a ſingle line after his retreat; and all three declare ſolemnly the preſent work to be a groſs impoſition.

Prefixed to the work are ſome abſurd letters, as unlike the ſtyle and manner of ſir Robert Walpole, as they are repugnant to his undeviating principles. His family cannot even gueſs to whom by far the greater part of them are pretended to be addreſſed. They are ſtuffed with maxims and reflections, or common-place obſervations, which whoever knew ſir Robert Walpole knows he never uſed. He wrote few letters, ſcarce any but on neceſſary buſineſs, and none like authors and eſſayiſts.

The very firſt paſſage, which ſets out with a prophecy, is ſo ridiculous, that, had he written it, the prophecy would never have been accompliſhed, nor would he have correſponded with a man ſilly enough to make it. "*You foretold*," ſays ſir Robert, "*that if ever I was choſen for Lynn, I ſhould become miniſter.*" We beg to know of the editor, what connection there was between a ſeat for Lynn, and an appointment to the miniſtry—Could ſir Robert Walpole come into parliament for no other borough in the kingdom? And how was this prophecy fulfilled? By his being of the council to prince George of Denmark, as lord high admiral. I do not know what are called *miniſters*

at

at Paris or at Amſterdam, but no Engliſhman ever called a commiſſioner of the admiralty a miniſter.

The reflections in the next letter are unfortunately out of their place. When a *queen* was on the throne, a queen who at that time had no conteſts with her ſubjects, and a queen to whom Mr. Walpole had then no acceſs (for his poſt gave him none); is it probable, he ſhould have ſaid, *What prudence is neceſſary to pleaſe a king irritated at the privileges of his ſubjects!* At the beginning of the ſame letter, a vain-glorious lie is put into the mouth of the ſame perſon. He ſays he was no ſooner called to the prince's council than he attained a ſingular aſcendant there. Nothing was leſs true. The prince, who was inclined to the Tories, and whoſe confidence was engroſſed by a brother of the duke of Marlborough, never had the leaſt partiality to Mr. Walpole. The perſon who firſt diſtinguiſhed his abilities and protected him, was the lord treaſurer Godolphin, who is not mentioned, though ſir Robert Walpole ſolely aſcribed to him his promotion. It was his pride to the end of his life; he loved lord Godolphin more than any man he ever knew; and a gratitude that flouriſhed in its full vigour for forty years afterwards, was not likely to be ſilent in the firſt overflowing of its ſenſibility.

The ſilly anecdote in a ſubſequent letter of madame Maintenon and Forbin is of a piece with the reſt. I refer to madame Maintenon's own letter, to have it decided, whether a female pique about a ceremonial between her and king James's queen occaſioned the defeat of Forbin's enterpriſe. Thoſe good ladies, who governed their bigoted huſbands, were not likely to quarrel when the cauſe of enthuſiaſm was in queſtion. Queen Mary paid ample homage to queen Maintenon: both ruined the affairs of their reſpective monarchs, and both hoped to have their ambition pardoned by extending the yoke of popery. Mary's ſpirit drove her weaker huſband on the laſt extremities. The Maintenon, more timid, more patient, more artful, had more difficulties to encounter. She had a bigot to make, and the ſelf-ſufficience of her huſband to ſubdue, and his paſſion for glory to lull aſleep. She did ruin his glory, but not by deſign; and ſhe dreaded him too much to counter-work his plans intentionally. Nothing could have raiſed her intereſt with him like reſtoring king James—nothing could have raiſed her own glory ſo high—and I believe nobody thinks, that, however inſenſible to *his* fame, ſhe was indifferent to her own. Her piety was a farce, and only a ſupplement to her ambition: and though,

though, if ſhe and Cromwell wore a maſk till it fitted them, certainly neither were *born* enthuſiaſts.

A following letter undertakes a vain and extravagant attempt to make Mr. Walpole paſs for a Jacobite by principle. Thank God that cauſe is reduced to piteous extremities, when it flies to ſir Robert Walpole's grave for countenance! Many good proteſtants have been ſaid to declare themſelves papiſts on their death-bed. This is the firſt inſtance of a champion of liberty being called to depoſe in the cauſe of Jacobitiſm, two-and-twenty years after his deceaſe.

Hoc Ithacus velit, & magno mercentur Atridæ.

Walpole, whoſe hero was king William, who ſuffered impriſonment under Anne for his devotion to the Hanover ſucceſſion, who rejected with ſcorn the offers of Harley, who contributed ſo much to the overthrow of Bolinbroke, the exile of Atterbury, and the deſtruction of the arms and councils of the Jacobites, is made to *doubt*, during the whig-miniſtry of queen Anne, (p. 24, vol. i.) whether the timid flight and abdication of king James left the nation at liberty to chooſe their ſovereign—And did not Hampden doubt whether he had a right to oppoſe the arbitrary impoſition of ſhip-money? But be it ſo. While living, let us withſtand every encroachment of prerogative—and when we are dead, let Jeſuits, if they pleaſe, make our wills and recant for us. I am glad they have ſo little elſe to do: it is more harmleſs than ſtabbing kings.

Amidſt all the lies the fictitious author has hazarded, he obſerves one caution; which is, giving no dates to his letters. My father was remarkably attentive to this circumſtance—but it expoſes an impoſtor to detection. However, the ſeeds of falſehood ſeldom produce a crop of truth. Here is an inſtance, in p. 27: Mr. Walpole, after the death of the queen—he who, when only a counſellor of the admiralty, had vaunted himſelf a miniſter, is now grown ſo modeſt as to call himſelf only an apprentice in parliament. He had ſitten there before the death of king William, and through all the reign of queen Anne, till driven thence by violence. He was a principal actor there in the new reign—and yet pretends to find great difficulty in preventing ſir William Windham from being chairman of the committee of ways and means: ſir William Windham, who, ſays the writer, boaſts openly of his oppoſition

to the houſe of Hanover. That this blemiſh in the life of ſo able a man as ſir W. Windham ſhould here be recalled, is not ſurpriſing. It is well known from the conſequences of lord Bolinbroke's letter to that gentleman, how thoroughly he renounced his former miſtaken prejudices; and it does much more honour to his memory to have abjured them, than it can do hurt to have entertained them.

In the next letter Mr. Walpole acquaints the unknown lord his friend, that he is appointed paymaſter of the forces, of guards and garriſons, and of Chelſea-hoſpital. His friend muſt have been very ignorant, not to have known that the laſt article followed the firſt of courſe. It is juſt what an accurate Frenchman would have detailed, and what an Engliſhman would not.

Such truths are only ridiculous. The next lie is ſerious. Mr. Walpole is made to ſay, "Il faut que je faſſe les informations neceſſaires pour trouver des coupables. J'eſpere que j'y parviendrai; car vous ſçavez que dans les revolutions il faut en trouver pour alimenter le reſſentiment du peuple, et celui du parti qui prend le deſſus. Le ſang du juſte, dût-il couler, ces ſortes d'injuſtices deviennent legitimes par la conſtitution de notre gouvernement."—What! did ſir Robert Walpole feel, or dare to write, theſe ſhocking words! tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore!—words that never iſſued from the mouth of a Ravaillac! Was there ever a political aſſaſſin who did not believe, or at leaſt affect to believe, that conſcience guided his frantic arm? Was there a murderer in the Ligue, or in the maſſacre of Paris, that avowed to ſhed the blood of the *juſt?* Catherine of Medicis, Philip II. or Charles IX. who muſqueted his own ſubjects as they ſwam the Seine to eſcape his fury, were ſcarce capable of daring to breathe ſuch deteſtable maxims. Oh! my father, moſt humane of men, is this the teſtament you bequeathed to your children? What inſtant of your moſt amiable life was ſtained with blood? In the height of their reſentment and rage, what ſingle man of your enemies ever reproached you with cruelty? Did they tax you with imaginary crimes, and forget ſo foul a ſtain? How did this black letter eſcape their penetration? Did you not pardon Bolinbroke in ſpite of the remonſtrances and oppoſition of your friends? Did you hunt for criminals?—Nay, when did you not pardon your enemies? the moſt inveterate of them! At what moment could you not have ſaid with fervent innocence, Forgive us our treſpaſſes as we forgive thoſe that treſpaſs againſt us! What brighter teſtimony have I of your preſent felicity, than the mildneſs and gentleneſs of your

your whole life!—Go, impoſtor, rake the annals of ſcandal, and produce a paſſage that reproaches that honourable name with blood-thirſtineſs. Conſult ſurviving Jacobites, whom he diſcovered, and left unpuniſhed—aſk them if he had occaſion to hunt for criminals! I could ſay more: but let thoſe periſh in oblivion whom his indulgence abandoned to it.

The duplicity which, in p. 34, the miniſter is made to brag of, is almoſt a virtue compared to what went before. But falſehood was as diſſonant from his nature as cruelty. His frankneſs often hurt himſelf. But this is no place for his panegyric—ſuffice it to confute calumnies.

The next letter grows comic from its improbability. It is addreſſed to my lord T. K.; and Œdipus, if he can, may find out who is meant by thoſe letters. It deſires the lord to truſt his ſon to Mr. Walpole, who will promote him; but his lordſhip is requeſted to adviſe his ſon not to talk jacobitiſm too openly. How conſonant to this is the ardour for diſcovering criminals! Intemperate Jacobites were exactly the ſubjects that ſuch a miniſter would have voluntarily recommended to the new prince on the throne! How well the author is acquainted with the man and the times he repreſents!

Follows a letter to my lord S. D. D. which promiſes another from my lord M. O. The latter may be my lord Matthew Onſlow, or any other peer that never exiſted. The former, we are informed by a curious note, was my lord Sunderland, who betrayed king James; and ſo I dare ſwear the author intended it. Unluckily, the earl of Sunderland who was miniſter to king James died Sept. 28, 1702: and it was his ſon who was miniſter to king George the firſt. This blunder I place ſolely to the editor, though there is no doubt but he was the author too.

In the next piece is a miſtake, which could not be made by ſir Robert Walpole: he calls the earl of Oxford my lord Harley. No Engliſhman could have made the miſtake; as lord Harley was the title of the ſon, not of the father, who was created earl at the firſt ſtep, and never was lord Harley. So afterwards Bolinbroke is ſometimes called earl of Bolinbroke and ſometimes viſcount. *Comte* and *vicomte* are eaſily confounded by a foreigner; but what reſemblance in ſound is there between *earl* and *viſcount?*

In p. 46, is ſuch a recapitulation of the crimes of queen Anne's miniſters, as ſurely did not reduce the miniſters to *hunt* for criminals.

Next comes a droll puniſhment intended to be inflicted on the earl of Oxford, in caſe he ſhould eſcape the ſentence of the law. The king, ſays his ſuppoſed miniſter, will certainly forbid him the court:—a dreadful puniſhment in the eyes of a foreigner, but not conſidered in England with equal horror. Lord Oxford had thruſt himſelf amidſt the crowd on the king's acceſſion, to kiſs his hand; but was not noticed. Severe treatment, no doubt, *before his trial.* I queſtion if he would have felt it ſo ſenſibly afterwards. However, Mr. Walpole was certainly not very ſanguinary by nature, if he contented himſelf with baniſhing ſo great a rival from St. James's. At the bottom of p. 50, the editor accuſes himſelf of ſtealing this letter from himſelf: nobody will diſpute his right to the property of it.

A letter to my lady P. T. promiſes favour to Mr. A. which, ſays the editor, means Mr. Prior. The Jacobites and perſons who dabble in treaſon make uſe of falſe names and falſe initials; but what occaſion had a powerful miniſter for ſuch reſerve? When he engaged to ſerve a priſoner, why diſguiſe his name to that priſoner's friend? How ſagacious was the editor in penetrating a needleſs myſtery of his own making! In the ſame letter is an inſtance of the author's groſs ignorance of the Engliſh conſtitution; Mr. Walpole is made to call himſelf one of Prior's judges. Is there an Engliſhman who does not know that judicature is not of the competence of the houſe of commons? Mr. Walpole was chairman of the committee of ſecrecy which examined Prior. Was it poſſible that Mr. Walpole could call himſelf one of Prior's judges, and ſay he had pronounced ſentence on him? With equal truth might a witneſs at the Old Bailey call himſelf lord mayor.

In ſome ſubſequent letters is much diſcourſe on Mr. Walpole's reſignation, without a ſingle hint at the open, known, avowed cauſe of it—the breach between the king and prince—a circumſtance which Mr. Walpole never diſguiſed, though it ſeems the editor-author never heard of it;—ſo difficult is it to forge a work that can ſtand the very firſt inſpection! In the ſame letter Mr. Edgcumbe is called Edgcumbe eſquire. Country fellows ſay, 'ſquire Edgcumbe; gazetteers, Edgcumbe eſquire; but what gentleman ever uſed either term?

Then follows a declaration of the court againſt Mr. Walpole; the moſt abſurd piece of ſtuff that can be imagined, and too ridiculous for even a newſpaper. I ſcarce think it was forged even by the party-writers of the time.

Another letter, p. 82, begins with this beautiful conceit, *I acquaint you that I am no longer any thing; for what is a miniſter when he is not a miniſter?* It puts one in mind of the blunder which the old editions beſtowed on Shakeſpear:

Cæſar did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.

In the ſame letter is a term, of which I beg the editor to give us the original in Engliſh. It is *ex-miniſtre*—a galliciſm, to which we have no word that correſponds; conſequently the French is the original.—But enough of theſe detections; you can no longer doubt that the work is a clumſy impoſture. I will take notice but of two paſſages more in the letters, and leave them to the obloquy they deſerve.

In the negotiations with the court of France, ſir Robert and his brother Horace write ſeveral letters to one another, in which they both mention lord Harrington as embaſſador in Spain. Theſe letters, though without date, muſt have been written before March 11, 1727, becauſe Mr. Stanhope did not quit Madrid till that day, and it was not till Nov. 29, N. S. that he was created lord Harrington. I ſhould be glad to ſee the original letters.

The other article is the penſion of an hundred thouſand livres granted by king George I. to the Pretender. The editor confeſſes that he can diſcover no trace of its having been ever granted, but in this letter. If he had not put it into that letter himſelf, he would not have found it even there.

The Oppoſition to ſir Robert Walpole accuſed him of being penſioner to the Pretender. It ſeems they did not know that the reverſe was true! What humiliation for the houſe of Stuart to be charged with ſtooping to accept between four and five thouſand pounds a year from their ſucceſsful antagoniſt! But I believe they were as innocent of it as ſir Robert Walpole was of the facts with which the forger of his teſtament has endeavoured to load him. The hiſtorians of Amſterdam and the will-makers of Paris are not in much vogue. This performance will not raiſe their reputation. There was an age when

nobody diſputed whatever forgeries were fabricated in convents. But great changes have happened ſince the donation of Conſtantine could paſs uncontroverted: and it required more addreſs than modern monks poſſeſs, and more ignorance than the preſent age is bleſſed with, to ſupport and endure palpable forgeries. Learned men have laid down rules for examining internal and external evidence; that is, with much ſolemnity they have furniſhed common ſenſe with terms, and thought they taught it to uſe its own lights. But when common ſenſe is not reſtrained by power and prejudice, it can make its way without the aſſiſtance of thoſe grave midwives, the Learned, who deſtroy at leaſt as many children as they ſave.

I will now make a few remarks on the work itſelf, and they ſhall be but few; for when letters which ſir Robert Walpole is ſuppoſed to have written in his life, are proved fictitious, the work to which they are an introduction, and which now firſt appears ſo long after his death, is likely to meet with little credit.

In page 4, ſir Robert Walpole is made to complain of being abandoned by his friends. This is for once an undeſerved ſatire on mankind. No fallen miniſter ever experienced ſuch firm attachment from his friends as he did. His firſt levee after his fall was ſo crowded, that thoſe of the new miniſters became a proverb for their emptineſs. He remained the oracle of his party during his three ſurviving years: and for the ſix weeks of his laſt illneſs, his houſe and his door were extraordinarily frequented by all ranks of men. Both then and before he was conſulted by the king and duke of Cumberland, and different miniſters—But I muſt ſtop; I am not writing his hiſtory, but confuting falſehoods.

I muſt obſerve that the firſt volume tends to decry commerce; the ſecond adviſes the Engliſh to mind little or nothing elſe. Are theſe contradictions like the good ſenſe of ſir Robert Walpole, or the nonſenſe of an impoſtor?

With equal truth, and equal abſurdity, the ſuppoſed author, page 10, is made to harangue againſt the adopted royal family. To ſtate ſuch paſſages, is to refute them. In page 12, is a ſimilar argument in favour of popery. How low is each cauſe ſunk when ſir Robert Walpole is borrowed for their miſſionary!

I paſs

I paſs over witticiſms, ſtrained alluſions, jargon of modern philoſophy, ſophiſticated ſyſtems, and blundering ideas of commerce and government. I wiſh they who approve this work may conduct themſelves by its maxims.

Page 23, the ferocity of the Engliſh is attributed to the uſe of coal-fires. The author ſays, we were not ſo melancholy and ſavage before we adopted that uſage. This piece of hiſtory and philoſophy is not the leaſt diverting folly in the book.

In the next letter but one is an invective againſt liberty. Eraſe the name of ſir Robert Walpole from the title-page, and ſubſtitute that of father Peters, confeſſor of James II. and the work would really have an air of probability.

The note to page 33, in which the editor explains the form of paſſing bills, is, like all the reſt, full of miſtakes; but theſe he is ſo good as to take to his own account; and therefore I leave him in poſſeſſion. In another note, page 35, he informs us, that if a king of England declares war on a perſonal account, he wages it at his own private expence. This is new to us Engliſh.

Then follows a deduction of the hiſtory of England, the tendency of which is to deny Magna Charta. If thoſe worthy labourers the teſtament-makers of this age had exiſted ſeventeen hundred years ago, I ſuppoſe they would have made Julius Cæſar leave behind him an invective againſt uſurpation. They ſcorn the leaſt grain of probability, and yet expect credit!

The reign of Henry IV. by whom I am ſo charitable as to believe the author meant Henry V. is ſaid to have been a continued ſeries of victories over France. I do not know whom he means, when he ſays Henry VIII. governed his parliaments by maintaining them in all their prerogatives. It was a very gentle way of guarding their privileges, by threatening their heads if they denied him a ſubſidy.

Elizabeth's haughty tone is forgotten, and James I. figures next as a monarch of ſpirit. Such hiſtory is worthy of ſuch ſyſtems!

Cromwell is called by this vulgar writer a brewer's ſon. The partiſans of hereditary

hereditary right are in the wrong to falſify and depreciate his birth. When ſo many royal lines produce ſo many fools, they ſhould not remind the world that it ought to ſeek for great princes wherever they can be found. Cromwell was not ſo great a tyrant as Henry VIII. or James II. or Louis XIV. and he was a much abler prince. The firſt was a bubble abroad, the ſecond a fool at home and abroad, the third a deſtroyer of mankind. England never made a greater figure than under Cromwell; and though the duke of Marlborough and Mr. Pitt extended farther the glory of our arms, we ſtill enjoy Jamaica, which was not raviſhed from us by contemptible treaties, as the fruits have been of the ſucceſſes obtained by thoſe other great men.

The conqueſts made by Mr. Pitt are not mentioned by me improperly. They were the true ſource of half the blunders before me. The author preaches againſt them in every page of his work. Unfortunately he forgot that when ſir Robert Walpole died, there was no queſtion of conqueſt. He remained in power a very ſhort time after the beginning of the war in 1741. Admiral Vernon had taken Porto Bello, and miſcarried before Carthagena. The ſucceeding miniſters were no heroes. Lord Granville talked very big, but achieved nothing; and was removed before ſir Robert's death. The duke of Newcaſtle, Mr. Pelham, and lord Hardwick were of no heroic mould, and accordingly did nothing. An invaſion had been apprehended under marſhal Saxe, which, though it miſcarried, left the nation alarmed at the views of France and the Jacobites. Sir Robert Walpole, for the laſt year of his life, had nothing in his thoughts but the dangers to which the crown would ſoon be expoſed: often and often did he repeat, "*Within a twelvemonth this crown will be fought for on Engliſh ground.*" His words were prophetic. The rebellion broke out in three months after his death; yet is he made to talk as if he condemned the meaſures of Mr. Pitt, and had lived to ſee Martinico, Guadaloupe, Quebec, Louiſbourg, the Havannah, conquered, the fleets of France and Spain deſtroyed, and both Indies at the mercy of Great Britain. Alas! his laſt hours were gilded with no ſuch pleaſing viſions! He felt all that patriot melancholy which would have caſt a gloom over his fainting ſoul, if he had lived to ſee the treaty of Utrecht renewed. Turn to pp. 68 and 72. Les profits de ces grandes conquêtes n'equivalent donc pas les frais qu'elles entrainent, ſays the ſuppoſed miniſter, who had been dead 14 or 15 years before they were made. In the very next page we are aſked, Comment la nation Angloiſe oſe-t-elle publier que la France touche au moment de ſa decadence?

decadence? Was that the language of 1742, 43, 44, and the beginning of 45; or of 1758, 59, and 60?

This is an abſolute proof of the forgery. Here is another: In page 144, the author ſays, En Angleterre on n'a pas gratis l'air même qu'on y reſpire. This means the tax on windows—which was not laid till after ſir Robert's death. The groſſneſs of theſe blunders made me run through the reſt of the work very curſorily. I did not want to know ſo ſilly an author's ideas, but to ſhow that they were not my father's. The work is below criticiſm; but the author deſerved to be burnt in the hand for an impoſtor, and that I have done for him. It is unneceſſary to ſpecify more of his ignorance, and even on points on which it was impoſſible for the moſt trifling Engliſh miniſter to miſtake; as in p. 214, where he thinks the houſe of commons has *ſolely* the right of propoſing bills, and the lords of approving and rejecting; not knowing that both houſes have both rights in common. In the note to this clumſy blunder, it is ſaid that the king confirms a bill by touching it with his ſceptre, an ornament which the king of England *never* uſes but at his coronation. I only mention theſe inaccuracies for foreigners. For them too I muſt take notice of another piece of ignorance, of which a miniſter of this country could not be guilty. The author, p. 219, talks of *governors of provinces*. We have no ſuch thing, except that ſhadow, lords lieutenants. I ſuppoſe the author meant the latter, becauſe he is ſpeaking of elections of members of parliament, and ſays, to ſecure a parliament, the court appoints ſuch governors of provinces as it can confide in. I repeat it to foreigners, we have no governors of provinces. Lords lieutenants have no power in elections but by their perſonal intereſt, if they happen to have any. Sheriffs, mayors, and ſuch like, are the returning officers, and are annual. The author may take his choice of what he pretends to have meant.

But of all his blunders, none is more ſtriking than the following, p. 223. La nation Britannique croit-elle avoir ſecoué le joug, pour être parvenue à rendre le parlement triennial? I call this a moſt ſtriking blunder, though not a more capital anachroniſm than what he had ſaid on our conqueſts, but becauſe ſo immediately relative to ſir Robert Walpole. During his whole adminiſtration, the Oppoſition to him contended for triennial parliaments, which had been ſuperſeded ever ſince the year 1716, when ſeptennial parliaments were eſtabliſhed.

eſtabliſhed. The latter were maintained by ſir Robert Walpole, continued to exiſt to his death, and do continue to this very moment, February 1767.

Here is another inſtance of the ſame ſtamp. Sir Robert Walpole is made to call the number of members in the houſe of commons 513—The real number is 558, by the addition of the 45 Scotch members, on the Union in queen Anne's reign. I think 518 balloted on the queſtion of examining into the conduct of the earl of Orford, after he had quitted the adminiſtration and was created a peer in 1742. Is it very likely that between that æra and his death in 1745 he ſhould forget a number ſo memorable to himſelf, and recollect only what had been the number fifty years before?—So much for volume the firſt!

The ſecond ſhall give me and the reader very little trouble. It is as dull, as uninformed, confuſed, and contradictory as the firſt; and entirely founded on events ſubſequent to the death of ſir Robert Walpole; though the author, a little more upon his guard, takes care to aſcribe a prophetic ſpirit to the miniſter, by making him foreſee exactly the deſertion of Auſtria to France, the affairs of Portugal, and the enterpriſes of the king of Pruſſia. My father had ſagacity and penetration, but certainly did not foreſee the exact hiſtory of twenty years. The genuine author was however ſo hurt at our conqueſts, that they put him off his guard. In p. 77, he ſays, Il faudra bien du tems pour que l'impreſſion favorable que la nation a donnée d'elle puiſſe s'effacer. But of all the improprieties that he has put into the mouth of ſir Robert Walpole, nothing exceeds his making him quote Corneille. Sir Robert Walpole could not ſpeak a word of French, did read letters of buſineſs in that language with difficulty, was converſant with no French authors, and moſt aſſuredly had never read one of their poets. He had little eſteem for thoſe of his own country, and I dare aver had not even ſeen all the pieces of Pope that were publiſhed in his own time. He had very little leiſure; and, when he had, did not beſtow it on reading.

This ſecond volume is chiefly compoſed of a tedious diſcuſſion of the various intereſts of the European powers, miſunderſtood and miſapplied, and teeming with anachroniſms. For inſtance, p. 96, the author ſays, after every war we pay dearly to the landgrave of Heſſe for the ravages committed in

his country. This has undoubtedly been the caſe ſince my father's death, but when was it ſo in his life-time?

I am weary of tracking ſo miſerable a writer, but I cannot help laughing at one particular chapter, which begins p. 179 and continues to the end of 229. Would one believe that theſe fifty dull pages ſhould be put into the mouth of ſir Robert Walpole, and be a diſſertation on the conſtitution of Poland? How exactly the author knew the miniſter! and how perfectly was ſir Robert acquainted with that country! How important muſt he have thought it to his country to examine ſo barbarous, ſo confuſed, and ſo inſignificant a ſyſtem! Les Towavizs, ſays he, forment d'aſſez bonnes troupes. Sir Robert Walpole certainly knew much of the Towavizs; about as much as he did of Gentoos, who now compoſe ſo intereſting a part of our literature. In a note at the end of this wonderful chapter, it is ſuggeſted that ſir Robert borrowed moſt of his ideas from the Jus Polonicum. Whether that work was publiſhed in my father's time or not, I know not. I never ſaw it myſelf, who have dabbled in dull books, which he never did. Had this chapter been aſcribed to lord Granville, who with all his wit, and fire, and talents, condeſcended to read, or condeſcended to pretend to read, the bad Latin of German civilians, it would not have been out of character. Sir Robert Walpole would as ſoon have read The divine legation as the Jus Polonicum.

I have done with this impoſture, and will add but few words.

Sir Robert Walpole did not leave a ſheet of paper of his compoſition behind him, as all his family know. They had earneſtly wiſhed, and at times reſpectfully preſſed him to give ſome account of his own adminiſtration; but neither his health nor inclination permitted it. He reſigned his places in February 1742, and was engaged by the ſecret committee till June of that year, when he went into the country for about three months. He was in town all the ſucceeding winter, as he was thoſe of 1743 and 44, ſitting at home, receiving conſtant viſits from his friends and party, conſulted by miniſters, and ſometimes attending parliament. He paſſed the two ſummers of 1743 and 44 at Houghton, the only time in which he had any leiſure: in thoſe ſummers I was not two whole months abſent from him, and do declare he never attempted to write any thing but neceſſary letters. In one of thoſe ſummers, I forget which, deſirous of amuſing him, which his ill health re-

quired, I propoſed to read to him. He ſaid, What will you read? I anſwered, as moſt young men would to a ſtateſman, Hiſtory, ſir. No child, ſaid he, I know that cannot be true.—Judge if he was likely to write hiſtory, or a teſtament politique.

I ſhould have ſaid, that in the winter of 1743 he was much engaged in allaying the heats raiſed by the partiality of the late king to the troops of Hanover, and was the ſole author of compoſing thoſe animoſities. In the winter of 1744, he was ſtill more warmly and zealouſly employed in alarming the nation on the intended invaſion under marſhal Saxe; he went to the houſe of lords, and exerted his former ſpirit and eloquence with ſuch diſtinction, that the late prince of Wales, who was preſent, was ſtruck, and ſignified to him his pardon of all that had paſſed between them while my father was miniſter—as if he had never been eſſentially ſerviceable to the houſe of Hanover before! His health at that time declined greatly; and he could no longer go abroad from the inconvenience of ſtones in his bladder. In this melancholy ſtate, during the ſummer of 1744, he read the works of Dr. Sydenham, whom he much eſteemed; and Dr. Jurin's Treatiſe on Mrs. Stephens's medicine for diſſolving the ſtone being put into his hands, he found a reſemblance in it to the opinions of Sydenham. This determined him to try Jurin's preparation. He was brought to town with great difficulty, took Jurin's medicine, and was killed by it in March 1745.

This ſolemn account of the concluſion of ſo reſpectable a life was not due to ſo grovelling an author as he who wrote The teſtament politique; but it was due to truth, to the public, and to the beſt of fathers. He wants no monument that ſuch weak hands as mine can raiſe; but while they have motion, they ſhall defend his memory againſt forgeries. Calumnies I heed not: but he ſhall not be made to calumniate himſelf, while there is ſenſibility in the ſoul of

His affectionate ſon

HORACE WALPOLE.

February 16, 1767.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF THE

REVEREND MR. THOMAS BAKER,

OF

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE.

Written in 1778.

THE

LIFE OF MR. THOMAS BAKER.

THE deep or extenſive learning of a man of letters is but a barren field for biography. His notions are ſpeculation; his adventures, enquiry. If his ſtudies fermented or conſolidated into compoſitions, the hiſtory of his life commonly proves but a regiſter of the ſquabbles occaſioned by his works, of the patrons he flattered, of the preferments he obtained or miſſed. The dates of his publications and their editions form the outlines of his ſtory; and frequently the plans or projects of works he meditated are taken to aid the account; the day of his death is ſcrupulouſly aſcertained:—and thus, to compoſe the life of a man who did very little, his biographer acquaints us with what he did not do, and when he ceaſed to do any thing.

Nor are authors ſuch benefactors to the world, that the trifling incidents of their lives deſerve to be recorded. The moſt ſhining of the claſs have not been the moſt uſeful members of the community. If Newton unravelled ſome arcana of nature, and exalted our ideas of the Divinity by the inveſtigation of his works; what benefactions has Homer or Virgil conferred on mankind but a fund of harmonious amuſement? Barren literati, who produce nothing, are innocent drones, whom the world has been ſo kind as to agree to reſpect for having entertained themſelves gravely in the manner moſt agreeable to their taſte. When they have devoured libraries, they are ſuppoſed to be prodigies of knowledge, though they are but walking or temporary dictionaries. Yet the republic of letters, confining its own honours to its own corporation, fondly decrees the diſtinction of biography to moſt of its active, and to ſome of its mute members.

Comprehenſive as his ſtudies were, his learning or his works were not my incentives to recording memorials of Mr. Thomas Baker. His publications were very few, and his long-protracted life was marked by as few events as

could well be ſprinkled through ſo extended a ſpace, and in a period ſo memorable for a revolution that left no man an unintereſted ſpectator. Yet, though his abilities reſcued his name from oblivion, and though he ſhone as a confeſſor for his principles; his ſingular modeſty ſo little ſought the double portion of fame he merited, that, though an accurate and indefatigable recorder of the actions of others, he ſeems to have humbly declined all care of regiſtering any memoranda of his own ſtory.

That modeſty, and that unaffected courage of conſcience, with other virtues, particularly one that ſeldom coaleſces with martyrdom for conſcience, I mean, impartiality—theſe were themes that I thought deſerved to be tranſmitted to poſterity; not only for the ſake of the actor, but for the inſtruction and imitation of mankind. The example of a virtuous man reſigning his fortune rather than violate his oath, preſerving charity for his antagoniſts, and contracting neither virulence nor pride from his ſufferings, was an inſtance too ſingular not to merit ſelection. One ſuch action, executed with intrepidity yet without oſtentation, could dignify a whole life; and ought to rank the ſufferer with his more exalted companions in the ſame cauſe. If *they* ſacrificed mitres to their integrity, *he* gave his *all;* and on the altar of conſcience the firſtling of a flock, we know, is as acceptable as a hecatomb of bulls.

Simplicity, the grace that flows from and moſt becomes good ſenſe, and which naturally ought to accompany the purſuit of wiſdom and the command of our paſſions, has in all ages been forgotten in the ceremonial of philoſophers. In fact, their very pretenſions exclude ſo humble an attribute. The Grecian ſages announced their own claims: their apes, the moderns, have not relinquiſhed any demands on any part of the ſucceſſion. Hence the modeſt Mr. Baker, who was patient, humble, temperate; who ſought neither fame nor riches; who was content with the poverty he embraced from duty; who ſearched after truth, rather than wiſdom; never attained the title of *philoſopher:* the inference whence is not unfair, that it is a title oftener aſſumed by the wearers than conferred. Mr. Baker was what his piety enjoined him to be, and what prohibits all aſſumption of merit—a chriſtian philoſopher.

Born with parts and induſtry, glowing with virtue, and fortified with reſolution to adhere to the dictates of his judgment and conſcience, the earlieſt bloſſom of his talents was dedicated to the ſame cauſe which the uniform

tenour of his life maintained. Smitten with the love of improving his mind, he waded early into ſcience: yet, though he ſaw its beauties, he diſcerned its defects, and haſtened to diſcloſe the deluſions of the ſyren, while he diſcovered that he had taſted of her moſt valuable favours. In the ardour of youth, and enamoured of knowledge, he anticipated experience; and his firſt production proclaimed what maturity of years alone inculcates into others, that all is vanity but religion. To lower learning and diſplay it, has not been a rare effort of the love of paradox, which is the love of fame. Mr. Baker deſpiſed the dexterity of the former, nor aſpired to the latter: he gave his book without his name. It was a tribute to his conviction, and a caution to the proud of knowledge. He meant not to check enquiry, but to point out its proper goal.

With the ſame affection to truth he could turn his mind from the enchanting worlds of inveſtigation to the dry collection of little facts. With ſhining parts he could condeſcend to be an antiquary. From a companion of Newton he could ſtoop to aſſociate with Antony Wood and Thomas Hearne. Gratitude, as well as ſituation, ſeems to have given this complexion to his ſtudies. Attached to a ſociety that rejected him from its boſom, and yet harboured him in its arms, he dedicated many days and hours to the hiſtory of St. John's college. Though a ſincere proteſtant, the tender effuſions of his gratitude made him almoſt a devotee of a female ſaint. The pious foundreſs, Margaret of Richmond, owes more to this Lutheran ſon than to all that have riſen from her alms to epiſcopal thrones in either church—But I am anticipating his character, which will dart more conſpicuouſly from his conduct. It was a ſtar that ſeemed to occupy one only little point; but it was a fixed ſtar; and when we examine it through the glaſs of truth, we find it magnified without exaggeration.

I have warned the reader that it has been with difficulty that any particulars of the life of this good man have been recovered. The higheſt quality he ever aſſumed himſelf was that of *ſocius ejectus*, which he ſometimes ſubſcribed. The induſtry of a * gentleman, who reſembles Mr. Baker in his primitive ſimplicity and attachment to the univerſity, has retrieved the few notices that I am able to impart—but genealogy and circumſtances are but adventitious ornaments to a character that was ſimple, conſiſtent and heroic. Yet Mr. Baker,

* The Rev. Mr. William Cole, formerly of Clare-hall and King's college, and now rector of Burnham in Buckinghamſhire.

though

though he voluntarily deſcended to poverty, did not ſpring from neceſſitous or ignoble parents. It was not returning to his natural condition, when he abandoned the good things of this world. Sordid natures are more capable of reverting to a mean ſtate, than men of gentle birth of embracing the deprivation of comforts. His continuance among thoſe who ſtripped him of enjoyments was the nobleſt emanation of a mind incapable of envy or reſentment. He quitted what he proved he loved, by remaining on a ſoil that no longer yielded him any thing but a ſtone for his pillow.

Thomas Baker, a younger ſon of ſir George Baker of Crooke-hall * Lancaſter in the county of Durham, was born September 14, 1656. With his elder brother George he was admitted penſioner of St. John's college in Cambridge June 13, 1674; and Thomas was received as ſcholar of the ſame college in November 1676; and as perpetual fellow of the ſame ſociety in March 1680. In the books of the college is mention of a Thomas Baker as elected librarian in 1699, and Hebrew reader in 1700: but as our Mr. Thomas Baker was then fellow only by connivance, and was actually deprived of his fellowſhip in 1717; the gentleman who communicated this intelligence reaſonably concludes that the ſociety did not heap additional favours on one whom they only tolerated amongſt them: and he confirms this conjecture by obſerving, that, on Mr. Baker's expulſion, he is ſtyled ſenior Baker for diſtinction.

At what age Mr. Baker dedicated himſelf to the church, does not appear. That it was the profeſſion he voluntarily embraced, cannot be doubted from the unvaried colour of his life and ſtudies, and from his having adhered to a monaſtic life, when diveſted of the privilege of exerciſing his miniſtry. Born under a tempeſt of contending ſects, his reaſon no ſooner began to develop itſelf than he heard nothing but the conflict of the like warring elements. The jealouſy of popery, that had alarmed the ſtaunchеſt proteſtants under a devout king, blazed with reaſon under his profligate ſon, who was influenced by a brother, whoſe underſtanding he deſpiſed, in the point that moſt demands the exerciſe of one's own judgment. The controverſy was managed, at leaſt on the ſide of the church of England, with the higheſt abilities; yet when

* By his admiſſion in the College regiſter it appears that his father was then only an eſquire, and I do not believe he was afterwards knighted. The name of the place is Lancheſter, and it is ſo ſpelt in the will.

Mr.

Mr. Baker conſecrated his ſervices to that church, though it was the predominant, it neither enjoyed the partiality of the crown, nor promiſed a life of eaſe and tranquillity, at leaſt to one who fathomed every duty, nor diſpenſed with himſelf in the performance of the moſt difficult. This is not mere conjecture, nor drawn from the tenor of his delicate conſcience. Mr. Baker early and boldly bore teſtimony to his religious ſentiments. Here are the proofs:

In the library of St. John's college is a collection of the London gazettes. That of July 5, 1688, contains thoſe emanations of loyalty that attend *all* princes in poſſeſſion (and had not been wanting to Richard Cromwell), and an account of the rejoicings made on the birth of king James's ſuppoſed ſon, in particular of thoſe celebrated at Durham, under the auſpices of biſhop Crewe, to whom Mr. Baker ſeems to have been chaplain. On the margin of that gazette Mr. Baker has written theſe words: "This account was drawn up by the biſhop, as his ſecretary Mr. Peters told me. I was preſent at the ſolemnity. If I did not rejoice as I ought, pardon me, O God, that ſin!"

What delicacy of conſcience! The good man trembled for his religion, yet doubted whether the Omnipotent did not expect that he ſhould exult in whatever good luck befell his vicegerent—But, of what religion were they who invented ſuch principles? If the Ruler of the univerſe viſits a ſinful world with peſtilence, can he require us to rejoice at the calamity? In other words, can Almighty Wiſdom exact our feeling contradictory ſenſations? Though a pious perſon ſays he rejoices, does he rejoice? Such doctors enjoin lip-worſhip, as if the All-ſeeing could be impoſed on by a formulary of words. This is abſurd caſuiſtry, deviſed by bigots, and recommended by knaves. Nor could Mr. Baker's good ſenſe have ſwallowed ſuch nonſenſe, if the tenderneſs of his piety had not been alarmed by what he had been told was his duty. He thought it ſafer to truſt to his conſcience than his judgment. Nor had paſſive obedience ever a ſincerer victim, or did good ſenſe ever loſe a worthier ſon miſled by authority. Biſhop Crewe proved leſs ſincere, or leſs firm.

In the ſame gazette is an account from Whitehall of July 6, of the removal of the Judges, (a clear indication that the king was acting againſt law) and of the alteration of thoſe appointed to hold the ſummer aſſizes on the northern circuit. There too Mr. Baker has atteſted his own conduct, with the ſame

dubitation whether he had not tranſgreſſed his duty in obeying the dictates of his conſcience. It is ſtill more remakable, that he wept his want of devotion to his worldly maſter *after* king James was diveſted of power. There can be no doubt but ſuch contrition would not have been felt, if king James had been ſucceſsful. Mr. Baker's ſcruples never led him to ſacrifice his religion to his prince, while in poſſeſſion. Had James triumphed, we may juſtly conclude that Mr. Baker would have laid down his life for his faith. The relinquiſhment of fortune is nearer to the ſtake, than to a time-ſerving compliance. It was generous to bewail his own want of blind zeal for an unfortunate prince. He would have ſeen James's folly in its true light, if reduced to the option of emolument or the croſs. The death of Charles I. has won him many hearts, that would have abhorred his tyranny if it had been ſucceſsful.

"At Durham," ſays Mr. Baker, "I preached before the judges (three of the eccleſiaſtic commiſſioners being then preſent). I could eaſily obſerve the ſermon gave offence (and indeed juſtly); and yet it paſſed without cenſure. I have ſince burnt it, as I did the reſt."

Here good nature pauſes to lament thoſe confeſſors who reſiſted king James, and thought it their duty to become victims to their oaths. Indignation takes their part, and condemns oaths that are not mutual, and that are ſuppoſed to bind but one ſide. What foundation can there be for ſubjects devoting themſelves to their prince, if he is bound by no reciprocal ties? If they are his chattels, his herd, his property, oaths are frivolous. He has power to puniſh them if they revolt, whether they are ſworn to him or not. To ſwear to a king, without reciprocity from him, is ſubjecting our ſouls to him as well as our bodies. We are to be damned to all eternity if he makes his tyranny intolerable. Proclaim him God at once. God alone can be truſted with power over our minds: God alone can judge how much we can endure. Shall one of ourſelves be emperor of the mind?—No, ſaid Mr. Baker—yet repented that he had ſaid ſo!—And we muſt admire the beauty of that integrity, which, inſtead of recurring to the refinements of caſuiſtry to diſcover a ſalvo that would conſole it, bowed to arguments againſt itſelf, and diſtruſted its own reaſon more than its ſcruples.

A conteſt ſo nice ought to make us, who ſtand at a diſtance, view the combatants with impartiality. Sancroft, who preferred his oath to his mitre, and Tillotſon,

Tillotſon, who, in accepting it, adhered to the principles that he had avowed when perſecution, not emolument, was the probable conſequence of his reſiſtance, deſerve to be eſteemed honeſt men. James, who had violated his coronation oath, and yet expected that the miniſters of religion ſhould prefer their oaths to their religion, was guilty, if either Sancroft or Tillotſon was in the wrong. The chief magiſtrate of any country, who is a rock of offence to the conſciences of his ſubjects, deſerves no commiſeration. The profuſion of advantages that are ſhowered on kings to enforce the authority of magiſtracy, and to reward them for their ſuperintendency of the whole community, enhances their guilt when they ſet an example of trampling on the laws which it is both their duty and their intereſt to preſerve inviolate—and none but womaniſh minds will pity them, when they provoke their ſubjects to throw off allegiance, and incur the penalty of their crimes. The blindeſt bigot to the memory of Charles I. or James II. cannot deny, that both were the original aggreſſors. Had they both acted conformably to the conſtitution and laws, no man living can think that any part of the nation would have revolted. Did not ſhip-money and diſuſe of parliaments precede the rebellion, or were the cauſes of it? Did not James in the dawn of his reign hoiſt the banner of popery? Had not Sancroft and the ſix biſhops been impriſoned for withſtanding the diſpenſing power? If Sancroft was a ſincere proteſtant, could he believe that his oath bound him to an idolatrous king, who had perjured himſelf by promoting idolatry? Might not Tillotſon think that the king's perjury abſolved his ſubjects from their oaths? Sancroft, I verily believe, was ſo weak as to be of the contrary opinion. He was deluded by the conduct of the primitive Chriſtians, who ſubmitted to the higher powers—But how wide was the difference! The pagan emperors of Rome had never ſworn to maintain pure chriſtianity—and the early Chriſtians themſelves (if not the firſt, who had no opportunity of reſiſtance) were not very paſſive, as ſoon as their numbers enabled them to uſe temporal weapons for the defence of their religion. Mr. Baker, of a more enlightened underſtanding than Sancroft's, yet acted the ſame diſintereſted part. But what ſevere reflections does the purity of their conduct call forth on a ſet of men who in the ſame cauſe acted and have acted the counterpart to thoſe confeſſors!—I mean thoſe Jacobites, who did take the oaths to king William and the ſucceeding princes down to the preſent reign, and yet conſtantly promoted the intereſts of a family they had ſo ſolemnly abjured! Let their conduct be tried by the

ſtandard of their own Sancroft, and let us hear by what caſuiſtry they will be abſolved from guilt and contempt!

The three eccleſiaſtic commiſſioners alluded to by Mr. Baker in his preceding note, were, probably, Crewe, biſhop of Durham, and two of the new judges.

Thoſe commiſſioners ordered an account to be returned to them of the names of all ſuch of the clergy as refuſed to read his Majeſty's Declaration of April 7, for liberty of conſcience.

On the margin of the Gazette for Auguſt 23, 1688, Mr. Baker has written this note: "I was ordered by the biſhop of Durham [a commiſſioner] to attend the archdeacon, Dr. Granville, for the execution of this order; which I readily did, knowing it to be enjoined me as a penance for my former diſobedience, having refuſed to read the Declaration in his chapel, and forbid my curate to read it at my living *. The good man's anſwer was, that he would obey the king and the biſhop, and the firſt man he returned ſhould be the archdeacon, his curates not having read it in his abſence; but had he been preſent, he would have read it himſelf. Not long after he and I were both of us deprived for diſobedience of another kind, and the commanding biſhop ſaved himſelf by his uſual compliance."

Here Mr. Baker's underſtanding and conſcience appear in their full luſtre. He ſaw it was not his duty to obey the king againſt his religion. He diſobeyed. Yet when James had deſervedly loſt his crown, Mr. Baker ſacrificed his fortune rather than take an oath to another. Dr. Denis Granville, dean and archdeacon of Durham, acted the ſame part, though with leſs merit, having been ready to humour the king in his injunctions. His biſhopric was the religion of biſhop Crewe, and he was ready for the toleration of popery or for ſuppreſſion of it, according to the humour of the king on the throne. But when biſhops ſit ſo looſe to both religions, one may be very ſure they are not ſincere in either, but would be Mahometans if the archiepiſcopal

* This ſhows that Mr. Baker loſt a living as well as his fellowſhip; and it appears from his will that it was the pariſh of Long-Newton in the biſhopric of Durham.

mitre were turned into a turban. They have not been ſo pliable towards any reformed church of Chriſtians who do not admit of an opulent clergy. The whole tenour and ſpirit of the goſpel inculcate poverty, charity, and ſelf-denial. It is not ſo eaſy to prove from the New Teſtament that archbiſhoprics and biſhoprics, in the modern ſenſe, are of divine inſtitution. St. Peter and St. Paul would have ſtared at being ſaluted by the titles of your grace and your lordſhip; and on what text are founded deaneries, prebends, chapters, and eccleſiaſtical courts, thoſe popiſh excreſcencies of a ſimple religion, we are yet to ſeek. Tranſlations from one ſee to another are no doubt authoriſed by the ſame chapter of one of the four evangeliſts, though I know not of which, wherein prelates are enjoined to vote always with the prime miniſter for the time being; as the Swiſs fight for the prince, whatever his religion is, who takes them into his pay.

Theſe notes on the gazette that I have cited, and the firmneſs of his ſubſequent conduct, prove that Mr. Baker was prepared to meet every ſtorm that could fall on him in the cauſe of his religion. It was the ſtamp of a mind ſtill more diſintereſted, that he was not equally ready to triumph with his religion, when it was victorious. He had not foreſeen the fall of the tyrant, nor had conſidered royalty on the great ſcale of the intereſts of the public, and as an office only held by the poſſeſſor for the benefit of the people. The ſufferings of Charles I. whoſe crimes were not of the magnitude of his ſon's, had raiſed a ſpirit of enthuſiaſm in his partiſans, and conjured up in their minds a profane idolatry of kings, that was inconſiſtent both with true religion and common ſenſe; and had been extended even to genealogic ſucceſſion—as if being born of a certain race could entitle any family to a right of violating with impunity all laws, both divine and human. Mr. Baker had unhappily imbibed thoſe prejudices; but, as his virtue corrected the errors of his underſtanding, himſelf was the only perſon whom he attempted to ſacrifice to his miſtaken loyalty. He was never ſuſpected of caballing againſt the new eſtabliſhed government; and, while his own order and both univerſities, Oxford in particular, ſwarmed with factious prieſts, and engendered ſome whoſe zeal dipped them even in plots of aſſaſſination againſt the deliverer of the proteſtant religion, the meek Mr. Baker was content with the croſs he had embraced, and never profaned his piety by rebellious intrigues. He even lived in charity, in communion, in friendſhip with churchmen of the moſt oppoſite principles. He aſſiſted the ſtudies and publications of archbiſhop Wake and biſhop Kennet:

and

and while turbulent incendiaries and Jacobite prieſts, who had taken the oaths to king William, poured deluges of filth and malevolence on the head of biſhop Burnet, for having, like an honeſt man, ventured his life in the cauſe of his religion, and for having (his greateſt crime) recorded the crimes of the Stuarts and their miniſters and creatures, Mr. Baker did juſtice to the character of the man, and contributed to his Hiſtory of the reformation of that church to which they both adhered, and which other proteſtant divines have endeavoured to ſubject again to a Roman catholic ſovereign. Mr. Baker's conduct is the moſt ſevere anſwer to all ſuch libellers and renegades.

That prejudice and obſtinacy were not the ſole arbiters of this good man's conſcience, appeared from his being diſpoſed to take the oaths to the new government, as ſoon as his old maſter king James was no more; whoſe tampering, in concert with that other royal ſaint, Louis XIV. in the aſſaſſination-plot, and from which their memories will never be waſhed *, had ſhaken the allegiance of many of his warmeſt devotees. But the impoſition of an oath of abjuration diſpelled all thoughts in Mr. Baker of conformity: perhaps not from mere tenderneſs. He was too conſcientious to take an oath to king William with any intention of tranſgreſſing it, like ſo many others, on a good

* The marſhal duke of Berwick, ſon of king James, in his own Memoirs written by himſelf, has theſe words: "Pendant mon ſejour à Londres, ayant eté informé qu'il s'y tramoit une conſpiration contre la perſonne du prince d'Orange, je crus que, ma principale miſſion etant finie, je ne devois pas perdre le tems à regagner la France pour ne point me trouver confondu avec les conjurés, dont le deſſein me paroiſſoit difficile à executer." Vol. i. p. 145. Not a word of abhorrence of ſo atrocious a deſign; it was the difficulty of the execution that ſtaggered the good duke, and made him conſult his ſafety. In the next page he is ſtill more explicit; he owns that, Louis and James being appriſed of the conſpiracy, James waited on the ſea-coaſt for the event of the plot. It is true, the duke pretends that the conſpirators aimed only at ſeizing king William: but the words *quelque evenement* imply that any event of the conſpiracy would not be unwelcome. It was proved that the conſpirators actually intended to ſhoot the king; and lord Portland remonſtrated to Louis himſelf at Verſailles againſt the appearance of the duke of Berwick there, as privy to the plot of aſſaſſination. Lord Portland tells king William ſo in his letters:—and who can doubt it, when he himſelf acknowledges ſo much? Had the conſpirators been able to ſeize the perſon of William, would they have heſitated at murder if he or his guards had reſiſted? William had James in his power, and facilitated his eſcape from Rocheſter. A man who had the meanneſs to *ſee*, and triumph over, the duke of Monmouth, and then put him to death, would, no doubt, have been tender of William's life, if the conſpirators had had ſo little zeal, after ſucceeding in carrying off the king, as not to have ſaved James the trouble of ſigning the warrant for his death! After owning the plot, it is folly to endeavour to palliate it, and as great folly to believe the palliation!

opportunity;

opportunity; but having fallen into ſuch difficulties by his religious obſervance of the oath he had taken, he was probably averſe to entangling himſelf in more ſnares. And ſince the experience of ſeveral reigns has demonſtrated how little binding oaths are but to the moſt virtuous of mankind, it were to be wiſhed that they were adminiſtered with great circumſpection. The perjuries at the Cuſtom-houſe, and in the caſe of elections, call for the abrogation of a ſacrament that has loſt all ſanctity.

Mr. Baker retained his fellowſhip to the death of queen Anne, by the connivance of Dr. Jenkin the maſter, who at firſt had been himſelf a non-juror, but on taking the oaths had been elected head of the college. The acceſſion of a new family of foreigners, who were not lineal heirs, and whoſe relation to the crown was too remote not to offend the prejudices of the vulgar, incited the vigilance of government to be ſtrict in impoſing the oath of fidelity. It was tendered to and refuſed by Mr. Baker. In his life in the Biographia Britannica, it is aſſerted, that he had hoped to continue to be ſcreened by the maſter, and was offended at that indulgence being withdrawn; but the proof of that aſſertion is very inadequate to the inference. He wrote himſelf in the blank leaves of all the books he afterwards gave to the college *ſocius ejectus*. If, when a conſcientious man ſacrifices his fortune to his integrity, it is demanded that he ſhould have no ſenſe of the ſacrifice; the demand would not only be abſurd, but would deſtroy half the beauty of the action. What merit is there in conquering paſſions to which we are inſenſible? Is it not rather a contradiction in terms? How remote too is indignation and a lively ſenſe of our loſs, from patience? Or can any words convey leſs reſentment than *ſocius ejectus?* Me, I own, they ſtrike as humble and reſigned; and were I to ſearch for an invidious interpretation, the utmoſt I could diſcover in the words *ſocius ejectus* would be a teſtimonial borne by the victim to his own virtuous deed. If, after all, Mr. Baker retained a lively ſenſe of his deprivation, the long remainder of his days was a conſtant triumph over his anger; for he remained in the college, under the juriſdiction of the maſter who had expelled him, in charity with his late colleagues, and dedicated many of his hours to the illuſtration of the hiſtory of his college. His meek, modeſt, inoffenſive behaviour never varied. Avarice, the prepoſterous paſſion that often increaſes with our decay, never ſtained Mr. Baker's ſimplicity. He had little, but thought it enough; and had the greatneſs of mind to decline offers of what would have been wealth in his circumſtances.

It is indeed aſſerted in the new edition of the Biographia Britannica, that Mr. Prior ceded to Mr. Baker the profits of his fellowſhip after his expulſion. If he did, the generous act was worthy of ſo honeſt and amiable a man as Mr. Prior; and it is not to detract from the generoſity of one whoſe ſoul glowed with friendſhip and good-nature, and whoſe poetry owed not one of its graceful and genteel beauties to aſperity, that I am obliged, on the remarks of the gentleman to whom this tract is chiefly indebted, to doubt of the reality of the gift. Though Mr. Baker could have enjoyed the benefit of the ceſſion but very few years, he being ejected in 1717, and Mr. Prior dying in 1721; the generoſity was complete, Mr. Prior not being able to cede his fellowſhip but while he enjoyed it. But on the authority above mentioned, I muſt queſtion the fact; not from the want of humanity in Mr. Prior, but from his own circumſtances, which could ill allow him to be ſo munificent. Mr. Prior bequeathed books to the value of 200*l.* (together with the portraits of himſelf and the earl of Jerſey) to St. John's college, in acknowledgment for having held the fellowſhip during his life. It is no proof, though perhaps a preſumption, that he would not have been ſo ſenſible of the obligation, if he had ceded it to another; but in fact Mr. Prior's own fortune was ſo far from ſplendid, that he was little enabled to be a patron. He had had the intrinſic merit of having raiſed himſef by his abilities from obſcurity to ſhining eminence both in poetry and in the ſtate—and yet there is no trace of his having been greedy of wealth. He left a very inconſiderable fortune, and at the very moment of Mr. Baker's ſacrifice Mr. Prior's own friends were fallen into ſudden diſgrace, one of his patrons * was in the Tower, and the other in exile, and he himſelf under proſecution by parliament. It appears from his friend Dr. Swift, that Mr. Prior had prepared no pecuniary ſhelter againſt the ſtorm. "Our friend Prior," ſays he, "not having had the viciſſitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his days in as forlorn a ſtate as any other poet has done before him, if his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himſelf." Swift's Letters from 1703 to 1740, publiſhed by Dr. Hawkſworth in 1766, in 3 vols. octavo, p, 50. Accordingly the Dean, with Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Gay, with a zeal that will for ever illuſtrate that friendly ſociety of men of the firſt genius, who never ſuffered either jealouſy or even party to interfere with their eſteem for congenial merit, ſet on foot, promoted, and carried into execution a ſubſcription for the publi-

* Robert Harley earl of Oxford.

cation

cation of Mr. Prior's works.—Mr. Prior, with his other virtues, was a man of no oſtentation; would he have accepted a ſubſcription for himſelf, while ceding an independent, though ſmall, income to another? Yet the aſſertion is poſitive. It is not decent to contradict a gentleman of unimpeached character on what he affirms; yet it may be preſumed, that, being a matter of tradition, at the diſtance of near ſixty years the original reporter may have been miſtaken.

There is ſtill leſs foundation for believing what is aſſerted in a marginal note in the firſt edition of the Biographia Britannica, p. 3726, that biſhop Burnet allowed Mr. Baker an annuity. That they had literary connections is well known, probably commenced by Mr. Baker's ſending the prelate many corrections of his Hiſtory of the Reformation, which his lordſhip mentions with great gratitude and eſteem, in the introduction to his third volume, where he has alſo printed Mr. Baker's obſervations. But the terms employed by the biſhop are far from implying either familiarity or patronage; and as that was his laſt publication, being dedicated to George I. and as Burnet died in March 1715, near two years before Mr. Baker loſt his fellowſhip, it is not probable that the biſhop would have ſelected a nonjuror for the object of his bounty, and leſs probable that Mr. Baker would have accepted it; he, who, when reduced to much narrower circumſtances, would not ſtoop to accept emoluments from the head of the triumphant church. Having aſſiſted archbiſhop Wake in his work on the ſtate of the church, his grace offered to Mr. Baker the nomination of any friend he would recommend to a living of 200*l.* a year, ſince he could not accept it himſelf. This generous gratitude Mr. Baker declined, and deſired that his grace's favour might be confined to a preſent of the book in queſtion. Nor can it eaſily be believed, that a man who never boaſted of the diſtinctions he received, would have been ſilent on obligations. Mr. Baker certainly did receive pecuniary preſents from Edward Harley the ſecond earl of Oxford, and it is ſaid they were an annuity of 60*l.* a year. Mr. Baker ever gratefully acknowledged the patronage of the noble Mæcenas, to whoſe houſe at Wimple he was always a welcome gueſt. More of their connection will appear, when we come to ſpeak of the diſpoſition of Mr. Baker's works.

Excluded from the church, in whoſe ſervice he had intended to exert his activity and pious labours, he was reduced to the exerciſe of his private

virtues, and at liberty, if ever man was, to indulge his paſſion for ſtudy. It was the occupation of the reſt of his life; and from the æra of his deprivation there is no trace of events in his long courſe but ſuch as were literary. I ſhall therefore confine what I have farther to ſay of Mr. Baker to the chapter of his writings; and even check the pleaſure I have in doing juſtice to his virtues, unleſs where they break out indirectly from circumſtances that attended his own compoſitions, or the communications with which he aſſiſted other authors.

Mr. Baker's firſt publication was his Reflections on Learning, publiſhed in octavo, 1699, without his name. It is a work full of learning, wit, and ingenuity, and deſervedly raiſed the author's reputation; yet as much as I admire it, it would be the partiality of a biographer to his hero, not to allow that it has conſiderable defects. The editors of the new Biographia have juſtly reprehended Mr. Baker's ſtyle, which is far from poſſeſſing modern elegance, and from being formed by a good ear. It is not ſo univerſally replete with coarſe and vulgar language, as the ſtyles of Dr. Echard, Dr. Bentley, and Dr. Wootton; men whom however I rather mention with Mr. Baker as luminaries of ſcience and wit, than to cenſure the harſhneſs and want of purity in their diction. But Mr. Baker's book had a more conſiderable fault than the defect of elegance. It wanted a logical concluſion. The title of his work explains his ſcope. "Reflections upon Learning; wherein is ſhewn the inſufficiency thereof in its ſeveral particulars, in order to evince the uſefulneſs and neceſſity of Revelation."

The fathers who decried human learning in order to enforce the one thing neceſſary, religion, argued conſequentially, ſuppoſing God implanted a propenſity to arts and ſciences in the heart of man, and yet did not intend that he ſhould make any uſe of the powers beſtowed. The fathers too, who held that abſurd doctrine, had at leaſt the excuſe of apprehending that the end of the world was at hand. But ſeventeen hundred years have pretty well exploded that viſion; and therefore we muſt be the more ſurpriſed to hear an ingenious man argue like enthuſiaſts of the ſecond or third century.

That human induſtry has not perfected, probably cannot perfect, every ſcience, is a ſelf-evident truth, but perhaps not a melancholy one. The inveſtigation is delightful; and ſo exquiſite is the goodneſs of the creator, that he

he has taught us to ſtrike out numerous enjoyments even from imperfect knowledge. Where he has not given us ſpecifics, he has beſtowed ſuccedaneums. If the pyramids were raiſed by ſlender ſkill in mechanics, though by great labour, they might be erected in leſs time now, yet would not laſt longer. The natives of Otaheite could carve without iron. A Grecian or Roman could execute works in cameo or intaglia without microſcopic glaſſes, which we cannot imitate with ſuperior advantages. But how does revelation ſupply the defects of knowledge, except in what it was given to reveal? I will mention a few of Mr. Baker's topics, to which revelation ſeems a very inadequate ſupplement. In fact, except morality, I ſee not what revelation was intended to improve, has improved, or could improve. If it even has not improved morality, it is not the fault of revelation, but of thoſe to whom it has been diſpenſed.

But, ſays Mr. Baker, language, grammar, hiſtory, chronology, geography, civil law, canon law, phyſic, oriental and ſcholaſtic learning, are ſtill imperfect.

In his preface he declares he does not mean wholly to diſcredit the uſe of human learning; yet as in one place he apprehends that the thirſt of learning will ſubſtitute natural to revealed religion, we might infer that he fears knowledge is no great friend to revelation—but at leaſt the whole ſcope of his book and the avowed declaration of the concluſion is, that no complete ſatisfaction is to be had but from revelation. If he meant, that no complete happineſs can flow but from religion, it is an undeniable truth, and the defects of knowledge are by no means the greateſt evils againſt which we need that conſolatory cordial. But when he runs through the defects of hiſtory, phyſic, and canon law, &c. and ſends us to revelation, one ſhould ſuppoſe that in revelation were to be found the diſcoveries not yet made in any of thoſe ſciences. Otherwiſe his diſſertation is a nugatory declamation, and a vain parade of his own examination of ſo many branches of knowledge. I ſhould trifle if I replied, that I cannot ſee how revelation can improve phyſic, or ſupply its place, ſince the power of curing diſeaſes has not been tranſmitted from the apoſtles to their ſucceſſors. Or if I applied revelation to the canon law, which is, or is pretended to be, drawn from the goſpel. Or if, inſtead of believing that revelation could amend ſcholaſtic learning, I ſhould aſſert that

nothing can improve nonſenſe and abſurdity; and that the learning of the ſchools was ſo far from being learning, that it barred all knowledge, and that the world never recovered its ſenſes till it exploded the ſchools.

But reaſonable piety will never confound things that have no coherence. The goſpel was intended to correct our paſſions, and preach purer morality than had been diſcovered by the force of human reaſon. Ten thouſand inventions, ſyſtems, and doctrines have been built upon it, to which it gave no foundation. The precepts of Chriſt were plain and ſimple. He enjoined, he forbad, nothing but what he expreſſed. He came not to inſtruct us in chronology, nor to teach us to write hiſtory. His own diſciples indeed did not always underſtand him, or conjectured more from his words than they implied. The more their ſucceſſors have fancied themſelves illuminated, the farther they have wandered in the dark; and good Mr. Baker has not been the moſt free from error, if he really thought, as his argument leads us to ſuppoſe, that the goſpel could ſupply any other conſolation to the imperfection of ſcience, than reſignation to the divine will. All human knowledge, except morality, might have made all the progreſs it has made, had revelation never been diſpenſed: and it would puzzle Mr. Baker himſelf to ſhow, that any other ſcience has been improved by lights drawn from the goſpel: and if in near two thouſand years it has contributed nothing to ſcience, it probably never will. Mr. Baker was cautiouſly in the right not to refer us to the older teſtament for improving the ſciences, as it was remarkably unfortunate in ſome, particularly in hiſtory, geography, and aſtronomy—defects ſolved by the ſuppoſition that God conformed himſelf to the ideas of men—a very irreligious ſolution: but the old law being abrogated by the new, we have no buſineſs to uphold the former; nor could we without falling into contradictions; the ſpirit of Jewiſh invaſions and maſſacre, and their want of charity for their neighbours, being totally abhorrent from the ſpirit of the meek Jeſus.

Mr. Baker's Reflections on learning drew him into a controverſy with Le Clerc, a diſpute detailed in the Biographia, and which therefore I ſhall not repeat. It ſeems to have been the only moment of his life in which he did not preſerve his temperate politeneſs, but exchanged it, yet only to a moderate degree, for that boiſterous indelicacy of the literati of the preceding age, the Scaligers, Scioppiuſes, and Salmaſiuſes, who hurled Latin ordures at the heads

heads of their foes, and were proud of being able to be as ſcurrilous as the coblers * of old Rome and in the ſame terms.

May I be allowed to think that a fault which a man commits but once in a long life, is a beauty in his character; at leaſt a foil, that heightens the reſt of his virtues, and implies a greater amendment? In Mr. Baker it was redeemed by communications even to men of the moſt oppoſite principles. He knew to diſtinguiſh between the members of the republic of letters, and the adherents to a party in the ſtate from which he diſſented.

His next, and ſole other, publication was a new edition of biſhop Fiſher's funeral ſermon on Margaret counteſs of Richmond and Derby; to which he added an account of her charities, foundations, &c.

The reſt of his life was paſſed in the ſtudy of antiquity and in laborious collections of antique papers, great numbers of which he tranſcribed with his own hand, relating to our tranſactions both in the church and the ſtate. From theſe ſtores, and his own indefatigable reading, he aſſiſted many men of congenial ſtudies in their ſeveral publications; and he was ſuppoſed to have been engaged for many years in compiling for his own univerſity a work ſimilar to Wood's Athenæ Oxonienſes: but there is no ſufficient warrant for believing that he ever meditated ſuch a digeſtion; and he certainly left nothing beyond materials for it.

Of his own college he actually undertook and executed a very valuable hiſtory; valuable ſtill leſs for its accuracy and fidelity, than for its author's ſingular impartiality. It is the chef-d'œuvre of temper in a martyr. It is brightened too with rays of judgment and good ſenſe that ſhine unexpectedly from ſuch brute matter; and though too dry to charm without the walls of its own college, it is ſo honourable both to the ſociety and the author, that it is rather ſurpriſing a few copies at leaſt have not been preſerved by the preſs: at leaſt it would be a model to writers of that claſs, if the ſcribblers of antiquities could be taught to have taſte, and to abandon bigotry and prejudice, and uſeleſs trifles, which have no value but that of exiſtence.

The authors and editors his cotemporaries, whoſe ſtudies were congenial

* Dr. Bentley ſaid of Joſhua Barnes, that he knew as much Greek as a Grecian cobler.

with

with Mr. Baker's, were gratefully fond of acknowledging their obligations to him, and of bearing teſtimony to his exemplary virtues. Mr. Brown Willis, Dr. Knight in his Life of Eraſmus, Dr. Richardſon in his edition of Godwin De præſulibus Angliæ, Profeſſor Ward in his Hiſtory of Greſham College, Dr. Fiddes in his Life of Wolſey, and Hearne in ſeveral of his publications, all hold the ſame language on the communicative humanity and other excellencies of this primitive confeſſor.

More might be ſaid on this head; but where genuine virtues ſhine ſo conſpicuouſly by their own light, they want no adventitious rays. The preceding age had leaned ſo heavily on thoſe collateral crutches, compliments from cotemporaries, that panegyrics of that kind ſunk into total diſuſe. Mr. Pope's juvenile works were I think the laſt ſo gilded, and his own effulgence made all thoſe leſſer ſtars

Hide their diminiſh'd heads.

In thoſe indefatigable reſearches, in collections, in benevolent and friendly communications, and in the exerciſe of every duty and of every charity within the limits of his contracted fortune, Mr. Baker reached the eighty-fourth year of his age, when his life terminated as mildly, though ſuddenly, as it had been paſſed. On Saturday the 28th of June, 1740, in the afternoon, he was found lying upon the floor of his chamber; his face ſo much convulſed that his ſpeech was almoſt inarticulate; a ſtupor hung on his ſenſes, and one ſide was dead. At times he ſeemed to diſregard what was paſſing around him; at others he knew thoſe preſent, and recommended himſelf to their prayers for an eaſy death; expreſſing perfect reſignation, as he perceived, he ſaid, that his time was come, and thanking his friends for their kind offices. In this eaſy ſtate of tranſition he laſted till the following Wedneſday; and being almoſt incapable of ſwallowing, he took little nouriſhment and leſs of medicine, accepting with uneaſineſs any aſſiſtance, but to change his linen, as he deemed all remedy impoſſible and but a delay of his departure; ſo that his friends forbore to diſturb him more than was requiſite to mark that there was no neglect.

This was the end he had often wiſhed, preceded by a ſhort illneſs, and accompanied by little or no pain. He was interred in the anti-chapel of St.

John's college with every ſincere mark of reſpect and ceremony from the ſociety, and an oration in his praiſe was pronounced over his grave by one of the fellows.

The laſt act of his life, his will, was conſonant to the ſeries of his actions, and breathes the ſame devotion, humility, charity, friendſhip, and candour, that had adorned each period. It ſhall be printed here, as it indicates the diſpoſition of his MSS. the contents of which are ſpecified in the new edition of the Biographia Britannica, and which ſhow how uſeful a virtuous man may be even when cut off from ſociety: but one particularity of his laſt teſtament is too memorable not to be ſingled from the reſt of his legacies. One of them is to Dr. Conyers Middleton, whoſe principles in church and ſtate were not only very different from thoſe of Mr. Baker, but the doctor himſelf had loſt the friendſhip of their common patron, the earl of Oxford, by being converted from the narrow and bigoted creed of thoſe who adhered to the monkiſh notions of royal and eccleſiaſtic deſpotiſm, and who did not, like Mr. Baker, allow any toleration, nor forgive Middleton for ſeeing with his own eyes. Mr. Baker certainly intended no reproach to a ſect, which he never quitted; but the candour of his conduct is the ſevereſt cenſure on every party that is intolerant. They alone who abhor toleration deſerve little. They are enemies to the freedom of religion, over which God alone can have any right of empire. Mr. Baker lived and died in charity with all mankind, and was perhaps the ſole inſtance of a man who bequeathed his worldly goods to a ſociety that had ejected him, and to the miniſters of a church in which he had loſt preferment. The following copy of his will atteſts theſe merits, and ſhall cloſe what I have to ſay of ſo uncommon and amiable a character.

MR. BAKER's

Mr. BAKER's WILL.

IN the name of God, Amen. I Thomas Baker, ejected fellow of St. John's college in Cambridge, do make my laſt will and teſtament as follows:

Firſt, I commend my ſoul into the hands of Almighty God (my gracious and good God) my faithful creator, and merciful redeemer, and in all my dangers and difficulties a moſt conſtant protector. Bleſſed for ever be his holy name!

As to the temporal goods it hath pleaſed the ſame good God to beſtow on me (ſuch as all men might be content with, and are, I bleſs God, neither poverty nor riches), I diſpoſe of them in the following manner:

Whereas I have made a deed of gift (or ſale for one guinea) of twenty-one volumes in folio of my own hand writing, to the right honourable Edward earl of Oxford, I confirm and ratify that gift by this my laſt will, and I beg his lordſhip's acceptance of them, being ſenſible they are of little uſe or value; with two other volumes in folio, markt vol. 19, 20. ſince conveyed to him in like manner.

To my dear couſin George Baker, eſq. of Crook, I leave The Life of Cardinal Wolſey, noted with my own hand, lord Clarendon's Hiſtory with cuts and prints, and Winwood's Memorials in three volumes, in folio, with a five-pound jacobus piece of gold, as a mark of reſpect and affection, ſince he does not want it.

To my couſin Ferd. Baker, my ſilver ſalver, as promiſed.

To my worthy kinſman and friend, Mr. George Smith, I leave Godwin De præſulibus Angliæ, Waræus De præſulibus Hyberniæ, both noted with my own hand.

To the reverend and learned Dr. Newcombe, maſter of St. John's college, I leave a ring of a guinea, with two tables of the maſters of St. John's college,

in frames, with my founder's picture (Dr. Hugh Aſhton) for himſelf or college: and to his excellent lady a ring of one guinea.

To my worthy friend Dr. Dickens, regius profeſſor of law, I leave the firſt edition of Linwood's Provincial, in a large folio and black letter, with a ring of a guinea, and Dr. Corbet's picture, for himſelf, or the college.

To the worthy Mr. Burrough, fellow of Caius college, I leave biſhop Coſin's picture for the college; and my worthy friend Dr. Knight, archbiſhop Parker's picture, together with another picture (near my bed) of Dr. Humphry Tyndal, dean of Ely (as ſuppoſed, and the date and year agree exactly).

All my other pictures and prints undiſpoſed of, I leave to my worthy friend Dr. Grey*, LL. D. for the ornament of his houſe, with a ring of a guinea to him, Dr. Middleton, Dr. Williams, Mrs. Burton of Ellamore, and my dear niece and god-daughter Mrs. Margaret Shepperſon, and the rev. Mr. John Boſwell, vicar of Taunton and prebendary of Wells.

To St. John's college library I leave all ſuch books, printed or MSS. as I have, and are wanting there; excepting thoſe I leave in truſt to my worthy friend Dr. Middleton, for the Univerſity library: viz. archbiſhop Wake's State of the Church, noted and improved under his own hand; biſhop Burnet's Hiſtory of the Reformation, in three volumes, noted in my hand; and biſhop Kennet's Regiſter and Chronicle (for the memory of which three great prelates, my honoured friends, I muſt always have a due regard). To theſe I add Mr. Anſtis's Hiſtory of the Garter, in 2 vols. folio; Wood's Athenæ Oxonienſes, and (Maunſel's Catalogue) both noted in my own hand, and Gunton's and Patrick's Hiſtory of the Church of Peterborough, noted for biſhop Kennet in my own hand; with 15 volumes more or leſs, in folio, in manuſcript, all in my own hand; and 3 volumes in quarto, part in my own hand.

To the poor of the pariſh of Lancheſter, where (at Crook) I was born; and to the poor of the pariſh of Longnewton, where I was ejected; to each pariſh I leave ten pounds, and to the college ſervants of St. John the Evan-

* Dr. Zacary Grey, either editor or author of Remarks upon Neale's Hiſtory of the Puritans, and the laſt edition of Hudibras.

geliſt ten pounds (among ſuch as ſhall be willing to accept a ſhare), and out of that I leave five pounds to my bedmaker.

And whereas I have an hundred pounds in the Bank of England, under the name of my worthy friend and kinſman Dr. William Bedford, M. D. I leave him the profits of one year, and one year's dividend next after my deceaſe.

As to my funeral, I am not ſo ſolicitous: I deſire nothing more than chriſtian burial. Chriſt be merciful to me a ſinner!

Laſtly, I conſtitute and appoint my dear nephew, Richard Burton, eſquire, my ſole executor; to whom I leave every thing undiſpoſed of, which I hope will be enough, to defray his trouble. May God Almighty bleſs him, and give him all the engaging qualities of his father, all the virtues of his mother, and none of the ſins or failings of his uncle; which (God knows) are great and many, and humbly (O my God) I call for mercy.

In teſtimony of this my will, I have hereunto ſet my hand and ſeal this 15th day of October, 1739.

THOMAS BAKER.

Signed, ſealed, delivered and declared by the aforeſaid Thomas Baker, the teſtator, as for his laſt will and teſtament, in the preſence of us,

WILLIAM CLAPHAM,
CHARLES RICHARDS.

And now, O my God, into thy hands I contentedly reſign myſelf: whether it be to life or death, thy will be done. Long life I have not deſired, and yet thou haſt given it me. Give me, if it be thy good pleaſure, an eaſy and an happy death: or, if it ſhall pleaſe thee to viſit me ſeverely, as my ſins have deſerved, give me patience to bear thy correction, and let me always ſay, even with my dying breath, Thy will be done. Amen, Amen.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF MY CONDUCT

RELATIVE TO THE

PLACES I hold under GOVERNMENT,

AND TOWARDS

MINISTERS.

ACCOUNT OF MY CONDUCT, &c.

IN my youth my father, ſir Robert Walpole, then prime miniſter, gave me the two patent little places I ſtill hold, of clerk of the eſtreats and comptroller of the pipe, which together produce about or near 300 l. per annum. When I was about eighteen or nineteen he gave me the place of inſpector of the imports and exports in the cuſtom-houſe, which I reſigned in about a year, on his giving me the patent place of uſher of the exchequer, then reckoned worth 900 l. a year. From that time I lived on my own income, and travelled at my own expence; nor did I during my father's life receive from him but 250 l. at different times; which I ſay not in derogation of his extreme tenderneſs and goodneſs to me, but to ſhow that I was content with what he had given to me, and that from the age of twenty I was no charge to my family.

Before my father's quitting his poſt, he, at the inſtance of my eldeſt brother, lord Walpole, had altered the delivery of exchequer bills from ten pounds to an hundred pounds. My deputy, after that alteration made, obſerved, that, as uſher of the exchequer, who furniſhes the materials of exchequer bills, on which, by the table of rates in the exchequer, I had a ſtated profit, I ſhould loſe ten per cent. which he repreſented to my father; who, having altered them to oblige my brother, would not undo what he had done; but to repair the prejudice I had ſuffered, ſir Robert, with his wonted equity and tenderneſs, determined to give me 2000l. in lieu of what I loſt, and would have added that legacy in a codicil to his will:—but this happening only two days before his death, when he was little capable of making that codicil, my brother lord Walpole engaged, at my father's deſire, to pay me 400l. a year; which not long after my brother redeemed for the intended 2000l.

King George the firſt had graciouſly beſtowed on my father the patent place of collector of the cuſtoms for his own life, and for the lives of his two elder ſons Robert and Edward; but my father reſerved in himſelf a right of diſpoſing of the income of that place as he ſhould pleaſe during the exiſtence of the grant. Accordingly having afterwards obtained for his eldeſt ſon Robert the great place of auditor of the exchequer, and for his ſecond ſon Edward that of clerk of the pells, he bequeathed, by an inſtrument under his hand, 1000l. a year

a year to me out of the patent for the remainder of the term, and deviſed the remainder, about 800l. a year, to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

Having provided thus largely for my brother Edward and me, and leaving nothing but an eſtate in land of nominally 8000l. a year, and a debt of between 40 and 50,000l. he gave to my brother Edward and me only 5000l. a piece, of which I have never received but 1000l. and none of the intereſt. He alſo gave to my brother Edward a freehold-houſe in Pall-Mall, and to me the remainder of a houſe in Arlington-ſtreet, which went away from me in 1781, the term being expired.

Though my portion was much inferior to my brother's, ſtill it was a noble fortune for a third ſon, and much beyond what I expected or deſerved. Yet undoubtedly ſo excellent a parent would not have made ſo very ſlender a proviſion as 5000l. for a ſon he loved, if he had not had the opportunity and the legal right of giving me a much ampler fortune of what he had obtained by his long faithful and very eſſential ſervices to the kings George the firſt and ſecond.

I preſume boldly to ſay that my father had a legal right of making the proviſion for me he did in the places I hold. Patent places for life have exiſted from time immemorial, by law, and under all changes of government. He who holds an ancient patent place enjoys it as much by law as any gentleman holds his eſtate, and by more ancient tenure than moſt gentlemen hold theirs, and from the ſame fountain, only of ancienter date, than many of the nobility and gentry hold their eſtates, who poſſeſs them only by grants from the crown, as I poſſeſs my places, which were not wrung from the church, and in violation of the intention of the donors, as a vaſt number of eſtates were; nor can I think myſelf as a patent placeman a more uſeleſs or a leſs legal engroſſer of part of the wealth of the nation than deans and prebendaries. While there are diſtinctions of ranks, and unequal diviſions of property, not acquired by perſonal merit, but by birth or favour, ſome will be more fortunate than others. The poor are moſt entitled to complain; but an archdeacon or a country gentleman has very little grace in complaining that any other unprofitable claſs is indulged by the laws in the enjoyment of more than an equal ſhare of property, with the meaneſt labourer or loweſt mechanic.

Having ſaid this with the confidence that does not miſbecome a legal poſ-

ſeſſor, I am far from pretending to any other plea, much leſs to any merit in myſelf. A tender parent laviſhed riches on me greatly beyond my deſert, of which I am ſo little conſcious in myſelf, that, if the diſtreſſes of the public require a revocation of gifts beſtowed by the crown in its ſplendour, I know no man who can plead fewer ſervices to his country, or leſs merit in himſelf than I can. In one light only I can wipe off an aſperſion in which patent placemen have been confounded with other placemen. No man who holds a place for life, is dependent on the crown farther than his duty or his gratitude binds him. I, perhaps, by the nature of my office, which I ſhall explain hereafter, am more dependent than almoſt any patent-holder—and yet I may preſume to ſay, that having ſuffered by that dependence becauſe I would not violate my principles and conſcience, I cannot be deemed a ſervile placeman[1].

Endowed ſo bountifully by a fond parent as I have allowed myſelf to be, it would be ridiculous to ſay that I have been content; yet not having unfolded ſome peculiarities in my ſituation, I may venture to ſay that I have ſhown that I could be content with a conſiderable diminution. I have never made any merit of that moderation: but when I am held out to the public as one whom the public are called upon to reduce to an humbler lot, which I am ready to admit, if it be but allowed that all my guilt conſiſts in holding what ſomebody elſe would have held if I did not, it may be permitted to me to prove, that while I aſſumed no claim of merit, I have declined every offered opportunity of enlarging or ſecuring my fortune, becauſe I would not be bound to ſerve any miniſter contrary to my principles, and becauſe I choſe to have no obligations but to one to whom I owed every thing, and to whom it was my duty, and whom it would be my pride to obey, if he were on earth to exact that obedience!

I have ſaid that my father left me much the larger ſhare in the income of the patent place in the cuſtom-houſe. I have alſo mentioned that the patent was granted to my father during the lives of him and his two elder ſons: on his death there remained the lives of my two brothers, and that my ſhare would conſequently ceaſe entirely if I ſurvived them. The health of my eldeſt brother declining, and my brother Edward being eleven years older than me, two or three of my beſt friends urged me to aſk to have my life added to the patent. I refuſed—but own I was at laſt over-perſuaded to make application

[1] My conduct while I ſat in parliament is moſt probably forgotten; but no man can recollect that it looked like ſervility to miniſters. It is needleſs to obviate what never was objected to me.

to Mr. Pelham—how unwillingly will appear by my behaviour on that occaſion, which did not laſt two minutes. I went to him and made my requeſt. He replied civilly, "he could not aſk the king to add my life to the patent, but if I could get my brother Edward to let my life ſtand in lieu of his, he would endeavour to ſerve me."—I anſwered quickly, "Sir, I will never aſk my brother to ſtand in a precarious light inſtead of me;" and hurrying out of his houſe, returned to two of my friends who waited for me, and ſaid to them, "I have done what you deſired me to do, but, thank God! I have been refuſed."—This was in the year 1751, and was the firſt and laſt favour I ever aſked of any miniſter for myſelf.

Had I been an ambitious or an intereſted man, I certainly have had eminent opportunities of indulging either paſſion. At the beginning of the preſent reign an overture preſented itſelf to me, which a more ſelfiſh man would have thought flattering to his views. How I embraced that occaſion may be ſeen by Letter VIII. in page 378.

I may be allowed to ſay, that I have waved more ſubſtantial and real offers. Twice I have been offered to have my ſhare of the patent, which I now hold only during my brother's life, conferred on me for my own. Both times I poſitively refuſed to accept that offer. Having rejected a certainty of 1400l. per ann. for my own life, inſtead of holding it during the life of one eleven years older, I hope I ſhall not be thought a very intereſted man.

I will now explain the nature of my office of uſher of the exchequer, ſtated by the commiſſioners of accounts to render to me clear four thouſand two hundred pounds a year, and which I ſaid was given to me as producing but nine hundred a year, and which, on an additional tax being laid on places, I gave in as producing 1800l. a year, and which, had it been adverted to, would make me ſeem to have given in a very fraudulent eſtimate; but I am ſo conſcious of my innocence and integrity in that reſpect, that I choſe—perhaps out of vanity—to recollect that circumſtance myſelf, as it certainly reflects no diſhonour on me. When I was called on to give in the value of my place, I took my book of accounts and receipts for the laſt twelve years, and gave in the medium of thoſe twelve years, which was 1800l. a year. As mine has been an increaſing place by three wars, and other circumſtances, and as for the firſt years of my holding that place it was much leſs, the medium ſum would have been leſs than 1800l. a year, if I had taken my receipts farther back than twelve years; ſo that I plainly exaggerated, inſtead of diminiſhing

what

what I had received annually from my firſt nomination to the office. If I have enjoyed too much, as I confeſs I have, at leaſt I have not ſought to increaſe my income by any indirect or dirty methods.

The duty of my office is to ſhut the gates of the exchequer, and to furniſh paper, pens, ink, wax, ſand, tape, pen-knives, ſciſſars, parchment, and a great variety of other articles to the exchequer, treaſury, and their officers, and to pay the bills of the workmen and tradeſmen who ſerve thoſe offices. Many of the articles ſpecified are ſtated in a very ancient table of rates in the exchequer (I think of the time of Edward III. ſo that my office is, if a grievance, no very novel one), and on thoſe, large profits are allowed to the uſher; whence my profit ariſes, and whence, if it is largely augmented of late years, a candid examiner will obſerve, that that increaſe proceeds from the prodigious additional conſumption of paper, pens, ink, wax, which the exceſſive increaſe of buſineſs at the treaſury muſt occaſion; and therefore ſhould a much leſs quantity of thoſe implements be employed, my profits would decreaſe in proportion. When therefore I am charged as receiver of 4200l. a year, it ſhould be remembered, that though I was ſo in the year 1780 (though I ſhall ſhow that even that is an arbitrary ſtatement, and not calculated on any medium), yet I cannot equitably be reckoned communibus annis to receive ſo large a ſum. I have ſhown that 1800l. a year was the medium on twelve years, and thoſe not of my leaſt receipts.

It is very difficult to ſtate my caſe, and not ſeem to defend it. But I am telling the truth, and not pleading for favour—at leaſt, my object is to obtain a favourable opinion of my character. I am far more indifferent about my fortune. But ſurely any impartial man will reflect how grievous it muſt be to a diſintereſted mind to be held up to the public as a blood-ſucker, under the invidious name of a placeman—to be one of thoſe pointed at by county aſſociations, as grievances that call for ſpeedy correction and removal; in ſhort, to be confounded with contractors and other leeches that have grown out of the profuſions and abuſes of the time, though my office has exiſted from the oldeſt times, and has exiſted under the beſt government. Public diſtreſs demands œconomy and correction. Be they exerciſed; I deſire no exception. But being guilty of no ſervile, of no indirect means in obtaining, augmenting, or retaining my office, I am ready to reſign that office; but I will prove (and defy all mankind to detect me in a ſingle falſehood) that I have held my place with honour, and have nothing to palliate or conceal in my execution of it.

The

The place is held under many diſagreeable circumſtances. I advance money to the tradeſmen and workmen; I contract to pay the principal merchant with whom I deal for paper, though I ſhould never be repaid. There is no ſpecific time appointed for my being paid; it depends on the good pleaſure of the firſt lord of the treaſury; and yet, though a mere tradeſman in that reſpect, I believe no man will accuſe me of having ever paid court or even attendance on a firſt lord of the treaſury. I was *once*, forty years ago, at the late duke of Newcaſtle's levee, the only miniſter's levee at which I ever was preſent except my own father's. Yet with very few have I had cauſe not to be content in my own particular. If I have been proud, they have been juſt [1]. Yet ſome of my predeceſſors have met with harder fates. Mr. Naylor, my immediate predeceſſor but one, loſt twenty thouſand pounds by the death of queen Anne.

Riſks by prudent men are calculated as drawbacks; but where advantage preponderates, even the terrors of calculation are ſurmounted. More prudent men than I am would have combated thoſe riſks, by making the moſt of their advantages. I have ever diſdained that pitiful arithmetic. All the goods I furniſh have always been purchaſed by me at the higheſt prices—and never came a complaint from the treaſury that was not inſtantly remedied by my orders. In more than forty years I have never received an important complaint, nor given occaſion to one.

Having ſaid that there is no certain time ſettled for my being paid, and as I have ſometimes had large arrears due, and conſequently as one year frequently runs into another, and thence I may in one year receive four or five thouſand pounds, becauſe in the preceding I did not receive half ſo much, the commiſſioners of accounts having examined my deputy but on a ſingle year, were juſt in their report of what I received *that year*; but, had they gone farther back, would certainly not have given in 4200l. as my receipt communibus annis. This unintended miſrepreſentation [2] I bore in ſilence, it having been

[1] From lord North I always received regular juſtice and civility, though I never paid any court to him, nor diſguiſed my diſinclination to his meaſures. This compliment, which now cannot be miſinterpreted, is due to him, and is an unſuſpicious evidence of his good humour and averſeneſs from all malignity. When I am grateful to the living for civilities, I ſcorn to recollect the rancour of the dead.

[2] My deputy received my poſitive orders to give to the commiſſioners the moſt particular detail of my profits, and to offer them in my name my account-books of all my receipts, which they declined accepting, and which would have ſhown them

been my ſtedfaſt purpoſe not to interfere with the public examination of places, nor take the ſmalleſt ſtep to mitigate my own fate, which I ſubmit implicitly to the diſcretion of the legiſlature. What I hold, I hold by law: if the law deprives me, I have too much reverence for the laws of my country to complain. No man ever heard me utter a ſyllable in my own behalf. My neareſt friends know that I have required them not to interpoſe to ſave me. This dread of ſeeming to make intereſt to ſave my place preponderated with me to appear ungrateful for a time, leſt it ſhould look like a ſelfiſh compliment: I have never yet thanked Mr. Burke for the overflowing pleaſure he gave my heart, when, on moving his bill, he paid that juſt compliment to the virtues of my honeſt excellent father. This acknowledgment I hope he will accept as a proof, that, though ſilent, I was not inſenſible to the obligation. Juſt praiſe out of his mouth is an epitaph of ſterling value, and, ſtanding in his printed ſpeech on that occaſion, will enjoy an immortality which happens to few epitaphs.

This apology for my own conduct will I hope be accepted from a man who has nothing to boaſt but his diſintereſtedneſs, and is grievouſly wounded by ſtanding in a light of one by whom the public ſuffers. Were my place worth double 4000l. I could reſign it cheerfully at the demand of my country; but having never flattered the miniſters I diſapproved, nor profited to the value of a ſhilling by my deareſt friends when in power, which they have been twice of late years (and having ſo much reaſon to be proud of their friendſhip, why ſhould I not name two ſuch virtuous upright men as the duke of Richmond and general Conway?), I cannot bear to appear in the predicament of one enriched to the detriment of the country. This ſtab has been given to my peace, and the loſs of my place will not enlarge the wound, nor will the retention of the place heal it. It is this moſt ſcrupulous ſtate of facts that alone can rehabilitate me in the eyes of the public, if any thing can; —and though nothing would have drawn a vain detail from me, unprovoked, it cannot be thought arrogant to endeavour to wipe off reproach, nor impertinent to aim at negative merit with the public, inſtead of ſubſcribing to undeſerved and invidious obloquy.

March 30, 1782. HORACE WALPOLE.

them a very different ſtate of the medium of my place. Had they accepted thoſe books, I intended to ſend them word, that they were welcome to examine my receipts; but that I hoped, as they were gentlemen, they would not look at the fooliſh manner in which I had flung away moſt of what I had received.

LETTERS

LETTERS TO AND FROM MINISTERS.

LETTER I.

To the DUKE of NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

SOME time ago Mr. Weſt, by your grace's order, treated with me for the ſale of my place in the cuſtom-houſe, which bringing in to me at the loweſt thirteen hundred per ann. with the contingence of 100 per ann. more on the death of Mrs. Leneve, beſides other advantages which I ſhall mention preſently, was thought worth, by thoſe who underſtand, and whom I conſulted on, theſe ſort of things, from fourteen to fifteen thouſand pounds. The affair, as I underſtood, went off by my brother, who has the reverſion after me, expecting much more for his ſmall ſhare and great reverſion, than was thought reaſonable.

This being a brief ſtate of the caſe, I have now thought of a plan, by which I believe I could accommodate your grace in a much eaſier manner, and which I ſhall here propoſe to be accepted or rejected as your grace ſhall think proper.

The poſt of maſter of the mint, held at preſent by Mr. Chetwynd, is, I think, reckoned at 1200 l. per ann. If it is leſs, even 1000 l. I will exchange mine for it on the following terms. If your grace will give me the reverſion of the maſter of the mint after Mr. Chetwynd, for my life, I will immediately on his death reſign my ſhare and profits of the place in the cuſtom-houſe to whomever your grace pleaſes. That is, I will give up fourteen hundred a year, precarious, for 1200 or 1000 certain; on which your grace will pleaſe to make theſe obſervations: If my brother will not part with his contingency, whoever ſhall have my ſhare will ſtill be a great gainer. For

inſtance, the maſter of the mint muſt be given to ſomebody—if to me, I give in lieu my profits (I believe, greater than thoſe), beſides what I hinted at above; and in our place there are ſeven or eight places in mine and my brother's gift alternately, of which two at leaſt are *very* good—I ſhall give up my nominations with my place. If Mr. Chetwynd outlives me, as my profits would go to another, not a farthing of money is thrown away, and when Mr. Chetwynd ſhall drop, his place will be in your grace's diſpoſal, as it is at preſent. If my brother dies before me and Mr. Chetwynd, the whole profit of the cuſtom-houſe place will be in your grace's diſpoſal, and I ſhall be to wait for Mr. Chetwynd's reverſion, or to die myſelf; neither of which will be of any conſequence but to myſelf. In ſhort, my lord, inſtead of paying me a large ſum of money as was before propoſed, your grace will only have the trouble of aſking the king to conſent to my exchange of my place, that your grace may have the very fair pretence of aſking at the ſame time for one or two lives in the cuſtom-houſe place, which on this agreement with me your grace would enſure to your family (and would be a great proviſion for a younger ſon of my lord Lincoln); and as I ſhould be ready to reſign mine (by much the largeſt ſhare), I ſhould ſuppoſe his majeſty would not refuſe your grace a ſuit ſo advantageous to you, and which then you would have ſo reaſonable foundation for aſking. And I own I have one pleaſure in reflecting how, different from moſt reverſions, this would be rather a ſervice than anyways offenſive to Mr. Chetwynd.

There is one thing more I ought to mention. I don't know the exact value of Mr. Chetwynd's place; it may be more than I have ſtated it, and I have no thoughts of making any clandeſtine advantage. If it ſhould exceed 13 or 1400l. per ann. I by no means deſire to be a gainer in income, and ſhall readily agree to pay to whomever your grace pleaſes as much as it ſhall exceed my preſent place; as on the other hand, if it falls ſhort, I am content to be the ſufferer.

I have treated this exchange as very advantageous to your grace, and it certainly would be exceedingly ſo; yet I do not mean either to be artful for my own profit, or to pretend to make any court by it. It would be below me not to deal frankly with your grace: I have neither ambition nor avarice to ſatisfy; I have as much from the government as I deſire, or have any pretenſions to; I want no more; but I do wiſh to be ſecure for my life, and to

keep nearly what I have. If I can keep it honourably, as I ſhould, by this exchange, I ſhould be glad: if I cannot, I ſhall be content with much leſs, for I would do nothing unworthy of me, to obtain any advantage. Your grace ſent to me in a very handſome manner before; I hope my compliance then, and the much better propoſal for your grace that I make now, mark my attention and deſire of obliging your grace, in which, without any diſguiſe, I mean, my lord, at once to pay a civility to you, and to ſecure myſelf in a way which leaves me nothing to be aſhamed of, and gives your grace ſome reaſon to be ſatisfied with my plain dealing—in a word, a way as creditable to you as it will be little expenſive.

I am, my lord,

Your grace's, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

Nov. 12, 1758.

LETTER II.

To the Rt. Hon. HENRY BILSON LEGGE.

SIR,

UPON hearing a motion yeſterday in the houſe of commons for an account of the produce of the tax on places, I ſent for my deputy and aſked what I had paid. He told me that nothing had been demanded; that he had been ready to pay whatever ſhould be required, as I had given him poſitive orders, and to anſwer to the extent of the value of my place whenever it ſhould be enquired into. You will excuſe my troubling you with this now, ſince on one hand I don't know on what method the treaſury have fixed for taxing the places in the exchequer; and on the other, if I did, I would not ſend my aſſeſſment *juſt now*, leſt it ſhould look as if I had had any deſign of evading the tax, and only paid for fear of the enquiry. I muſt appeal to you, ſir, how very groundleſs ſuch a ſuſpicion would be. I can ſcarce expect that any thing I ſay ſhould make an impreſſion on any body, and yet I believe you may recollect, that when ſuch a tax was firſt talked of, I told you how far I was from wiſhing it ſhould not be impoſed; that I thought perſons who had a good deal from the government ought to pay towards carrying it on, and that we in employments could afford it better than many on whom the weight

weight of taxes fell very heavily. I muſt bear my brother witneſs that he entirely agreed with me in theſe ſentiments.

When this tax was to be voted, I again ſpoke to you upon it, ſir, and ſaid, Though I was very ready to pay myſelf, I hoped it would not be extended to little offices, where ſalaries were ſmall, and the buſineſs great: and I mentioned to you a difficulty that might, by inadvertence, be laid upon me, if I was rated according to my bills, which, including all that I pay to the king's workmen and tradeſmen, would, if valued in that manner, impoſe a greater duty upon me than my whole income would amount to. This you told me could never be the caſe; and I only mention it now, to ſhow that I no more conceal what I ſaid *for* myſelf, than I ſought to avoid any incumbrance to which I ought to be ſubject. You concluded the converſation with ſaying, that no method of taxing places was yet ſettled, and that it would be a very difficult matter to adjuſt.

Do excuſe my repeating all this detail, and be ſo good as to keep this letter, if it ſhould be neceſſary for my juſtification. There is but one thing in the world that I have any pretence to be proud of, and that is, my diſintereſtedneſs: It would hurt me beyond meaſure to have it for one moment called in queſtion. My careleſſneſs about money had made me quite forget the tax ſince laſt year, or I ſhould have again applied to you for directions—but I do proteſt I had rather give up the place than have one man in England think that I meant to avoid paying my ſhare.

I am, ſir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Arlington-ſtreet,
Feb. 3, 1759.

LETTER III.

To Mr. WALPOLE.

Mr. PITT preſents his compliments to Mr. Walpole, and is extremely ſorry to have been abroad when Mr. Walpole has twice done him the honour

to call. He is going out of town this morning, and will be very glad to receive any commands of Mr. Walpole next week, at the time he ſhall pleaſe to name.

St. James's Square,
Nov. 17, 1759.

LETTER IV.

To the Rt. Hon. WILLIAM PITT.

SIR,

ON my coming to town I did myſelf the honour of waiting on you and lady Heſther Pitt, and though I think myſelf extremely diſtinguiſhed by your obliging note, I ſhould be ſorry for having given you the trouble of writing it, if it did not *lend* me a very pardonable opportunity of ſaying what I much wiſhed to expreſs, but thought myſelf too private a perſon, and of too little conſequence to take the liberty to ſay. In ſhort, ſir, I was eager to congratulate you on the luſtre you have thrown on this country; I wiſhed to thank you for the ſecurity you have fixed to me of enjoying the happineſs I do enjoy. You have placed England in a ſituation in which it never ſaw itſelf—a taſk the more difficult, as you had not to improve, but recover. In a trifling book written two or three years ago, I ſaid (ſpeaking of the name in the world the moſt venerable to me), "Sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years ſince his removal have already written his eulogium[1]." It is but juſtice to you, ſir, to add, that that period ended when your adminiſtration began. Sir, don't take this for flattery; there is nothing in your power to give that I would accept—nay, there is nothing I could envy, but what I believe you would ſcarce offer me, your glory. This may ſound very vain and inſolent, but conſider, ſir, what a monarch is a man who wants nothing; conſider how he looks down on one who is only the moſt illuſtrious man in Britain.—But, ſir, freedoms apart, inſignificant as I am, probably it muſt be ſome ſatisfaction to a great mind like yours, to receive incenſe when you are ſure there is no flattery blended with it: and what muſt any Engliſhman be that could give you a minute's ſatisfaction, and would heſitate!

Adieu, ſir—I am unambitious, I am diſintereſted—but I am vain. You have

[1] Royal and Noble Authors, account of ſir Robert Walpole.

by

by your notice, uncanvaſſed, unexpected, and at the period when you certainly could have the leaſt temptation to ſtoop down to me, flattered me in the moſt agreeable manner. If there could arrive the moment, when you could be nobody and I anybody, you cannot imagine how grateful I would be. In the mean time permit me to be, as I have been ever ſince I had the honour of knowing you,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Nov. 19, 1759. HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER V.

To the EARL of BUTE.

MY LORD,

HAVING heard that his majeſty was curious about his pictures, I recollected ſome catalogues of the royal collections which I had a little ſhare in publiſhing a few years ago. I dare not preſume to offer them to his majeſty myſelf; but I take the liberty of ſending them to your lordſhip, that, if you ſhould think they may contribute to his majeſty's information or amuſement, they may come to his hand more properly from your lordſhip than they could do from me. I have added ſome notes that illuſtrate a few particulars.

Having dabbled a good deal in this kind of things, if there is any point in which I could be of uſe to your lordſhip for his majeſty's ſatisfaction, I ſhould be very ready and happy to employ my little knowledge or pains. And permit me to ſay, my lord, your lordſhip cannot command any body who will execute your orders more cheerfully or more diſintereſtedly, or that will trouble you leſs with any ſolicitations: an explanation which even eſteem and ſincerity are forced to make to one in your lordſhip's ſituation. The mere love of the arts, and the joy of ſeeing on the throne a prince of taſte, are my only inducements for offering my ſlender ſervices. I know myſelf too well to think I can ever be of any uſe but as a virtuoſo and antiquarian; a character I ſhould formerly have called very inſignificant; though now my pride, ſince his majeſty vouch-

ſafes

ſafes to patronize the arts, and your lordſhip has the honour to countenance genius, a rank of which at moſt I can be but an admirer.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. WALPOLE.

SIR,

I HAVE preſented the book ſent me to his majeſty, and mentioned the very polite and reſpectful manner you expreſſed yourſelf in with regard to him. The catalogue came very opportunely, for the king had juſt given orders to the duke of Devonſhire to make out exact liſts of all the pictures in the royal palaces. His majeſty's great fondneſs for the arts will, I hope, ſoon have a ſtriking effect in this country. I with gratitude acknowledge the aſſiſtance they have been of to me during many years of abſolute ſolitude: other matters much leſs agreeable now demand my whole attention; depend upon it, therefore, I ſhall preſume on your generoſity, and uſe the freedom you give me, without remorſe or heſitation; fully ſatisfied, that whatever you ſhall pleaſe to undertake, will be executed in a much ſuperior manner to any attempts of mine, even in the days of liberty and quiet. I am ſorry before I finiſh this ſcrawl to be forced to enter my proteſt againſt an expreſſion in yours. Men of your character and ability are by no means confined to any one ſtudy: quick parts and ſuperior talents become uſeful in every occupation they are applied to; with theſe, according to marſhal Saxe, little things amaze, and great ones do not ſurpriſe.

I am, ſir,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

BUTE.

Dec. 17, 1760.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. WALPOLE.

LORD BUTE preſents his compliments to Mr. Walpole, and returns him a thouſand thanks for the very agreeable preſent he has made him. In looking over it, lord Bute obſerves Mr. Walpole has mixed ſeveral curious remarks on the cuſtoms, &c. of the times he treats of; a thing much wanted, and that has never yet been executed, except in parts by Peck, &c. Such a general work would be not only very agreeable, but inſtructive:—the French have attempted it; the Ruſſians are about it; and lord Bute has been informed, Mr. Walpole is well furniſhed with materials for ſuch a noble work.

Saturday.

LETTER VIII.

To the EARL of BUTE.

MY LORD,

I AM ſenſible how little time your lordſhip can have to throw away on reading idle letters or letters of compliment; yet as it would be too great want of reſpect to your lordſhip not to make ſome ſort of reply to the note you have done me the honour to ſend me, I thought I could couch what I have to ſay in fewer words by writing, than in troubling you with a viſit, which might come unſeaſonably, and a letter you may read at any moment when you are moſt idle. I have already, my lord, detained you too long by ſending you a book, which I could not flatter myſelf you would turn over in ſuch a ſeaſon of buſineſs: by the manner in which you have conſidered it, you have ſhown me that your very minutes of amuſement you try to turn to the advantage of your country. It was this pleaſing proſpect of patronage to the arts that tempted me to offer you my pebble towards the new ſtructure. I am flattered that you have taken notice of the only ambition I have: I ſhould be more flattered if I could contribute to the ſmalleſt of your lordſhip's deſigns for illuſtrating Britain.

The hint your lordſhip is ſo good as to give me for a work like Montfaucon's

con's Monuments de la Monarchie Françoiſe, has long been a ſubject that I have wiſhed to ſee executed, nor in point of materials do I think it would be a very difficult one. The chief impediment was the expence, too great for a private fortune. The extravagant prices extorted by Engliſh artiſts is a diſcouragement to all public undertakings. Drawings from paintings, tombs, &c. would be very dear. To have them engraved as they ought to be, would exceed the compaſs of a much ampler income than mine, which, though equal to my largeſt wiſh, cannot meaſure itſelf with the rapacity of our performers.

But, my lord, if his majeſty was pleaſed to command ſuch a work, on ſo laudable an idea as your lordſhip's, nobody would be more ready than myſelf to give his aſſiſtance. I own, I think I could be of uſe in it, in collecting or pointing out materials, and I would readily take any trouble in aiding, ſuperviſing, or directing ſuch a plan. Pardon me, my lord, if I offer no more; I mean, that I do not undertake the part of compoſition. I have already treſpaſſed too much upon the indulgence of the public; I wiſh not to diſguſt them with hearing of me, and reading me. It is time for me to have done; and when I ſhall have completed, as I almoſt have, the hiſtory of the Arts on which I am now engaged, I did not purpoſe to tempt again the patience of mankind. But the caſe is very different with regard to my trouble. My whole fortune is from the bounty of the crown, and from the public; it would ill become me to ſpare any pains for the king's glory, or for the honour and ſatisfaction of my country; and give me leave to add, my lord, it would be an ungrateful return for the diſtinction with which your lordſhip has condeſcended to honour me, if I withheld ſuch trifling aid as mine, when it might in the leaſt tend to adorn your lordſhip's adminiſtration. From me, my lord, permit me to ſay, theſe are not words of courſe, or of compliment, this is not the language of flattery; your lordſhip knows I have no views, perhaps knows that, inſignificant as it is, my praiſe is never detached from my eſteem: and when you have raiſed, as I truſt you will, real monuments of glory, the moſt contemptible characters in the inſcription dedicated by your country, may not be the teſtimony of,

My lord,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Feb. 15, 1762.

LETTER IX.

TO THE EARL OF BUTE.

MY LORD,

AS it is now near five months ſince your lordſhip ſigned my orders, I ſhould be glad if your lordſhip would pleaſe to direct the payment of the money.

I am, my lord,

Your lordſhip's obedient humble ſervant,

Arlington-ſtreet,
March 14, 1763.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER X.

TO THE EARL OF BUTE.

MY LORD,

I AM very ſenſible of your lordſhip's obliging civility in immediately ordering my money on my application. It was by no means from want of reſpect to your lordſhip that that application was not made ſooner; but for above twenty years that I have held the office, it has been the conſtant practice to write to the firſt ſecretary to deſire his letter, when the lords have ſigned the orders; and the payment has ſeldom been delayed above a fortnight after.

If your lordſhip ſhould approve of it, ſhould much rather, as my bills become due, apply to your lordſhip, than to any body elſe, unleſs your lordſhip pleaſe to give any other directions.

I am, my lord,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

March 16, 1763.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. BEDFORD.

DEAR SIR,

INQUIRING of your ſon to-day why my new clerk was not more inſtructed, he ſaid, there were circumſtances which ſome perſons of the treaſury would

would not like to have communicated; which much ſurpriſing me, your ſon ſaid Mr. Rowe had had ſome cloth, which he choſe to have entered as ſome other article. This notice did and could not but greatly aſtoniſh me, who have always told you in the moſt poſitive manner that I never would connive at the ſmalleſt colluſion, nor upon any account receive the leaſt profit that was not ſtrictly and juſtly my due. You know I have repeatedly declared to you that I would not ſuffer the benefits of my office to be raiſed by any indirect practices on my part; and you muſt remember how ſtrongly I rejected old Palmer's pretenſions, and was firm that I would loſe the perquiſites due on what he was entitled to take at the office, rather than enter into any bargain with him.

When I talked to you laſt at Brixton-cauſeway, you deſired me not to let any body into the ſecrets of my office. I replied with diſſatisfaction that *I would have no ſecrets in my office*, nor would receive a ſhilling from it that I was not willing all the world ſhould know—and I appeal to yourſelf if this has not been my conſtant rule.

I am ſenſible that you have done nothing but from zeal for me and regard to my intereſt—but my honour is infinitely more dear to me, and I moſt peremptorily charge you not to give into the leaſt colluſion with any body of the treaſury, in order either to ſerve me by increaſing my profits, or by gaining them to my intereſt. I will go ſhares with no man living in any dirt. I am aware that this may make thoſe people my enemies, and may turn them to prejudice me by poſtponing my accounts, by delaying my payments, or, as your ſon ſaid, by preventing their taking many articles from the office on which I ſhould have a juſt profit. But I ſcorn ſuch traffic, and had rather loſe the office itſelf, than bluſh to hold it by ſuch means. In ſhort, I prefer being wronged to doing wrong.

In the preſent caſe, Mr. Rowe is welcome to the cloth; but then I will pay for it myſelf, and do abſolutely forbid you to charge it in any ſhape to the government. Should he ever make ſuch another application to you, or ſhould any other perſon, you muſt ſay that you dare not yield to it, and that I have poſitively forbidden it.

Mr. Harris muſt be inſtructed thoroughly in all the duties of his place, but

I do not deſire he ſhould know this tranſaction, for fear he ſhould ever be tempted to imitate it. I am fully perſuaded of your good intentions to me in it, and that your prudence and fear of making me an enemy induced you to comply. But I entreat you to remember, that as I have no worldly wiſdom myſelf, I cannot let any man living uſe any for me contrary to right, juſtice, and the duty I owe to the public as a ſervant of the government. I have held the place now above thirty years through many ſtorms, and ſometimes under much oppreſſion, but my conduct in it has been untainted; and as I have diſdained to ſecure it by voting with miniſters againſt my conſcience, you may depend upon it, I will not traffic for the favour of clerks by winking at their corruption.

I am, dear ſir,

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Arlington-ſtreet,
Feb. 27, 1771.

LETTER XII.

To Mr. WALPOLE.

SIR,

YOU may be aſſured of my perfect obedience to the commands I received yeſterday.

I am happy that you think I have ſerved you with zeal—gratitude required and obliged me to it—affection is too familiar a word from me; and I do moſt ſolemnly aſſure you that my poor unfortunate ſon has not been leſs zealous, for he never thought your accounts high enough; and yet you may be quite eaſy and ſatisfied that nothing has been done that could bring the leaſt reflection upon your honour. Our deſires have been to oblige every body, and we have done it honeſtly; and if I knowing a gentleman to have an allowed right to a particular perquiſite of office, which he did not always want in that ſhape, have gratified him with another thing in lieu of it *of equal value*, I did not perceive the injury to government, or think you would have any objection to it: but if you will not ſuffer ſuch indulgence to be continued, and will be pleaſed to inform me ſo by my ſon, I will ſhow the ſtricteſt regard to your commands.

There

There has never been any thing charged in your accounts without a voucher of its delivery, which would always juſtify you; and the perſon who ordered it was to juſtify himſelf if called upon.

I am, ſir,

Your moſt obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

Brixton-cauſeway,
March 1, 1771.

GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

LETTER XIII.

To MR. WALPOLE.

SIR,

I AM directed by lord North to ſend you a copy of the repreſentation which the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms have made to the board of treaſury relative to the difficulty which hath aroſe in the management of the office, in which you are ſo much intereſted, by the death of Mr. Mann. His lordſhip orders me to ſay that he is deſirous of arranging this buſineſs in any way that is practicable and moſt agreeable to you, and to appoint (if it can be) Mr. Suckling, or who you chooſe, as temporary collector.

I ſhall be at my houſe at Sion-hill tomorrow morning, and ſhall be glad to receive your anſwer to that place; or, if it is agreeable to you, I will wait on you at Strawberry-hill to receive your commands. I have the honour to be with great reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

Treaſury-chambers,
December 23, 1775.

JOHN ROBINSON.

To the Right Hon. the Lords Commiſſioners of His Majeſty's Treaſury.

Cuſtom-houſe, London, December 22, 1775.

Memorial of the commiſſioners for managing and cauſing to be levied and collected his majeſty's cuſtoms, &c.

SHEWETH,

THAT his late majeſty king George I. by his letters patent bearing date the 28th of June 1716, did grant unto Robert Hare, eſq. and Robert Mann, gentleman,

gentleman, the office of collector inwards of the cuſtoms in the port of London, and the members and creeks thereof, for and during the natural lives of Robert Walpole, jun. eſq. and Edward Walpole, eſq. ſons of the right honourable Robert Walpole, eſq. and during the life of the longeſt liver of them, with full powers to execute the ſaid office by themſelves, or their ſufficient deputy or deputies.

That Mr. Suckling, the preſent deputy to the collector inwards, acquainted us, that Edward Louiſa Mann, eſq. the laſt perſon admitted to that office, is now dead, and that the ſame devolves to ſir Horace Mann, bart. his majeſty's miniſter at Florence, who not being in England cannot immediately attend to take the oath of office.

We beg leave to repreſent the ſame to your lordſhips; and as the caſe is unprecedented, we are at a loſs to know how and by whom the collection is to be carried on during this interval, and in what manner and in whoſe name the money ſo collected is to be paid into the hands of the receiver general, in order to its being paid into the exchequer.

This being a matter of very great importance, as well as peculiar nicety and difficulty in point of law and prudence, we think it neceſſary to give your lordſhips this early intimation of it, and pray to receive your lordſhips' directions herein.

H. BANKES.
W. MUSGRAVE.
CN. MORRIS.
JS. JEFFERYS.

LETTER XIV.

To JOHN ROBINSON, Esq.

SIR,

I HAVE but this minute received the honour of your moſt obliging letter, and do not loſe a minute in anſwering it.

It is impoſſible to be more ſenſible than I am of lord North's goodneſs, and I muſt beg you, ſir, to expreſs my gratitude to his lordſhip, as I ſhall have the

the honour of doing in perſon. His lordſhip's condeſcenſion to me is as flattering as unmerited; and the only way I can at all pretend to deſerve it is by doing what I ought; that is, as far as the caſe regards myſelf, prefer the public ſervice to myſelf, and ſubmit myſelf in the care of that intereſt to his lordſhip's wiſdom: at the ſame time having ſo juſt a ſenſe of the duty of gratitude, that I think myſelf equally obliged by a kind offer, whether accepted or declined.

The collectorſhip of the cuſtoms is an office of ſuch importance, that my family or I, who have received ſuch favours from the government, ought to be the firſt to take care that the public ſuffers no detriment in an office in which we are concerned. I, it is true, have a great, though a temporary, intereſt in that office, but it is my brother, ſir Edward, in whom it is veſted for his life; and therefore I flatter myſelf that both lord North and you, ſir, will conſider my anſwer as only regarding myſelf; for though I am perſuaded that my brother has the public ſervice full as much at heart as I have, I muſt not take upon me to anſwer for him about an office that virtually and ultimately reſts in him. For myſelf, I am perſuaded that I cannot ſerve the public more eſſentially than by waving my own intereſt entirely, and referring the whole diſpoſition of the preſent difficulty to lord North's diſcretion, and ſubmitting myſelf entirely to what he ſhall direct. The ſituation of the office by the abſence of ſir Horace Mann is certainly extremely momentous, and ought not to remain precarious; therefore, I beg very reſpectfully and gratefully too, that I may not be conſidered for an inſtant, but that his lordſhip will give orders for the ſecurity of the office in whatever manner he thinks fit, till ſir Horace can come over and accept it; and whatever his lordſhip ſhall determine will be cheerfully acquieſced in by,

SIR,

His lordſhip's and your moſt grateful

And moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Arlington-ſtreet,
December 25, 1775.

HORACE WALPOLE.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

I was ſo convinced that my brother ſir Edward prefers the ſervice of the public to his own intereſt, at leaſt as much as I do, that I deferred ſending

my immediate anſwer till I had communicated it to my brother; and he authorizes me to ſay that he ſubmits himſelf entirely to lord North's arbitration for the ſafety of the office till ſir Horace Mann can be admitted to it according to the intention of the patent.

LETTER XV.

To JOHN ROBINSON, Esq.

SIR,

MY deputy, Mr. Bedford, has acquainted me that you are deſirous of knowing the prices I pay for the ſeveral articles with which, as uſher of the exchequer, I ſupply the treaſury; and he told me that you added, that lord North has a mind to make new regulations that may be œconomic for the public. I have accordingly, ſir, ordered Mr. Bedford to give you the moſt exact information on every particular. He told me too that lord North would be ſo juſt as, I do not doubt, to make compenſations to any body that ſhould ſuffer by ſuch alterations. Give me leave, ſir, to ſay that it is not on that ground that I now trouble you. On the contrary, it is to beg you will be ſo good as to acquaint lord North, that he may not only command any information from me on that ſubject, as far as I myſelf am concerned, and which it is my duty to give, but that I ſhall cheerfully acquieſce in whatever new regulations he ſhall be pleaſed to make for the benefit of the public. No rights or intereſt of mine ſhall ſtand in the way of ſo good a purpoſe; and when I uſe the word *rights*, it is not to ſupport, but to wave them for any national benefit. I have received too great benefits and too long from the crown and the public, not to owe any facility in my power, as far as ſo inconſiderable a perſon can do it, to eaſe the burthens of both, and I ſhall with great willingneſs accept whatever ſhall be thought proper for me on any new plan of public œconomy. I ſhould think myſelf of too little conſequence to ſay this, were it not that the example of the moſt private man may be of uſe on ſuch an occaſion. I am, ſir, with great regard,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Arlington-ſtreet,
June 9, 1777.

LETTER XVI.

To the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE, Uſher of the Receipt of the Exchequer.

SIR,

I AM commanded by the lords commiſſioners of his majeſty's treaſury to deſire you will forthwith cauſe to be made out and tranſmitted to me, for their lordſhips' information, an account of the ordinary allowance of ſtationary delivered into this office in the year 1780; together with the prices of each article, and the amount of the whole; an account of the extraordinary allowance of ſtationary, and all other neceſſaries whatſoever, delivered to the lords, ſecretaries, clerks, or any other perſon in this office, within the ſame time; together with the prices of each article, and the amount of the whole.

I am, ſir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

GEORGE ROSE.

Treaſury-chambers,
Auguſt 10, 1782.

LETTER XVII.

To MR. WALPOLE.

SIR,

I WAS very much concerned to underſtand yeſterday, from Mr. Bedford, that you had conſidered my letter to him as leading towards an enquiry into the conduct of your office; it was merely to know what the conſumption of ſtationary at the treaſury has been, which I could not learn with correctneſs there. This I begged Mr. Bedford would aſſure you of in the ſtrongeſt terms, to prevent a poſſibility of your continuing under a miſtake with reſpect to my intention in writing to him; and when I mentioned the miſapprehenſion to lord Shelburne, he expreſſed the utmoſt anxiety to have it ſet right, and deſired I would write to you myſelf for that purpoſe, with aſſurances that it would give him very great pain to have occaſioned the ſmalleſt uneaſineſs to you, which I hope you will admit as an apology for my having given you this trouble. I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

GEORGE ROSE.

Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter,
Auguſt 16, 1782.

LETTER XVIII.

To GEORGE ROSE, Esq.

THOUGH I am very ſorry, ſir, that you have had ſo much trouble on my account, I cannot entirely lament it, both as it has procured me a moſt obliging letter from you, and as it gives me an opportunity of explaining my expreſſions by Mr. Bedford, which, if I had had the pleaſure of being better known to you, would not have ſurpriſed you.

As a very ſubordinate officer of the exchequer, I have always known it was my duty to receive the commands of my ſuperiors, the lords of the treaſury, with reſpect and obedience, and to give them any information that they pleaſe to demand of me. I owe every thing I have to the crown and the public, and certainly by no merit of my own; the ſervants of the crown and the public are entitled to any lights that can fall to my province to furniſh; and ſo far from having any ſecrets in my office, I would not keep it an hour, by any myſtery, ſubterfuge, or diſguiſe. I once received an enquiry from Mr. Robinſon ſomething parallel, ſir, to yours, and, as Mr. Bedford can tell you, immediately complied with his requeſt.

When the commiſſioners of accounts ſent for Mr. Bedford, I gave him the moſt poſitive orders to lay before them the moſt minute details of my office, and anſwer their every queſtion circumſtantially.

Forgive my troubling you, ſir, with theſe particulars about myſelf: they are only meant to ſhew you that ſo far from entertaining any jealouſy about my office, I think myſelf accountable for every part of it, and ſhould bluſh if I were not ready and willing to give it: perhaps that delicacy made me expreſs myſelf a little more eagerly than the caſe deſerved.

With regard to lord Shelburne's or your own deſire of information, I beg both will command me or Mr. Bedford on any occaſion without ceremony. I feel extremely obliged to you, ſir, for your readineſs in explaining your orders; and I muſt entreat you to preſent my moſt reſpectful thanks to lord Shelburne for his lordſhip's condeſcenſion and attention, to which my inſignificance had no pretenſions, but which muſt increaſe my gratitude. I would take

take the liberty of thanking his lordſhip myſelf, but he cannot have time to read complimentary letters. I fear, ſir, I have taken up but too much of yours, for which I beg your pardon, and have the honour to be with great regard,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Strawberry-hill,
Auguſt 18, 1782.

LETTER XIX.

To WILLIAM SUCKLING, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

THE more I reflect on what you ſaid to me yeſterday, the ſtronger is my opinion that the moſt faithful and exact account ſhould be given of all the fees and profits belonging to the office. There can be no right to any thing that it is neceſſary to conceal from thoſe who have authority to aſk an account: and as this is my opinion, I muſt beg you will obſerve it as far as I have any title to interfere, and to keep it as a record of my ſentiments, if they do not prevail in other offices. I do not pretend to judge for others, but I am very ſolicitous to preſerve my own conduct uniform with what it has always been. I have no notion of holding a public office and not being ready to give an account of it at a minute's warning.

I am, dear ſir,

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Berkeley-ſquare,
January 31, 1783.

LETTER XX.

To Mr. WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

BE pleaſed to accept my moſt humble thanks for your ſpeedy compliance with my requeſt in applying to the commander in chief for purchaſing a commiſſion; the young man I wiſh to introduce into the ſervice is my ſon, aged twenty, about five feet ten inches high.

Since I had the honour of waiting upon you, have received a letter from Mr.

Mr. Adair's office of a cornetcy to be ſold in lord Southampton's regiment of dragoons, which I am in treaty for. If any difficulty ſhould ariſe in the buſineſs, your very kind offer of ſpeaking again to the commander in chief ſhall be embraced by me.

It gives me the fulleſt ſatisfaction to find you more and more ſtrengthened in your opinion as to the propriety of rendering the accounts called for. Sir Edward entirely agreed therein, as he alſo did in the new arrangement of the warehouſe officers. I have the honour to inform you that the duke of Mancheſter ſees the neceſſity of a compliance, and has ordered his deputies to make ſuitable returns to the accounts called for.

I am with great reſpect, dear ſir,

Your moſt obliged and humble ſervant,

WILLIAM SUCKLING.

February 1, 1783.

LETTER XXI.

To the EARL of SHELBURNE.

MY LORD,

NOTHING but the dread of oſtentation would have prevented me long ago from taking the ſtep I am now going to take, and which obliges me to give your lordſhip this trouble, which I flatter myſelf you will excuſe in pity to the feelings of a man who has long ſuffered in ſilence under the painful ſenſation of being reckoned in any manner a burthen to the public.

From the moment that the neceſſities of this country made reformation of expence called for, I not only approved of ſuch a deſign, but was moſt ready to be an object of it. So far from any wiſh of being exempted, I did every thing that became me as a benefited ſervant of the public to lay open my ſituation to thoſe delegated to enquire into the ſtate of offices. I ordered my deputy to give the moſt minute account of my advantages, and to offer to the commiſſioners every light that it was poſſible for me to give about my own office. I can boldly ſay, that every board of treaſury that has been employed ſince reformation was ſtarted, muſt bear me witneſs that publicly or privately

they never heard my name to any application for favour or mitigation of my lot. I could go farther, if the repugnance I have to saying any thing of myself did not enjoin me silence, as it has during a long period of very irksome reflections on my standing in the light of one chargeable to the public, without any merit on my part.

But, my lord, when I read in the papers on coming to town to-day that my office of usher of the exchequer has not only been alleged in the house of commons as an expensive one, but as a bar to the correction of great waste, I can no longer be silent. I must sacrifice my aversion for parade to my duty; and must beg leave to say to your lordship, that I entreat that my patent may be no obstacle to any necessary reformation. I am ready to consent to any thing that parliament shall think proper to do. The legislature without my consent may do what it pleases, but it will have my perfect and cheerful acquiescence in whatever it shall please to ordain about me and my office. I am ready to surrender my patent, and shall be content with whatever shall be thought enough for me by a new regulation. I wish my age of sixty-six and my infirmities did not reduce this tender to a very immeritorious one, for to give up what I have very little time to enjoy is no very heroic effort.

But though I am little solicitous about myself, I do feel for my deputy and clerk, who have long faithfully executed all the trouble of my office, and have wives and families unprovided for, but during my life. I should hope to have them considered; and though I have no merit to plead myself, I flatter myself that this testimonial to their integrity will have a little weight.

The great confidence I have in your lordship's goodness and honour makes me take the liberty of addressing this letter to you, for two reasons; one to authorize your lordship to take what step you please with regard to my office, and the other, that you would not produce this letter unless necessary to my vindication. I had still rather bear the vexation of what has been said on my place in public, than seem to affect any vainglorious self-denial. It shall suffice me to have deposited my justification in so honourable a bosom as your lordship's, unless I should be called on to clear myself more publicly.

I have the honour to be with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

June 19, 1783. HOR. WALPOLE.

LORD JOHN CAVENDISH called on me on 22d; ſaid, if I reſigned, my place muſt go to Martin. He ſaid he ſhould, when he had time, bring in a bill for taking away exchequer places, but ſhould give poſſeſſors the ſame ſalaries as ſtated by the commiſſioners of accounts. I ſaid I could not take mine at that rate; they had ſtated mine at 4100l. a year; which I thought hard: they had taken a very high year when I had received more than a yearly payment (indeed three quarters); that I had not complained, becauſe I would not ſeem to lower my place; yet, as I had thought myſelf ill-treated by its being overcharged, I could not in conſcience not tell him the truth; and that ſo far from deſiring 4000 l. a year, I ſhould be content with half: that I had much rather have a proviſion made for my deputy and clerk for their lives.

E. Edwards inv.t C. Morris sc.

FRONTISPIECE.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

VILLA

OF

Mr. HORACE WALPOLE,

AT

Strawberry-Hill near Twickenham, Middlesex.

WITH AN INVENTORY OF THE

FURNITURE, PICTURES, CURIOSITIES, &c.

PREFACE.

IT will look, I fear, a little like arrogance in a private man to give a printed deſcription of his villa and collection, in which almoſt every thing is diminutive. It is not, however, intended for public ſale, and originally was meant only to aſſiſt thoſe who ſhould viſit the place. A farther view ſucceeded; that of exhibiting ſpecimens of Gothic architecture, as collected from ſtandards in cathedrals and chapel-tombs, and ſhowing how they may be applied to chimney-pieces, ceilings, windows, baluſtrades, loggias, &c. The general diſuſe of Gothic architecture, and the decay and alterations ſo frequently made in churches, give prints a chance of being the ſole preſervatives of that ſtyle.

Catalogues raiſonnés of collections are very frequent in France and Holland; and it is no high degree of vanity to aſſume for an exiſting collection an illuſtration that is allowed to many a temporary auction—an exiſting collection—even that phraſe is void of vanity. Having lived, unhappily, to ſee the nobleſt ſchool of painting that this kingdom beheld, tranſported almoſt out of the ſight of Europe, it would be ſtrange faſcination, nay, a total inſenſibility to the pride of family, and to the moral reflections that wounded pride commonly feels, to expect that a paper fabric and an aſſemblage of curious trifles, made by an inſignificant man, ſhould laſt or be treated with more veneration and reſpect than the trophies of a palace depoſited in it by one of the beſt and wiſeſt miniſters that this country has enjoyed.

Far from ſuch viſions of ſelf-love, the following account of pictures and rarities is given with a view to their future diſperſion. The ſeveral purchaſers will find a hiſtory of their purchaſes; nor do virtuoſos diſlike to refer to ſuch a catalogue for an authentic certificate of their curioſities. The following collection was made out of the ſpoils of many renowned cabinets; as Dr. Meade's, lady Elizabeth Germaine's, lord Oxford's, the ducheſs of Portland's, and of about forty more of celebrity. Such well-atteſted deſcent is the genealogy of the objects of virtù—not ſo noble as thoſe of the peerage, but on a par with thoſe of race-horſes. In all three, eſpecially the pedigrees of peers and rarities, the line is often continued by many inſignificant names.

The moſt conſiderable part of the following catalogue conſiſts of miniatures, enamels, and portraits of remarkable perſons. The collection of miniatures and enamels is, I believe, the largeſt and fineſt in any country. His Majeſty has ſome very fine, the duke of Portland more; in no other is to be ſeen, in any good preſervation, any number of the works of Iſaac and Peter Oliver. The large pieces by the latter, in the royal collection, faded long ago by being expoſed to the ſun and air. Monſ. Henery at Paris, and others, have many fine pieces of Petitot. In the following liſt are ſome moſt capital works of that maſter, and of his only rival Zincke. Raphael's miſſal is an unique work in miniature of that monarch of painting; and the book of pſalms by Julio Clovio the fineſt ſpecimen extant of illumination. The drawings and bas-reliefs in wax, by lady Diana Beauclerc, are as invaluable as rare.

To an Engliſh antiquary muſt be dear ſo many hiſtoric pictures of our ancient monarchs and royal family; no fewer than four family-pieces of Henry V., VI, VII, and VIII. of queen Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon; of the ducheſs of Suffolk and her ſecond huſband; and that curious and well-painted picture of Charles II. and his gardener. Nor will ſo many

works of Holbein be leſs precious to him, eſpecially Zucchero's drawings from his Triumphs of Riches and Poverty.

To virtuoſos of more claſſic taſte, the ſmall buſts of Jupiter Serapis in baſaltes, and of Caligula in bronze, and the ſilver bell of Benvenuto Cellini, will diſplay the art of ancient and modern ſculpture—how high it was carried by Greek ſtatuaries, appears in the eagle.

To thoſe who have ſtill more taſte than conſiſts in mere ſight, the catalogue itſelf will convey ſatisfaction, by containing a copy of madame du Deffand's letter in the name of madame de Sevigné; not written in imitation of that model of letter-writers, but compoſed of more delicacy of thought and more elegance of expreſſion than perhaps madame de Sevigné herſelf could have attained. The two ladies ought not to be compared—one was all natural eaſe and tenderneſs—the other charms by the graces of the moſt poliſhed ſtyle, which, however, are leſs beautiful than the graces of the wit they clothe.

Upon the whole, ſome tranſient pleaſure may even hereafter ariſe to the peruſer of this catalogue. To others it may afford another kind of ſatiſfaction, that of criticiſm. In a houſe affecting not only obſolete architecture, but pretending to an obſervance of the *coſtume* even in the furniture, the mixture of modern portraits, and French porcelaine, and Greek and Roman ſculpture, may ſeem heterogeneous. In truth, I did not mean to make my houſe ſo Gothic as to exclude convenience, and modern refinements in luxury. The deſigns of the inſide and outſide are ſtrictly ancient, but the decorations are modern*. Would our anceſtors, before the reformation of architecture, not have depoſited in their gloomy caſtles antique ſtatues

* And the mixture may be denominated, in ſome words of Pope,

A Gothic Vatican of Greece and Rome.

and

and fine pictures, beautiful vaſes and ornamental china, if they had poſſeſſed them?—But I do not mean to defend by argument a ſmall capricious houſe. It was built to pleaſe my own taſte, and in ſome degree to realize my own viſions. I have ſpecified what it contains: could I deſcribe the gay but tranquil ſcene where it ſtands, and add the beauty of the landſcape to the romantic caſt of the manſion, it would raiſe more pleaſing ſenſations than a dry liſt of curioſities can excite: at leaſt the proſpect would recall the good humour of thoſe who might be diſpoſed to condemn the fantaſtic fabric, and to think it a very proper habitation of, as it was the ſcene that inſpired, the author of the Caſtle of Otranto.

A DESCRIPTION

Marlow del.

Godfrey Sc.

North Front of Strawberry hill.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

VILLA

OF

Mr. HORACE WALPOLE,

AT STRAWBERRY-HILL NEAR TWICKENHAM.

WHERE the Gothic caſtle now ſtands, was originally a ſmall tenement *, built in 1698, and let as a lodging-houſe: Cibber once took it, and wrote one of his plays here, *The Refuſal, or the Lady's Philoſophy*. After him, Talbot biſhop of Durham had it for eight years †: then, Henry Bridges marquis of Carnarvon, ſon of James duke of Chandos, and ſince duke himſelf. It was next hired by Mrs. Chenevix ‡, the noted toy-woman, who, on the death of her huſband, let it to lord John Philip Sackville, ſecond ſon of Lionel duke of Dorſet: he kept it about two years, and then Mr. Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's leaſe in May 1747, and the next year bought it by act of parliament, it being the property of three minors of the name of Mortimer. Along with this houſe and ſome

* It was built by the earl of Bradford's coachman, and was called by the common people, *Chopp'd-Straw-Hall*, they ſuppoſing, that by feeding his lord's horſes with chopped ſtraw, he had ſaved money enough to build his houſe; but the piece of ground on which it ſtands is called in all the old leaſes, *Strawberry-Hill-Shot*, from whence it takes its name.

† The biſhop kept a large table here; which is ſcarce conceivable, as he had no kitchen but that little place which is now the china-room.

‡ Pere Courayer lodged here with her for ſome time.

other tenements was another ſmall one*, then occupied by Richard Franck-lin, printer of The Craftſman, who had been taken up for printing that paper during the adminiſtration of ſir Robert Walpole †. When Mr. Walpole bought Strawberry-hill, there were but five acres belonging to the houſe: the reſt have been purchaſed ſince. The caſtle now exiſting was not entirely built from the ground, but formed at different times, by alterations of and additions to the old ſmall houſe. The library, and refectory or great parlour, were entirely new built in 1753; the gallery, round tower, great cloiſter, and cabinet, in 1760 and 1761; the great north bed-chamber in 1770; and the Beauclerc tower with the hexagon cloſet in 1776.

The embattled wall to the road is taken from a print of Aſton-houſe in Warwickſhire, in Dugdale's hiſtory of that county.

Entering by the great north gate, the firſt object that preſents itſelf is a ſmall oratory encloſed with iron rails; in front, an altar, on which ſtands a ſaint in bronze; open niches, and ſtone baſons for holy water; deſigned by John Chute, eſq. of the Vine in Hampſhire. On the right hand is a ſmall garden called the abbot's garden, parted off by an open ſcreen, taken from the tomb of Roger Niger biſhop of London in old St. Paul's. Paſſing on the left, by a ſmall cloiſter‡, is the entrance to the houſe, the narrow front of which was deſigned by Richard Bentley, only ſon of Dr. Bentley, the learned maſter of Trinity-college, Cambridge. Over the door are three ſhields of Walpole, Shorter and Robſart.

* It has ſince been pulled down, and a cottage built on the ſame ſpot. The garden too has been newly laid out by Mr. Walpole ſince it came into his hands by Francklin's death.

† It is remarkable, that the printer of The Craftſman was Mr. Walpole's tenant; and that the writer of The Craftſman, W. Pulteney earl of Bath, wrote a ballad in praiſe of Strawberry-hill.

‡ In this cloiſter are two blue and white Delft flower-pots; and a bas-relief head in marble, inſcribed Dia Helianora: it is the portrait of the princeſs Eleanora d'Eſte, with whom Taſſo was in love, and who was the cauſe of his misfortunes: it was ſent to Mr. Walpole from Italy by ſir William Hamilton, miniſter at Naples. On a pedeſtal ſtands the large blue and white china tub in which Mr. Walpole's cat was drowned; on a label of the pedeſtal is written the firſt ſtanza of Mr. Gray's beautiful ode on that occaſion:

'Twas on this *lofty vaſe's ſide,*
Where China's gayeſt art has dy'd
The azure flow'rs that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

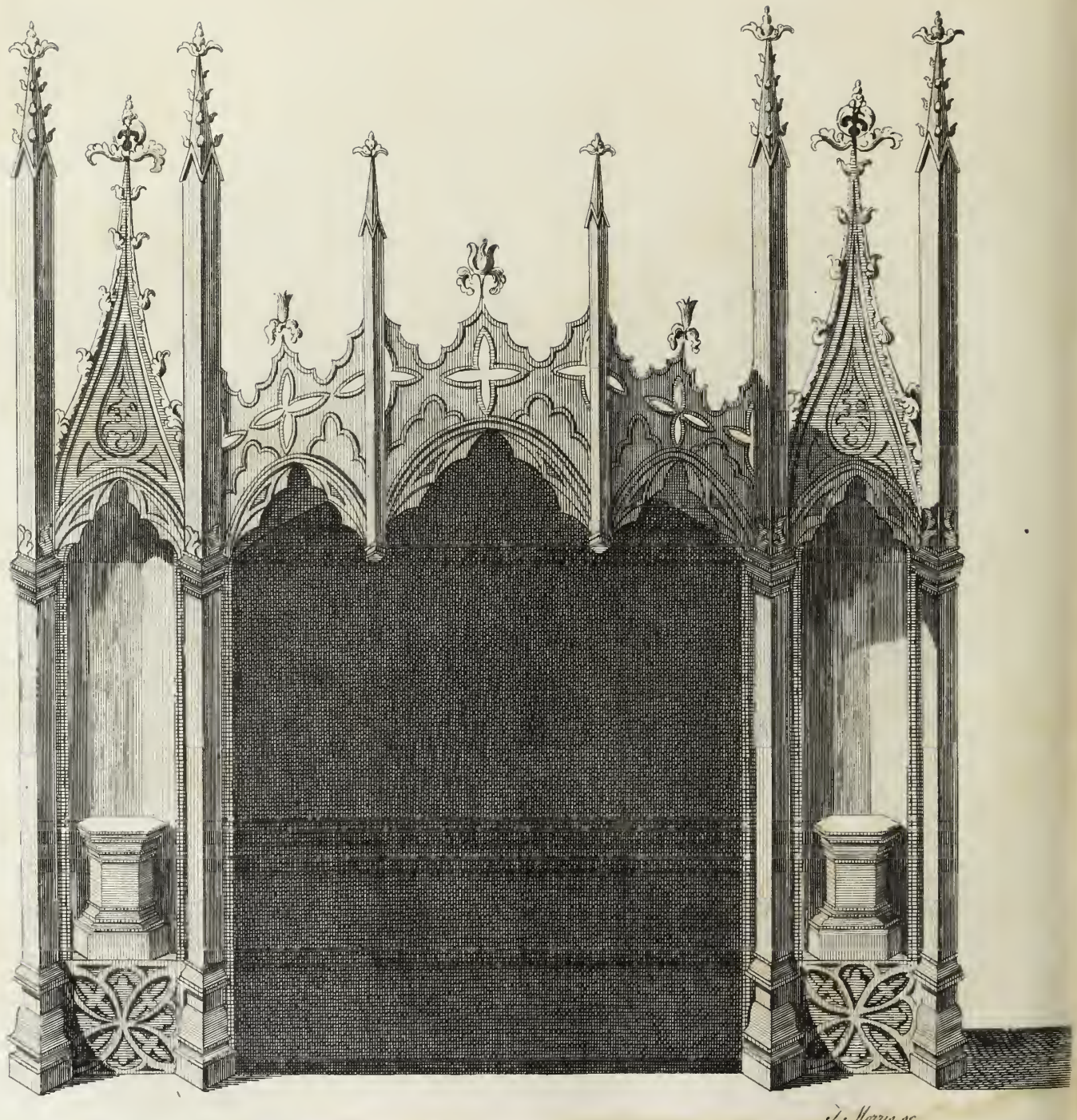
In the winding cloiſters on the right hand are ſome ancient bas-reliefs; and a braſs plate with the effigies of Ralph Walpole biſhop of Norwich and Ely, engraven by Müntz (a Swiſs painter who lived ſome time with Mr. Walpole), and a Chineſe lanthorn with ſcraped oyſter-ſhells.

You

E.Edwards delin. J. Newton sculp.

ENTRANCE of STRAWBERRY HILL.

View of the Prior's Garden
AT STRAWBERRYHILL.



J. Morris sc

CHIMNEY IN THE GREAT PARLOUR.

You firſt enter a ſmall gloomy hall paved with hexagon tiles, and lighted by two narrow windows of painted glaſs, repreſenting St. John and St. Francis. This hall is united with the ſtaircaſe, and both are hung with gothic paper, painted by one Tudor, from the ſcreen of prince Arthur's tomb in the cathedral of Worceſter. The baluſtrade was deſigned by Mr. Bentley; at every corner is an antelope (one of lord Orford's ſupporters) holding a ſhield. In the well of the ſtaircaſe, by a cord of black and yellow, hangs a gothic lanthorn of tin japanned, deſigned by Mr. Bentley, and filled with painted glaſs; the door of it has an old pane with the arms of Vere earl of Oxford.

Turning to the left, through a ſmall paſſage, over the entrance of which is an ancient carving in wood of the arms of queen Elizabeth, 1567, and in it a window of painted glaſs, you enter

The REFECTORY, or GREAT PARLOUR.

IT is thirty feet long, twenty wide, and twelve high; hung with paper in imitation of ſtucco. The chimney-piece was deſigned by Mr. Bentley: upon it ſtands a fine Etruſcan vaſe, between two bottles of black and gold porcelaine.

Over the chimney, a converſation, by Reynolds, ſmall life: Richard ſecond lord Edgcumbe is drawing at a table in the library at Strawberry-hill; George James Williams is looking over him; George Auguſtus Selwyn ſtands on the other ſide with a book in his hand. Lord Edgcumbe, Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Williams uſed to be with Mr. Walpole at Chriſtmas and Eaſter at Strawberry-hill.

On one ſide of this picture, a head of ſir Horace Mann, reſident at Florence; painted there by Aſtley, and highly coloured: he is dreſt in red velvet.

Oppoſite to it, his brother Galfridus Mann, in brown; by the ſame.

Over againſt the chimney, a bureau of black japan; on it a clock, ſupported by a bronze figure of a woman reading: beneath, an Etruſcan vaſe, between two white old china beakers.

The chairs are black, of a gothic pattern, deſigned by Mr. Bentley and Mr. Walpole. The table of Sicilian jaſper on a black frame deſigned by Mr. Bentley: upon it, a large punch-bowl and pail of Seve china; two beakers of old grey porcelaine, veined; two ice-pails of Chelſea china. Under it, two Etruſcan vaſes, and a jar of Roman fayence. Over the table hangs a hunting-horn, finely enamelled on one ſide in colours, on the other in chiaro ſcuro, with the hiſtory of ſaint Hubert. By the table an old white china bottle, ornamented with or moulu, on a mahogany pedeſtal, for water, bought at Mr. Bateman's ſale, 1775.

On each ſide of the window, the top of which has ſome fine painted glaſs, and one ridiculous * Dutch piece repreſenting the triumph of Fame, who is accompanied by Cato, Cicero, and other great men, in ſquare caps and gowns of maſters of arts, are card-tables of roſe-wood, carved in China; and over each a looking-glaſs in a gothic frame of black and gold, deſigned by Mr. Walpole. Incloſed in the tops of the frames, with their arms and coronets, are the portraits of George Walpole third earl of Orford, and of George Cholmondeley viſcount Malpas, eldeſt ſon of George earl of Cholmondeley and of Mary ſecond daughter of ſir Robert Walpole. The former is copied by Eckardt, from a miniature by Liotard, in the cabinet above ſtairs: the latter is original by Eckardt. On one ſide of the window,

An old woman letting a boy light his candle, by Schalken; very fine.

Oppoſite, Two boys, a dog and a goat, by Baſſan; from Mr. Jennings's collection.

At the end of the room, over againſt the window, ſir Robert Walpole, knight of the garter, afterwards earl of Orford. On one ſide of him,

Catherine, eldeſt daughter of John Shorter, of Bybrook in Kent, firſt wife of ſir Robert Walpole; in white: a copy from ſir Godfrey Kneller, by Jarvis. On the other ſide,

Maria Skerret (in the dreſs of a ſhepherdeſs), ſecond wife of ſir Robert; by Jarvis.

* There is another Dutch emblematic pane, on which is Charles II. riding uppermoſt on the wheel of Fortune, and Rebellion thrown down. Another pane is painted with a cobler whiſtling to a bird in a cage, by Pearſon, ſcholar of Price. This window was altered and enlarged in 1774.

On one ſide of the chimney, Robert Walpole ſecond earl of Orford, auditor of the exchequer, maſter of the fox-hounds, and knight of the bath, eldeſt ſon of ſir Robert Walpole by his firſt wife; in red velvet, with a globe by him: by Richardſon.

Margaret, only child of Samuel Rolle of Heynton in Devonſhire, firſt married to Robert ſecond earl of Orford, and mother of George the third earl; and ſecondly to Sewallis Shirley, a younger ſon of earl Ferrers; in a white riding-habit with a ſtick: by Jarvis.

On the other ſide, ſir Edward Walpole, ſecond ſon of ſir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, knight of the bath, and clerk of the pells; in the robes of the bath: by Slaughter.

Horace Walpole, third ſon of ſir Robert and Catherine Shorter; in blue velvet: by Richardſon.

Over againſt the chimney, a large piece of the ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatia Waldegrave, daughters of James ſecond earl of Waldegrave and Maria Walpole, afterwards ducheſs of Glouceſter; by ſir Joſhua Reynolds, 1781.

Lady Anne Oſborn *, daughter of the firſt duke of Leeds; by ſir Godfrey Kneller. She was firſt married to Thomas Coke of Holkam, by whom ſhe was grandmother of Thomas Coke lord Lovel and earl of Leiceſter; and ſecondly to Horatio Walpole, ſecond ſon of ſir Edward Walpole, and uncle of ſir Robert Walpole. On the other ſide,

Dorothy, ſiſter of ſir Robert, and ſecond wife of Charles lord viſcount Townſhend, knight of the garter and ſecretary of ſtate; in a Turkiſh habit: by Jarvis.

Over one of the doors, Mary lady Malpas, ſecond daughter of ſir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; married to George lord Malpas, afterwards earl of Cholmondeley: by Eckardt, after Jarvis. Over the other door,

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of ſir Robert Walpole and Maria Sker-

* This is a whole length picture, but is turned in.

ret, and wife of Charles Churchill, only ſon of general Churchill; in a veil, with a muſic-book before her: by Eckardt.

A fire-ſcreen of admirable needle-work, repreſenting a vaſe of flowers, by lady Caroline Campbell, daughter of John duke of Argyll, counteſs of Aileſbury; married ſecondly to general Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis firſt earl of Hertford of that line, knight of the garter, embaſſador in France, and lord chamberlain: it is mounted in mahogany, carved, and inlaid with ivory.

A Turkey carpet, and a fire-ſcreen embroidered with knotting.

A two-leafed ſcreen, containing part of a map of Surry and Middleſex. It is a piece of the firſt tapeſtry woven in England, and came from Weſton in Warwickſhire, the ſeat of the Sheldons, who introduced the manufacture. The complete ſuite of hangings were purchaſed by Mr. Walpole, and preſented by him to the earl of Harcourt. This ſpecimen had never been hung up.

In the WAITING-ROOM.

A HEAD in artificial ſtone of John Dryden the poet, great uncle of Catherine Shorter lady Walpole: a large altar candleſtick of metal, inlaid with gothic inſcriptions, very ancient: and a pair of ancient bellows.

Inſide of King's college chapel, by Canaletti.

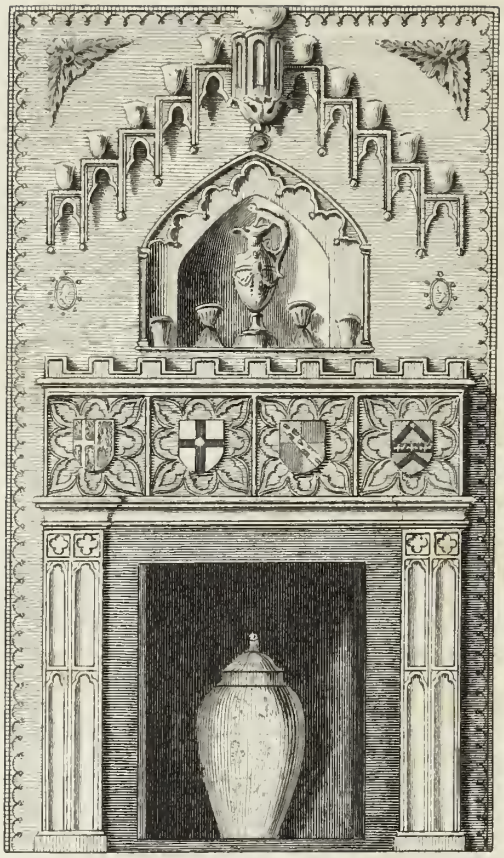
A curious emblematic picture of a man ſtanding, ſmall whole length, with a buſt of Charles II. ſeemingly before his reſtoration, for a cupid is weighing the broken arms of England (as a commonwealth) againſt crowns and ſceptres, (but the ſceptre is a French one, and therefore probably painted abroad) fragments of architecture, and the man holds a plan like St. Paul's; thence it has been ſuppoſed a portrait of ſir Chriſtopher Wren, but does not reſemble him, nor are the arms his.

A print of lady Mary Coke.

Buſt of Colley Cibber, poet-laureat, in a cap, when old, coloured from the life, and extremely like. He gave it to Mrs. Clive, the celebrated actreſs; and her brother Mr. Raſtor gave it, after her death, to Mr. Walpole.

Tradeſcant

Vol. II. pa. 105.



CHIMNEY IN THE CHINA ROOM.

Tradeſcant junior, with a ſkull covered with moſs for the powder of ſympathy.

A ſmall whole length of Dryden, in oil, by Maubert.

THE CHINA-ROOM.

PAINTED glaſs in the windows, and creſts of Shorter and Geſtinthorpe: the ceiling painted with convolvuluses on poles, by Müntz, from a ceiling in the little Borgheſe villa at Freſcati: the ſides, white Dutch tiles, with borders of blue and white.

In the floor ſome very ancient tiles with arms, from the cathedral at Glouceſter. The upper part of the chimney-piece is taken from a window of an ancient farm-houſe, formerly Bradfield-hall, belonging to lord Grimſton in Eſſex; the lower part from a chimney at Hurſt Monceaux in Suſſex: it is adorned with the arms of Talbot, Bridges, Sackville, and Walpole, the principal perſons who have inhabited Strawberry-hill.

In a niche ſupported by two columns of oriental alabaſter, over the chimney, is a fine ewer of fayence, deſigned by Julio Romano; and two green glaſs tumblers, with golden edges; and two round ſaltcellars of old blue and gold Venetian glaſs, with flowers.

Over the niche, four chocolate cups of fayence, by Pietro Cortona; and a bronze medallion of Pandulfo Malateſta.

On the ſides, George II. and Frederic prince of Wales, in Batterſea enamel.

In the chimney, a large jar of old blue and white china; and two tiles from Byſham-abbey.

On the ſhelves and floor is a collection of porcelaine, earthenware, glaſs, and enamel on copper, of various ages and countries, as follow:

Two dozen plates of Venetian glaſs; each plate has a different view of Venice, drawn in red.

A japanned tray with a vaſe for cream, and eight chocolate-cups and ſaucers with landſcapes in brown, of the ſame ware.

Two bowls of Worceſter porcelaine, the pattern from old china.

Two muſtard-pots and plates, of Seve china; given by lord Hertford.

Five trays, in ſhapes of fans, of old Japan china.

An old blue and white plate with a rib in the middle.

A coloured handle cup, ſaucer and ſquare plate, à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two old blue and white plates, artichoke pattern.

Thirteen ditto, with peacock feathers.

Sixteen coloured old Japan plates.

Four ditto, blue and white, with figures.

Three ditto, with figures.

Twelve ditto, of coloured Japan china.

Four ditto, with birds.

Four water-plates with figures, of new china.

Twelve plates of Chelſea china, with ſmall coloured birds.

Three diſhes ſcolloped and ribbed, with coloured flowers.

Two large coloured diſhes of the fine old thick Japan china.

A large deep diſh of Roman earth, with ſtories from Ovid's Metamorphoſis.

An earthen-ware diſh, with the heads of Charles II. and queen Catherine in blue and white; a preſent from Mr. Ibbot.

An old blue and white diſh, with landſcapes.

Ditto, larger, with figures.

Two diſhes of very old French earthen-ware, with the arms of France.

Two ſmall diſhes of fayence, with groteſques, and the arms of a biſhop Contarini.

An

An octagon coloured plate of Saxon china, old pattern.

An octagon ſquare plate, with a cock and hen.

A diſh and twelve plates enamelled on copper.

Two round plates of Japan.

Thirteen old white chocolate cups and tea-cups, with emboſſed flowers.

A tea-pot, milk-pot, five coffee-cups, five tea-cups, and ten ſaucers, of white quilted china of St. Cloud.

A tea-pot and milk-pot, ſix cups and ſaucers, of modern china, with grey landſcapes.

Five white cups and ſaucers with gold borders.

Two coloured caudle-cups.

An earthen-ware tea-pot, with the head of lord Chatham.

A ſmall tea-caniſter of Seve china, blue and gold, with figures on white.

A pot pourri of Saxon china, with coloured flowers emboſſed.

An old white china cup, with cupids painted in Europe.

A cup with a bullfinch, of modern china.

Thirteen ſmall baſkets of Saxon china for ſugar-plums, different patterns.

An urn and ſtand of kennel coal, a preſent from ſir William Meredith.

Six coloured water-cups and plates of Chelſea china.

A blue and white caudle-cup.

Two ditto, coloured.

An old blue and white honeycomb tea-pot.

Two Roman lacrymatories of glaſs, two of earth, and two water-glaſſes. M.

An ewer enamelled with bacchanals on copper.

Two

Two coffee-cups and ſaucers of white and gold Bohemian glaſs.

A cup of Mr. Place's china. *Vide Walpole's Catalogue of Engliſh Engravers.*

A blue and white ſaucer, with a landſcape, of fine Nankin china.

A jar, with red and white landſcapes and blue and gold borders, of Chelſea china.

Two coloured Saxon trays, with ſquirrels.

A ſcolloped ſaucer of Saxon china, the ſecond ſort, very rare: in it lies a medal of Louis quinze in Seve china.

A hand-candleſtick of coloured Seve china.

A blue and gold ſugar-diſh of old Venetian glaſs, cover and plate, with a ſilver gilt ſpoon.

An old blue and white ſaucer in the ſhape of a ſtar.

Two trays, ditto.

An ivory drinking-horn, with the arms of the earls of Exeter; ancient.

An old earthen mug of Arabian ware.

Two vaſes with handles, of red Portugueſe earth.

Two plates like ſhaving-baſons, of the ſame.

An earthen bottle; painted on it, *Sack*, 1647: it was thus ſold by apothecaries. From the collection of Mrs. Kennon, the virtuoſa midwife.

A blue and white eggſhell cup.

Michael Angelo's Bacchus, made in the china of the comte de Lauragais; from the collection of the comte de Caylus.

Two Roman glaſſes, like water-glaſſes; two lacrymatories, ditto; and two of earth. M.

Buſt of Voltaire, in biſcuit of Nancy.

Two

Two blue and gold cups for eggs, of Seve china.

Seven old coloured octagon cups and ſaucers.

A tea-pot and baſon, ſix handle cups and ſaucers, with battles in black, of Vienna china; a preſent to Catherine lady Walpole from count Dehn, envoy from the duke of Wolfenbuttle.

A ſquare brown china cup to meaſure tea.

An old white china tea-pot with birds and flowers finely painted in Europe.

A bagpiping boy and a dancing girl, of Seve biſcuit.

Six fine old cups, white within; without, japanned black and mother of pearl: very rare.

An ewer enamelled on copper, with naked horſemen fighting.

A blue and gold coffee-cup and ſaucer, with birds on white cartouches, of Seve china.

A cup and ſaucer, all blue and gold, of ditto.

An old glaſs tankard, with a battle of Turks and Chriſtians in black, finely drawn.

Ditto of old Venetian glaſs ſtriped with white, mounted in ſilver gilt: on the lid, arms of Parr enamelled.

Six handle cups and ſaucers with green landſcapes on white, of Chelſea china.

An urn and cover of red Portugueſe earth.

Two large coloured ſaucers with figures.

Two ſmall ditto baſons with flowers.

Two large coloured baſons.

Two white ſaltcellars with crawfiſh in relief, of Chelſea china.

A fine ſquare plate, à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two old blue and white trays.

Two Saxon coloured ſaucers, cinquefoil.

Two green and gold ſalts, with flowers on white, of Seve china.

Two white Chelſea ſalts on feet.

Two ſmall blue and white baſons.

A boy ſupporting a ſhell, finely modelled in red earth; the firſt ſort of Saxon china before it was glazed or painted, and which was only given as preſents by the elector: extremely rare.

Three pieces of rocks, made of rice; given by Mr. Raſtor, Mrs. Clive's brother.

Two Chineſe baſons enamelled with coloured flowers on copper.

A red cup and ſaucer, glazed; the ſecond ſort of Saxon china: rare.

Two blue and gold handle cups and ſaucers, with birds on white cartouches, of Seve china.

One ditto, green.

One ditto, blue and gold in zigzags, and garlands on white; very beautiful.

Two white barrels with vines and grapes, of Chelſea china.

Two ſmall baſons with coloured flowers, of the beſt modern china.

A very fine ſtanding cup and cover, enamelled on copper with the ſtory of Sampſon, from the deſigns of Parmegiano.

A ſmall dejeuné of blue and gold Seve china; very pretty.

A handle cup, ſaucer, and ſquare plate, of blue and gold Seve china, with ſea-pieces admirably copied from Vernet's pictures.

Ditto of blue, green, and gold, with flowers on white.

Two porringers of Portugueſe earth.

An octagon ſaltcellar enamelled on copper, droll figures on the ſides with

old French verſes; at top, a head, *Je ſuis Paris*; at bottom, another, *La belle Helene.*

A copper tray, ſcolloped and enamelled with ſaint John and flowers; a preſent from Mr. G. Montagu.

A very large glaſs urn, damaged, found near London; a preſent from Dr. Ch. Lyttelton biſhop of Carliſle.

Six coloured handle cups and ſaucers, a tea-pot and ſugar-diſh, in ſhapes of leaves, of Chantilli china.

Four ſmall blue and white eggſhell cups.

The preſent queen of France, a large medallion of Seve biſcuit; a preſent from the ducheſs dowager d'Aiguillon in 1771.

Two handle cups and ſaucers, different patterns à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two butter-pots and plates of blue and white Delft ware; preſents from lady Aileſbury.

A red cup and ſaucer, clouded.

A ſmall ſquare brown tea-pot.

A jug of old clouded glaſs, and a bottle of the ſame.

Two Saxon tankards, one with Chineſe figures, the other with European. Theſe tankards are extremely remarkable. Sir Robert Walpole drank ale; the ducheſs of Kendal, miſtreſs of king George the firſt, gave him the former. A dozen or more years afterwards, the counteſs of Yarmouth, miſtreſs of king George the ſecond, without having ſeen the other, gave him the ſecond; and they match exactly in form and ſize.

Two deſſert-diſhes of coloured Japan china.

A ſcolloped ſugar-diſh of old china, white without, ſtriped with colours within: rare.

A baſon and plate of ſcolloped Saxon china.

A plate with ſmall flowers, ditto.

A monteith of coloured Seve china: beautiful.

Two old white china candleſticks, mounted in ſilver.

A large ſcolloped and coloured bowl of Japan china.

A pale green and white flat baſon; very old.

Two green jars.

A mug of earthen ware, with Arabic characters.

A ſugar-diſh, cover and plate, of Japan china.

A green ewer with a purple handle.

An Etruſcan cup with two handles, and an owl on it.

Two very ſmall brown tea-pots.

Medallion of Henry quatre, in Seve biſcuit.

Four blue and white chocolate cups, and four ſaucers.

A triangular ſaltcellar of fayence, with fine figures on terms.

An old Venetian glaſs cup and ſaucer, with gold flowers.

A cup of Matlock ſpar, on a foot.

An urn, ditto.

Four deſſert-plates of fayence, with figures and boys round the borders; by Pietro Cortona: very fine. A fifth ditto, with goats; a preſent from lady Diana Beauclerc.

Two light purple handle cups and ſaucers with landſcapes, of Seve china.

A larger cup and ſaucer, à la Grecque, ditto.

A ſcolloped japan tray.

A fine glaſs urn with golden boys; Roman: deſcribed in doctor Middleton's Antiquities.

A tall blue and white tea-pot with flat ſides.

A round brown tea-pot, quite flat.

A fine old blue and white box and cover, a preſent from lady Aileſbury.

A vaſe with two handles, of Portugueſe earth.

A cup, ditto, with fantaſtic forms within it: given by lady Mary Churchill.

A green and white mug and ſaucer, with figures on white, of Seve china.

Ditto with ruſtic implements; very genteel.

A white old triangular piece of china and cover, for eggs.

An old white beaker.

Two large blue and white tea-pots.

Twelve old blue and white deſſert-plates with figures.

A ſmall diſh of Chelſea china in a deſſert pattern.

A blue and white beaker with a Chineſe proceſſion.

Two blue and white ſoup-diſhes with figures.

Ten diſhes of old Japan ware.

An ancient tall drinking-glaſs, with arms and devices; a preſent from ſir John Hawkins.

Two large blue and white beakers.

Two ditto, of different patterns: a companion to one of them is in the great bedchamber.

A blue and white diſh of Chelſea china.

A Turkiſh earthen bottle, with leaves caſt in relief on it.

Two blue and white jars.

Two green, blue, and white beakers.

Two blue and white beakers.

A large

A large fayence diſh.

A fine Turkiſh jar and cover, with caſt leaves: curious.

A large blue and white diſh.

A blue and white baſket of Chantilli china.

A white Seve ſaucepan that bears the fire: 1771.

Two blue and white beakers.

Two ſmall coloured ditto.

Two ſquare blue and white bottles.

An odd green and white tea-pot.

A tile from the kitchen of William the Conqueror at Caen in Normandy.

Two baſons of moſt ancient Gombroon china; a preſent from lord Vere, out of the collection of lady Elizabeth Germaine.

A beautiful green baſon.

Ten coloured pattypans of different ſizes.

An old white diſh.

A diſh and four deſſert-plates, brown, blue, and white.

A large blue and white diſh, and a ſmall ditto.

Four green leaves of Staffordſhire-ware for a deſſert.

A tea-kettle of brown china.

A white jar.

Two white handle cups and ſaucers, finely painted with natural flowers, of Seve porcelaine.

A Mercury, ditto.

A group

A group of the graces ſupporting a baſket, of Seve biſcuit.

A large old white china tea-pot, that was the duke of Monmouth's; a preſent from Simon ſecond earl of Harcourt.

A ſauce-boat of Roman fayence, with Cupid riding on a dolphin.

Twelve plates of Wedgwood's ware, with cameos of blue and white, and blue feſtoons; from a deſign of lady Diana Beauclerc.

A baſon and ewer of Roman fayence, painted with landſcapes; a preſent from the earl of Exeter.

A large round vaſe and cover, and a diſh to it, of Roman fayence.

Two diſhes of the ſame.

A cup and ſaucer, white, with green feſtoons, of Briſtol porcelaine.

A round picture of white flowers in alto relievo, of the ſame manufacture.

A ſquare compotier with blue and gold flowers, of Salopian porcelaine.

A blue, gold, and coloured ſugar-diſh and plate, of Worceſter porcelaine.

Two white glaſs cups, with gold feſtoons and rams' heads, of Engliſh manufacture.

Two deſſert-plates of old china, in form of herons.

A group of two figures and five ſingle cupids, of Heſſe and Brunſwick porcelaine; preſents from lord Beauchamp.

Sir William Hamilton, envoy at Naples, and Catherine lady Walpole; medallions of Wedgwood's ware.

Louis quinze, and Dr. Franklin, medallions in biſcuit.

Two tall chocolate cups and ſaucers, beautifully painted with holyoaks, of Seve china; preſents from lady Aileſbury.

A white and gold mug and ſaucer, with Chineſe pheaſants, of ditto.

A cup and ſaucer of ditto, all over ſtrawberries, a preſent from madame du Deffand.

A cup

A cup and ſaucer of ditto, lilac and gold, with the ſtory of Pan and Syrinx in crimſon.

A cup and ſaucer of Wedgwood's ware, finely painted with Engliſh views.

A white and gold handle cup and ſaucer with Chineſe figures, of the porcelaine of Clignancour, a new manufacture eſtabliſhed by the comte de Provence, called porcelaine de Monſieur.

A cup to hold an egg, imitating lapis lazuli; porcelaine de Seve.

A very ſmall cup and ſaucer, white and gold, with imitations of rubies; ditto.

A large caudle cup, ſtriped with gold, and flowers; porcelaine of Berlin.

Four ditto, with ſprigs of flowers on white ground; ditto.

A tea-pot and plate, baſon, ſugar-diſh, milk-pot, two chocolate-cups, two pomatum-pots, and a cann, ; of the Staffordſhire bamboo ware, 1782.

A Turkiſh earthen-ware plate, brown and gold, a preſent from Mrs. Griffith the authoreſs.

A white glaſs ſugar-diſh, painted with natural flowers.

A red Portugueſe bowl with a grate at the bottom, for cooling water.

Three black and red earthen vaſes, with handles, highly poliſhed.

Two more copper enamelled plates, given by lady Aileſbury.

A tumbler, of crackled china within; japanned without; very rare: a preſent from Mrs. French.

A baſon of Turkiſh earthen-ware, gilt within; a preſent from Mr. Fitzwilliam.

A glaſs ſaucer, gilt and ſilvered; given by lord Oſſory.

Portrait of George Simon earl of Harcourt, in Wedgwood's ware; the only one executed in that manner.

A Tuſcan vaſe of Wedgwood's ware.

A white

A white cup and ſaucer with coloured flowers, made for the comte d'Artois, and called porcelaine d'Angouleme; a preſent from the viſcounteſs Mount-Edgcumbe.

Two cuſtard cups of old crackled china, with flowers of plated ſilver.

A ſmall jar, white within and japanned without; a preſent from Mr. Barrett of Lee.

A Delft beaker, and two blue and white bottles, ditto.

A large flattiſh drinking glaſs, one of the firſt manufacture at Venice, with the initials of an Engliſh lady's name for whom it was made, and the date 1580; a preſent from lady Georgina Smythe.

Three pieces of Mooriſh moſaic; on one a ſhield, with the name or title of a Mooriſh king; bought at the auction of Mr. Carter, who publiſhed an account of Spain.

Two vaſes of white porcelaine, ſtriped with blue and gold, and ornamented with red feſtoons; from the manufacture of marquis Ginori at Florence: ſent by ſir Horace Mann.

China in the Waiting-Room.

Two ice-pails with vines, of Saxon china.

A white butter-pot and plate of Chantilli, and two blue and white ſalt-cellars, ditto.

Two monteiths of Tolle, a new French metal japanned.

Four oblong deſſert-diſhes, four leaves, and twelve plates, with coloured fruits and flowers, of Chelſea china.

Twelve blue and white coffee-cups and ſaucers of Chantilli.

Twelve black and white tea-cups and ſaucers of Bow china.

Two red and white handle cups and ſaucers with boys, of Seve.

A fine coloured ice-pail and cover, ditto.

A blue and white Delft butter-pot and plate.

Two white and gold ſalts of Seve.

Twenty-four white plates with knurled borders and gold edges, four deep leaves, two ſquare plates, and a cream bowl, of Seve.

A large white plate, and a white glaſs beaker.

A blue and white baſket, two round cheeſe-pots and plate, and a ſceau for liquors, of Chantilli.

Twelve fine plates coloured, with rich blue edges, of Seve.

Two ditto, larger.

Six ditto, blue and white.

Two green Staffordſhire flower-pots with maſks, and two plates.

The LITTLE PARLOUR.

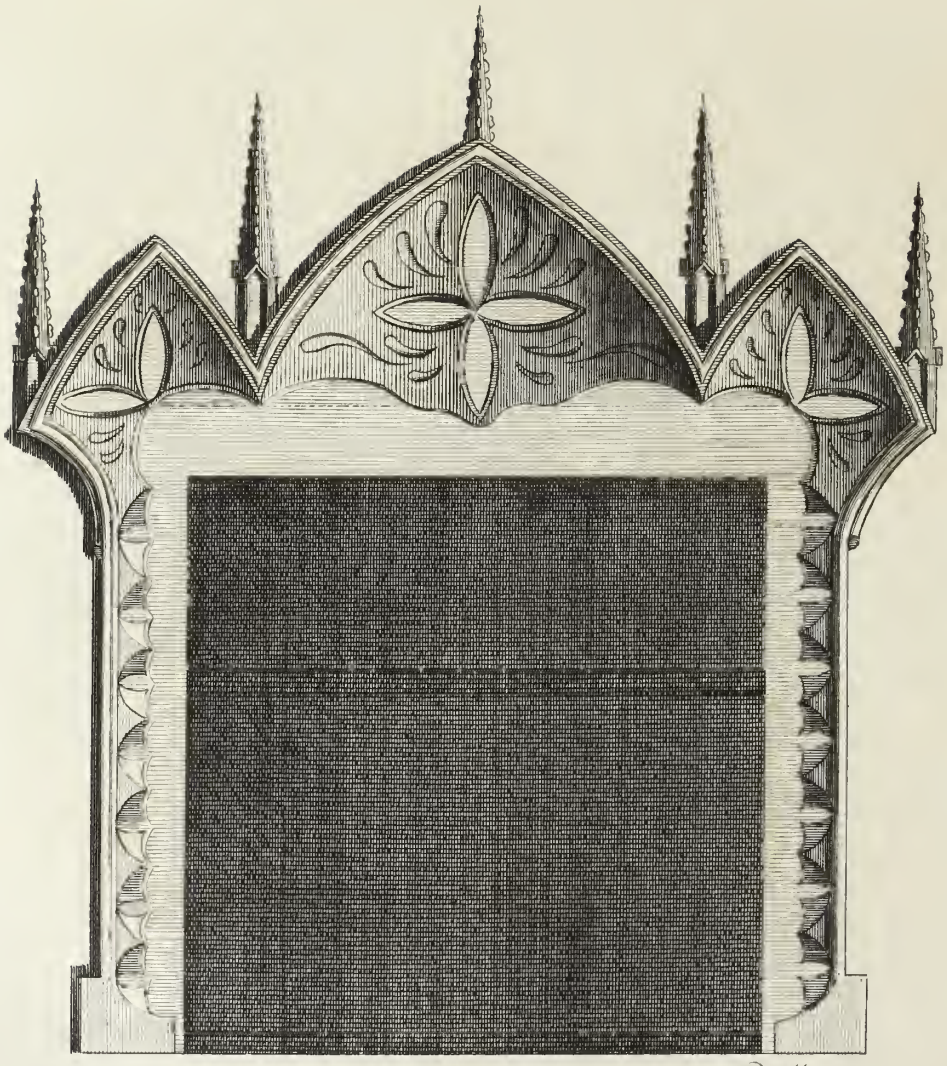
OVER the door is a ſhield of Mr. Walpole's arms and quarterings on painted glaſs, by Price. The room is lighted by a bow window, in which, among other pieces of painted glaſs, are the arms of Ayliffe, impaling Clifford of Frampton: given by Mr. George Selwyn.

The chimney is taken from the tomb of Thomas Ruthall biſhop of Durham, in Weſtminſter-abbey. The room is hung with gothic paper of ſtone colour in moſaic, on which are wooden prints by Jackſon of Venice; and furniſhed with a table and eight chairs of ebony, bought at the lady Conyers's at Great Stoughton in Huntingdonſhire, as were others in other chambers. On the table is an ice-pail of Wedgwood's ware.

Two ſleeping dogs, the original model in terra-cotta, by the honourable Mrs. Damer, which ſhe afterwards executed in marble for the duke of Richmond.

In the YELLOW BEDCHAMBER, or BEAUTY-ROOM.

THE chimney-piece was deſigned by Mr. Bentley. The room is hung with grey ſpotted paper, the bed and chairs of yellow ſilk and ſtuff damaſk. On the ebony table, two large old blue and white china candle-



T. Morris sc.

CHIMNEY IN THE YELLOW BED CHAMBER.

ſticks, and a writing-box of ſandal-wood inlaid with ivory. On the commode with a ſlab of white marble, bought at Mr. Bateman's ſale, a bronze caſt of the Hermaphrodite. A fire-ſcreen worked by lady Oſſory, 1781.

Over the chimney, Charles II, James duke of York and Mary princeſs of Orange, when children, copied from Vandyck by Charles Beale.

A fine portrait of ſir Peter Lely, after himſelf, by ditto.

Elizabeth Wriotheſly counteſs of Southampton, and afterwards firſt wife of Ralph the firſt duke of Montagu, by ditto, after ditto. Theſe three are in water-colours.

Nineteen ſmall heads, in oil, of the court of Charles II. (except Sachariſſa) copied by Jarvis for himſelf, and bought with his houſe at Hampton by Mr. Lovibonde, at whoſe ſale theſe and the three foregoing were purchaſed.

Charles the ſecond.

Queen Catherine.

King William, when prince of Orange.

Queen Mary, when princeſs.

Catharine Sidley, counteſs of Dorcheſter, miſtreſs of James II.

Frances Stuart (of Grammont's Memoires) ducheſs of Richmond.

Louiſe de Querouaille, ducheſs of Portſmouth.

Lady Dorothy Sidney, counteſs of Sunderland, Waller's Sachariſſa.

Barbara Villiers, ducheſs of Cleveland.

Arabella Churchill, wife of Mr. Godfrey, miſtreſs of James II.

Mrs. Philadelphia Saunders.

Mrs. Trevor, maid of honour: having ſeen the duke of Monmouth in bed with another lady, and divulged it, the duke engaged Mr. Thynne to debauch her. Mr. Thynne being killed before he bedded lady Ogle, this epigram was made on him:

Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat-hall,
Who never would have miſcarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married.

Lady Anne Cavendiſh, daughter of William earl of Devonſhire, and wife of John earl of Exeter.

Lady Gertrude Pierpoint, daughter of William earl of Kingſton, and wife of George Saville marquis of Halifax.

Lady Mary Rich, daughter of Robert earl of Warwick, wife of Henry viſcount St. John, and mother of the famous lord Bolingbroke.

Henry earl of Ogle, only ſon of Henry Cavendiſh duke of Newcaſtle.

Lady Elizabeth Percy, only daughter and heireſs of Joceline laſt earl of Northumberland, married firſt to Henry lord Ogle, ſecondly to Thomas Thynne, eſq. and laſtly to Charles Seymour duke of Somerſet.

Two other ladies, unknown.

Over the door, Mary queen of Scots, by Vertue.

Lady Anne Hamilton, daughter of W. duke of Hamilton, and wife of Robert Carnegie earl of Southeſk.

Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter of James duke of Ormond, and wife of Philip Stanhope earl of Cheſterfield. Theſe two heads are copied in chalks by Mr. Farringdon, from the originals by ſir Peter Lely, at Mr. Fountaine's at Narford. *See an account of the two ladies in the Memoires de Grammont.*

Buſt of the lady viſcounteſs Melbourne; a caſt from the original by Mrs. Damer.

Prince Arthur and Catharine of Arragon, on board, in the original frame; a preſent from colonel Myddelton of Denbighſhire, in which county it had remained from the death of the prince at Ludlow.

On the Stair-Case.

View of Richmond-hill, the original drawing by Mr. Henry Bunbury; a preſent from himſelf.

THE

The BREAKFAST-ROOM, One Pair of Stairs.

FURNISHED with blue paper, and blue and white linen. Black and yellow painted glaſs ſet in plain blue glaſs in the bow window. On the writing-table, an inlaid writing-box made by Langlois. The chimney-piece and windows are not truly gothic, but were deſigned by Mr. W. Robinſon of the Board of Works, before there was any deſign of farther improvements to the houſe.

Over the chimney, a glaſs in an ebony frame, a preſent from the reverend Mr. Hemmings of Twickenham; two blue and white flower-pots of Seve china; and two candleſticks with Chineſe figures, by Martin, and china flowers. On one ſide of the glaſs,

Mary Lepelle lady Hervey; a print.

A moonlight; by Bernard Lens.

A frame with nine miniatures, viz.

A young bride, by Iſaac Oliver.

A lady; behind her a red curtain. Both of the family of Digby, but not known.

Venetia Stanley lady Digby, aged nineteen, very beautiful; by Peter Oliver.

Sir Kenelm Digby and lady Digby, after Vandyck; by ditto: ſet in the form of a book with covers of gold enamelled.

The ſame lady Digby, as ſhe was found dead in her bed; by ditto, after ditto; ſet in gold enamelled black; on which behind is a ſphere: it ſeems to mean, that the world was in mourning for her. Sir Kenelm was paſſionately fond of this lady, who, lord Clarendon ſays, was of *extraordinary beauty and as extraordinary fame.* At Windſor is a whole length of her, by Vandyck, treading on ſerpents, to imply that the ſtories told of her were the produce of malice. At Goathurſt, where they lived, are two buſts of her in bronze; on the pedeſtal of one are inſcribed theſe tender words, *Uxorem vivam amare voluptas, defunctam religio.*

Sir

Sir Kenelm Digby, when young; by Peter Oliver: very fine.

Lady Digby, again, moſt beautiful; by ditto.

Lady Lucy Percy, daughter and coheireſs of Thomas earl of Northumberland who was beheaded, wife of ſir Edward Stanley, younger ſon of the earl of Derby, mother of Venetia lady Digby; by Iſaac Oliver. She is ſtill more beautiful than her daughter, though dreſt very unbecomingly in a great black hat and large ruff; only ſet off by a lilac ground. This is perhaps the fineſt and moſt perfect miniature in the world. All the ſeven laſt are wonderfully preſerved, though found in a garret in an old houſe in Wales, belonging to a Mr. Watkin Williams, probably deſcended from ſir Kenelm, one of whoſe ſons left only two daughters, that were married into Welch families. This ſet of pictures, with a few more leſs fine, coſt Mr. Walpole 300 guineas.

On the other ſide of the glaſs, another frame, with fifteen miniatures, viz. Robert earl of Eſſex, favourite of queen Elizabeth; ſet in a caſe enamelled with flowers.

Henry Carey lord Hunſdon, knight of the garter 1585; by Hilliard: ſet in black enamel. Theſe two from the collection of lady Elizabeth Germaine.

A lady of the family of Digby; belonging to the ſet above-named; in a white enamelled caſe.

The duc de Vendome, with a red knot; by Petitot.

Madame la princeſſe Palatine; by ditto.

Madame la ducheſſe de Montpenſier, grandmother of Mademoiſelle; by ditto. Theſe three from the collection of the comte de Caylus.

La ducheſſe de Montzabon, called La Belle des Belles; by ditto.

Holbein, in a round, original by himſelf.

An exceedingly fine watch, given to general Fairfax by the parliament after the battle of Naſeby; by P. Bordier, brother-in-law of Petitot. On one ſide is Fairfax on horſeback, after Vandyck's king Charles; on the other,

other, the houſe of commons; behind, the battle. It was bought at the ſale of Thoreſby's muſeum, who has deſcribed it in his Ducatus Leodienſis.

Two boys, ſons of ſir Kenelm Digby. Note, theſe and ſome after-mentioned pictures of the Digbys were the other diviſion of that collection, and were purchaſed by Mr. W. of the lady who ſhared them with the other heir.

John duke of Lauderdale, copied by lady Lucan from the original by Cooper, in the poſſeſſion of lady Greenwich.

William Henry duke of Glouceſter, by lady Lucan after Meyer.

Charlotte de la Tremouille counteſs of Derby; in a frame of ſilver filigrane.

A lady's head, ſuppoſed to be the counteſs of Pembroke, wife of earl William, by Hoſkins; finely preſerved: a preſent from the ducheſs dowager of Portland.

Fontenelle, a drawing; bequeathed to Mr. Walpole by lady Hervey.

A landſcape, a drawing in water-colours, by Vanderneer.

Inſide of Walpole church in Lincolnſhire; by Vertue.

View of Mad. du Deffand's room and cats, a print; with verſes by the preſident Henault.

A print of count Antoine Hamilton.

A moſt curious picture of Roſe the royal gardener, preſenting the firſt pine-apple raiſed in England to Charles II. who is ſtanding in a garden: the houſe ſeems to be Dawny-court near Windſor, the villa of the ducheſs of Cleveland. The whole piece is well painted, probably by Danckers. It was a preſent to Mr. W. from the rev. Mr. Pennicott of Ditton, to whom it was bequeathed by Mr. London, grandſon of him who was partner with Wiſe.

Two prints of Rubens's own houſe.

Two beautiful bas-reliefs of boys in wax, by lady Diana Beauclerc; ſet in frames with her arms, and cameos by Wedgwood and Taſſie.

Van-

Vandervaart the painter, by himſelf, in water-colours, finely done; in an old ebony frame ſet with lapis lazuli and agates: a preſent from Richard Bull, eſq.

Cowley, by ſir Peter Lely; the fine original of Zincke's Cowley in enamel in the cabinet; bought at the ſale of Mr. Lovibonde in 1776*.

Two views of Paris, by Raguenet; given by Henry Fox lord Holland.

Four waſhed views of the chateau de Grignan in Provence: a preſent from George Hardinge, eſq.

Miſs Temple, maid of honour to Anne Hyde ducheſs of York, and ſecond wife of ſir Charles Lyttelton; by Spenſer, after the unfiniſhed picture by Cooper, in the poſſeſſion of lord Lyttelton.

Head of the comte de Grammont; copied from the original at the convent of the Grands Auguſtins at Paris.

A ſecretaire of inlaid woods.

Cupid, in Seve china.

Two blue and white ſquare tubs, of ditto.

* Deſcription of a young ſhepherd, from Britain's Ida, that almoſt exactly delineates this portrait.

Amongſt the reſt, that all the reſt excell'd,
A daintie boy there wonn'd, whoſe harmleſs yeares
Now in their freſheſt budding gentlie ſwell'd;
His nymph-like face ne'er felt the nimble ſheeres;
Youth's downie bloſſome thro' his cheeke appeares;
His lovelie limbs, but love he quite diſcarded,
Were made for play, but he no play regarded,
And fitt love to reward, and be by love rewarded.

High was his forehead, arch'd with ſilver mould,
Where never anger churliſh wrinkle dighted;
His auburn locks hung like dark threads of gold,
That wanton airs (with their fair length incited)
To play among their wanton curls delighted.
His ſmiling eyes with ſimple truth were ſtor'd——
Ah! how ſhould truth in thoſe thief eyes be ſtor'd,
Which thouſand Loves had ſtol'n, and never once reſtor'd!

Vide Wharton's Obſervations on the Fairy Queen, vol. i. p. 123.

Anne Liddel counteſs of Oſſory ; in crayons, by Hamilton.

An urn of granite, brought from one of the Greek iſlands, and given to ſir Robert Walpole by ſir Charles Wager.

Ditto of oriental alabaſter, given to ſir Robert Walpole by general Charles Churchill.

Margaret Smith, wife of ſir Charles Bingham lord Lucan ; by Hamilton. This lady arrived in five months, by copying in water-colours the enamels and miniatures in this collection, at great perfection, and in that ſhort time copied forty pieces, imitating moſt exactly the manners of the ſeveral maſters. Mr. W. wrote the following lines on that ſubject :

Without a rival, long on painting's throne
Urbino's modeſt artiſt ſat alone.
At laſt a Britiſh fair's unerring eyes
In five ſhort moons conteſt the glorious prize.
Raphael by genius, nurs'd by labour, gain'd it—
Bingham but ſaw perfection, and attain'd it.

Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, wife of lord Craven ; by Romney.

Richard III. and his queen ; a drawing from painted glaſs, by Vertue.

A ſea-piece ; by Backhuyſen : very good.

Madame la marquiſe du Deffand, and the ducheſſe de Choiſeul giving her a doll, which the former, who was blind, holds out her hands to receive ; alluding to her calling the ducheſſe *Grand Maman.* Every part of the room is exactly repreſented, and madame du Deffand moſt exactly like, which the ducheſſe is not ; by M. Carmontel, a gentleman belonging to the duke of Orleans, who has done in the ſame manner moſt of the court of France : a waſhed drawing.

A print by Bartolozzi of Georgina Spencer ducheſs of Devonſhire, from the drawing of lady Diana Beauclerc ; in a frame with Wedgwood's cameos, and two flies engraved and painted by Hill.

A view of the church of Stokepogeys in Buckinghamſhire ; the moon ſhining on Mr. Gray's tomb in the church-yard ; by Baron : a preſent from ſir Edward Walpole.

Virgin and child, a highly finiſhed illumination : it belonged to Gaſton duke of Orleans.

Francis I. receiving the homage of the clergy, law and army; an illumination; cardinal du Prat as chancellor is at the head of the law. Two of the officers on the fore ground are engraved in Montfaucon's Antiquities of France.

An allegoric waſhed drawing of Chriſtina of Piſa writing her Cité des Dames, from an illumination in the library of the king of France.

View of the hotel de Carnavalet, where madame de Sevigné lived, in la rue Coulture St. Catherine, at Paris; built by Du Cerceau; painted by Raguenet.

A woman reading; ſmall whole figure; great nature, by Le Duc.

A flower, in paper moſaic, executed by Mrs. Delany, the inventreſs, who between the ſeventieth and eightieth years of her age executed 500 plants in this manner. She was daughter of Mr. Granville by the daughter of ſir John Stanley, and was firſt married to Mr. Pendarvis, and then to Dr. Delany.

Its companion, by Mrs. Delany's ſcholar, miſs Jennings of Shiplake.

Lady D. Beauclerc's two daughters, engraved from her drawing by Bartolozzi; in a blue and gold frame painted in moſaic with lions and flower-de-luces, in alluſion to the arms of Beauclerc.

Sir Kenelm Digby, his wife and two ſons, by Peter Oliver, after Vandyck; a large miniature in the higheſt preſervation; in an ebony caſe ſet with Wedgwood's cameos. On the inſides of the doors, two other ladies of the ſame ſet.

Two other ebony caſes, ditto. In one, a lady of the Digby family, half-length, after Vandyck, with a beautiful landſcape, by Peter Oliver.

In the other caſe, lady Digby enamelled, in a frame of the ſame, with her arms, and Latin mottoes, ſupported by two goddeſſes; by G. Toulin, 1637.

Lady Catherine Howard, daughter of H. Fred. earl of Arundel, and firſt wife of John Digby ſon of ſir Kenelm.

On the reverſe, in the ſame enamelled frame, another lady of the family, exquiſitely painted by Peter Oliver; probably the ſecond wife of John Digby.

Lady Frances Howard, counteſs of Eſſex and then of Somerſet; copied by lady Bingham, now lady Lucan, from the original at Woburn.

Catherine ducheſs of Buckingham, daughter of James II. in enamel by Zincke: a preſent from her niece madame de Bouzols.

A holy

A holy family in wax, from Carlo Maratti, by Mrs. Mary Slaughter, ſiſter of Stephen Slaughter, painter: a preſent from miſs Anne Clement.

The virgin and child, and two angels holding tapers; an ancient carving in ivory: a preſent from Mr. Watſon the chirurgeon.

A lady's head, by Hilliard, unfiniſhed; bought at Mr. Lovibonde's.

A girl's head, in oil; very lively: by A. Cuyp.

George Hamilton, brother of count Antony Hamilton; ſmall copy in oil by E. Edwards, from the original in the poſſeſſion of lord Kingſland.

Print of Mr. W. Maſon, the poet.

A man's head in a black bonnet, æt. 30, 1539, by Holbein, unfiniſhed; bought at Mr. Lovibonde's.

A maſquerade at Vauxhall, in biſter; by lady Diana Beauclerc. There is wonderful expreſſion in the faces, and attitudes, though ſome of the figures are quite maſked, and others have half maſks.

A waſhed drawing of Les Rochers, the country-houſe of Mad. de Sevigné in Bretagne, done on the ſpot by Mr. Hinchliffe, ſon of the biſhop of Peterborough, in 1786.

Miſs Hannah More, the poeteſs; in water-colours, by Roberts, after Opie.

Miſs Farren, the comedian; in water-colours.

Two waſhed drawings, by miſs Agnes Berry.

View of Lee, the ſeat of T. Barrett, eſq. in Kent, by Pether; in an ebony frame.

A young Paris, caſt in terra-cotta, from a marble buſt by Mrs. Damer of the ſon of mademoiſelle Roſſi, a dancer.

Two old blue and white china jars; a candleſtick of Seve china; tea-things of old china; a ſmall tripod of or moulu to burn incenſe; and a red velvet purſe embroidered with gold and old French arms, to hold counters.

The GREEN CLOSET.

IN the windows are ſome very curious pieces of painted glaſs. One round pane (one of the beſt in the houſe) repreſents the ſtory of the law-giver,

who having enacted a law for puniſhing adultery with blindneſs, and his own ſon being convicted of it, he gave up one of his own eyes to ſave one of his ſon's. The drawing is fine, and the figures of the legiſlator and of the young ſoldier who contemplates him, are evidently taken from ſome picture or deſign which gave the hint to Vandyck for his Beliſarius, now at Chiſwick. There are other curious panes: one with a roſe impaling a pomegranate, the device of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon; others with a crown in a thorn-buſh between the letters H and E, the device of Henry VII. which he aſſumed after the battle of Boſworth, where Richard's crown was found in that manner. Over the door,

A view of Mr. Pope's houſe at Twickenham, painted ſince the alterations made by ſir William Stanhope; by Scott in his very beſt manner. On the ſame ſide of the room are the following pictures, moſt of them ſmall:

A portrait of Sarah Malcolm, who was hanged for murdering her miſtreſs and two other women in the Temple. She is ſitting at a table in Newgate with popiſh beads before her. This was drawn by Hogarth the day before her execution, and ſhe had put on red to look the better.

Four landſcapes in water-colours, by Baudin.

A landſcape in needle-work, by lady Aileſbury, after Van Uden.

Eight views of ruins at Rome and other places, by Lucatelli.

A landſcape in Indian ink, with Italian, Chineſe and Gothic buildings; by Mr. Bentley, in his beſt ſtyle.

The head of old Dahl the painter, in water-colours, by himſelf; oval.

Cibber the ſtatuary, with a pair of compaſſes in his hand, in water-colours; by Chriſtian Richter.

George Granville, lord Lanſdown, in red; ditto; by Vertue, after Kneller.

Two ſmall pictures in oil, the ſtories of Suſanna and the elders, and of David and Bathſheba: Italian.

A beggar-boy with a bird's-neſt, water-colours on ivory; by Mr. Horace Walpole, from Murillo.

Queen Henrietta Maria; by Dixon.

Mary princeſs of Orange, mother of king William; by Hoſkins.

Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine lady Walpole; heads carved in ivory.

An

An old head, in a laced night-cap and ruff; by Cornelius Janſen, or Porbus.

Lady Arabella Stuart, when a child; by Iſaac Oliver.

Zachary Kneller, brother of ſir Godfrey; by Vertue, after Kneller.

St. Catherine reading; after Correggio, by Catherine lady Walpole.

At the end fronting the window:

A pot of carnations, drawn at Chelſea from the life by Van Huyſum, who lived there two years with ſir Robert Walpole: he was brother to the famous flower-painter: in oil.

Robert Walpole, father of ſir Robert Walpole; a head in crayons.

Mary Burwell, his wife; ditto.

An herb-market and a fiſh-market; after Teniers, in oil, by Angelis.

Sir Jeffery Burwell, grandfather of ſir Robert Walpole; he is an old man ſitting; a death's head by him: in crayons.

Mary, his wife, daughter and coheireſs of Thomas Derehaugh of Colton-hall, Suffolk: in crayons.

A ſtable-yard, with a cart, and a woman paring turnips; by J. H. Muntz; in oil.

Six curious pictures in water-colours of Mary de Medici and Louis XIII. and five great ducheſſes of Tuſcany; copied from a chamber at Poggio Imperiale near Florence, where the originals are dreſſed in the very clothes they wore, paſted on the hangings, with the faces painted on ſattin.

Six more drawings of ruins, by Lucatelli.

Anna Chamber counteſs Temple; by Hamilton.

Henry Carey earl of Monmouth, knight of the bath, tranſlator of many works *; by Theodore Ruſſel.

* See his article in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

Pope

Pope Benedict XIII. in wax; behind it is his elogium, written by Mr. Walpole and printed in his Fugitive Pieces.

Lady Newburgh, lord Lanſdown's Myra, in widow's weeds; copied by young Lens from the original of ſir Godfrey Kneller, in the collection of the earl of Cardigan; in water-colours.

The counteſs of Buckingham, mother of duke George Villiers, in mourning; by ditto: from the ſame collection.

Anna Maria Brudenel counteſs of Shrewſbury, famous for her amours with the ſecond George Villiers duke of Buckingham; by ditto, from ditto.

James Stuart duke of Richmond and earl of Litchfield, huſband of the beautiful Mrs. Stuart whom Charles II. was in love with; in armour; by Cooper.

Suſan Airmine lady Bellaſis, miſtreſs of James II.; by Cooper, unfiniſhed.

Lady Anne Watſon, daughter of Thomas earl of Strafford; by ditto.

Spencer Compton earl of Northampton, killed in the civil war.

A lady's head, temp. James I.

Two ladies of the court of queen Elizabeth; by Hilliard. Theſe five belonged to Spencer Compton earl of Wilmington.

An infant's head, ſleeping, by Viſcher; very natural: in black lead.

A boy's head, in red and black chalks; by Peter Oliver: very lively.

Mrs. Catherine Clive, the excellent comedian, in the character of the Fine Lady in Lethe; in water-colours by Worlidge.

A lady's head; in a black hood; by Cooper.

Boncourt, a French comedian; given by the comte du Chatelet.

A gentleman's head, in oil; oval, in a metal caſe.

Thomas earl of Arundel; ſmall head, in oil.

Charles II. in robes of the garter; in water-colours, after Lely; done by Richard ſecond lord Edgecumbe at the age of ſixteen.

Two

Two pieces of fruit and flowers, in water-colours; by old Lens.

Mrs. Scott, the painter's wife; by Deacon. A gentleman of great genius for drawing, who having misfortunes took to painting portraits in miniature, and hired the house late Zincke's in Covent-Garden, where Mr. Meyer the enameller now lives; but Mr. Deacon died in a year by the jail-distemper which was brought to the Old Bailey, where he happened to attend.

Mr. Pope, by young Lens, in water-colours; round.

Pomona; by Clinksted.

Mr. Thomas Gray; etched from his shade; by Mr. W. Mason.

A landscape on copper; by Roland Savery.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury; a print coloured by Wale, from the original of Isaac Oliver, in the collection of lord Powis.

William lord Mansfield; in oil, by Wootton.

Zeeman junior, painter, in blue, by his father.

Profile of an angel, after Guido; done in hair by Mary Lane, 1778.

Impression of Oliver Cromwell's privy seal.

The two sons of the old Pretender; painted at Rome in 1740.

The viscount Stafford, beheaded in the reign of Charles II.; in water-colours; a present from Mr. E. Jerningham the poet, nearly related to the Staffords.

On the window-side fronting the door, beginning on the left-hand.

A view of the Thames from Mrs. Clive's house at Twickenham; in blue and white, by Muntz.

A sprig of orange-flowers, and another of apple-blossoms; by Catherine lady Walpole, in water-colours.

A bunch of white roses; by ditto.

Inside of a church, by Steenwick.

Four more views of ruins; by Lucatelli.

A Chineſe building, deſigned and drawn by Mr. Bentley for the corner of the wood at Strawberry-hill, where the chapel now ſtands; in Indian ink.

The Farneſe Hercules, in wax; by Goſſet.

Cleopatra, in water-colours; Italian.

Mrs. Beale, and her ſon Charles; heads in water-colours by her.

Profile head of a Magdalen, a coloured print by Le Blon.

A red and white roſe, executed in feathers, by Werman Cany.

Biſhop Burnet in robes of prelate of the garter; by Mrs. Roſe.

Prince Charles of Lorrain, in a frame of tortoiſe-ſhell.

Then paſs to the right hand.

Over the window, B. Hoadley biſhop of Wincheſter, in wax; by Goſſet: and

Charles Townſhend chancellor of the exchequer: ditto.

Boors reading: Flemiſh. It was in ſir Robert Walpole's collection.

A landſcape: by Teniers.

Two more views of ruins: by Lucatelli.

The arms of ſir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, cut in paper on looking-glaſs, by Bermingham.

A converſation, after Watteau, in water-colours; by Mr. Horace Walpole.

Deſign for the arms of the two clubs at White's; drawn by the ſecond lord Edgecumbe, and invented by him, Mr. G. A. Selwyn, Mr. Geo. J. Williams, and Mr. Hor. Walpole, at Strawberry-hill. The arms are as follow: Vert (for the card-table) on a chevron ſable (for the hazard table) two rouleaus of guineas in ſaltire between two dice proper, the chevron between 3 parolis at Pharaoh, proper; on a canton ſable, a white balloting-

ball. Creſt, an arm and hand holding a dice-box, iſſuant from an earl's coronet. Supporters, an old and a young knave of clubs (for the two clubs). Motto, *cog-it amor nummi.* The arms ſurrounded by a bottle-ticket inſcribed, *claret*, in the manner of an order.

A king-fiſher and ducks, of the Batterſea enamel: it was a manufacture ſtamped with a copper-plate, ſupported by alderman Janſen, but failed.

Charles II. young, in armour, with the garter; oval miniature.

Mary ducheſs of Beaufort: oval miniature.

Mr. Congreve, in armour: oil.

A lady, with Italian mottoes; in a round.

A friar and lady at her toilette; by Clinkſted.

A woman hiding her lover from her blind huſband; by ditto.

A woman fainting in a man's arms; after ſome great maſter: D. Rawdon fe. 1703.

Mr. Deacon's ſon, by him: unfiniſhed.

Drawing by Müntz, in water-colours, from an illumination to a book of earl Rivers in the library at Lambeth, and from which the frontiſpiece was taken to Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

At the end of the cloſet towards the Thames.

Over the window, impreſſion of the great ſeal of queen Henrietta Maria: and

Frederic prince of Wales, in wax; by Goſſet.

Two prints of old Stocks-market, and Eſſex-court in the Temple, coloured by Baudin.

Head of James firſt earl of Stanhope, in crayons.

Ditto of Mrs. Sclater, in a black gauze hood.

Four more views, by Lucatelli. There are 24 in all.

Sir John Shorter, grandfather of Catherine lady Walpole; in crayons.

He was lord-mayor in 1688, when receiving the pope's nuntio in the city, James II. gave him an additional quarter to his arms: two years before he had been one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed aldermen on the Whig ſide. He died in his mayoralty.

Iſabella Birkhead, his widow, in weeds. They are buried in the church of St. Saviour, Southwark. Vide Maitland's Hiſtory of London.

Mary Bruce ducheſs of Richmond; by Hamilton.

Anne Conway, daughter of general Conway and lady Aileſbury, and wife of John Damer, eldeſt ſon of Joſeph lord Milton; by Hamilton.

Octagon of Thomas earl of Southampton, in his robes; but quære whether it is not the laſt duke of Ormond but one?

Henry Howard earl of Northampton; copied in water-colours by Hardinge; from the original at the earl's college at Greenwich.

A ſmall half-length of a young man, octagon on copper, by Fr. Hals; from Mr. Jennings's collection.

Two landſcapes in ſoot-water; by Mr. Bentley.

A writing-box, richly carved in ivory.

Two blue and white jars.

A red velvet coffer ornamented with ſilver, and containing ſix dram-bottles of the old Venetian glaſs flowered with gold and enamelled tops; from Mrs. Kennon's collection.

A temple of old japan.

Two cups and ſaucers of Seve china.

A ſmall table of ditto.

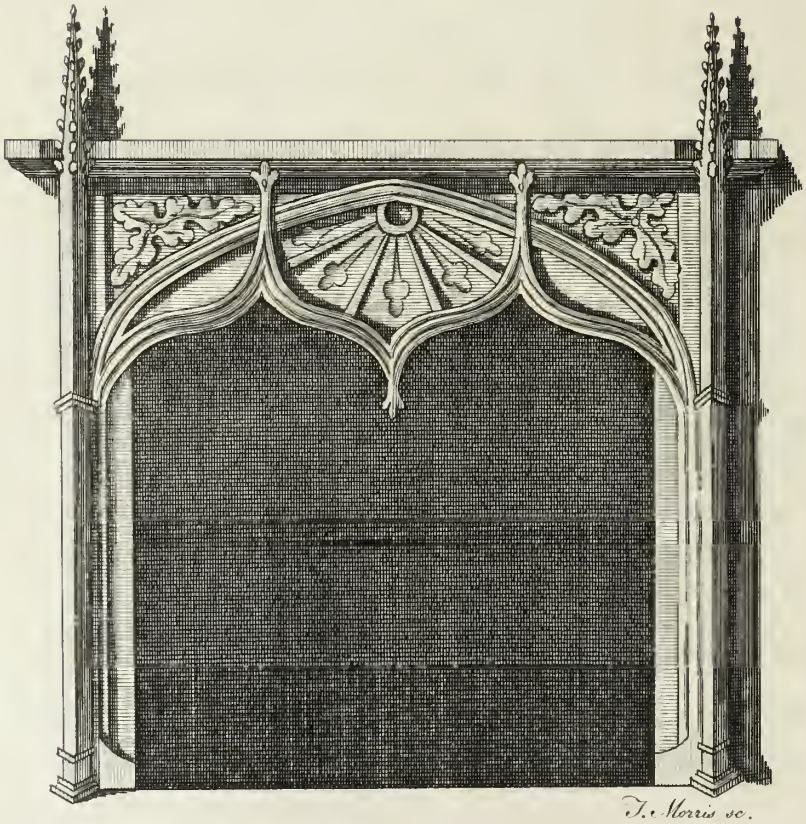
Three ebony chairs.

Small bronze buſt of Caracalla*.

Profile of lady Aileſbury, in wax; by her daughter Mrs. Damer.

* In the cupboards in this cloſet are many MSS. particularly all thoſe of Vertue, which Mr. Walpole bought of his widow.

Thomas



J. Morris sc.

CHIMNEY IN THE BLUE BED CHAMBER.

Thomas Seymour lord Sudley, brother of the protector Somerſet, copied by lady Lucan from the original in the poſſeſſion of the marquis of Buckingham.

Mary Churchill, ſecond wife of Charles lord Cadogan; ſmall life in oil, by W. Stavely.

A waſhed drawing of the walnut-tree covered with ivy on the terrace at Strawberry-hill, in winter; by lady Diana Beauclerc.

Two kittens in marble, by Mrs. Damer.

The BLUE BED-CHAMBER.

HUNG with plain blue paper; a linen bed; eight chintz chairs; a toilette worked by Mrs. Clive; a looking-glaſs in a tortoiſeſhell frame, ornamented with ſilver; two blue and white ſquare candleſticks of old Delft ware: an ancient lock to the door, richly wrought of braſs and ſteel; and a cabinet japanned by lady Walpole: on it, an ewer and baſon of blue and white Seve china; under it a blue and gold china bottle.

The chimney-piece was deſigned by Mr. Bentley. Over it,

In a frame of black and gold carved by Gibbons, ſir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; ſmall whole lengths; by Eckardt, after Zincke: the hounds and view of Houghton by Wootton. Sir Robert is ſitting; by him, on a table, is the purſe of chancellor of the exchequer, leaning againſt buſts of George I. and II. to denote his being firſt miniſter to thoſe kings: by lady Walpole are flowers, ſhells, a pallet and pencils, to mark her love of the arts. On the chimney,

A boy and girl in Seve biſcuit.

Three ſmall flower-pots, ditto.

Two cups and ſaucers, ditto.

Four blue and white cream-cups.

In the bow window, ſome very beautiful painted glaſs.

General Henry Seymour Conway, and Caroline counteſs dowager of Aileſbury, his wife; their daughter Anne ſitting on the ground playing with a dog. The attitudes and dreſſes taken from Watteau. This, and all the other pictures in this room, were painted by Eckardt.

Charles Churchill, and lady Maria Walpole, his wife, with their eldeſt ſon Charles; taken from the picture at Blenheim, of Rubens, his wife and child.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, knight of the bath.

Mr. Thomas Gray *; taken from the portrait of a muſician by Vandyck, at the duke of Grafton's.

Mr. Richard Bentley; from Vandyck. He holds in one hand his own deſign of the figure of Melancholy drawn by him for the edition of Mr. Gray's Odes.

Mr. Horace Walpole; from Vandyck, leaning on the Ædes Walpolianæ: behind him, a view of Strawberry-hill. The frames are of black and gold, carved after thoſe to Lombard's prints from Vandyck, but with emblems peculiar to each perſon.

The RED BEDCHAMBER.

HUNG with crimſon paper; by the bed, a crucifix of ivory; an ewer and baſon of Chantilli porcelaine; a red and white flower-pot, cup, ſaucer and ſugar-diſh, of Seve porcelaine; crimſon Norwich damaſk chairs, and an arm-chair of patch-work.

Pictures on the chimney ſide:

Gypſies telling a country-maiden her fortune at the entrance of a beech-wood; a moſt beautiful drawing in water-colours, deſigned and executed by lady Diana Beauclerc in 1781; the chef-d'œuvre of her works.

A drawing in Indian-ink of a foreſt, by Mary Danby, firſt married to Mr. Lockhart, and afterwards to general Harcourt, only brother of George Simon ſecond earl of Harcourt.

* With this motto, alluding to an Ode on Eton, which, though one of his beſt productions, was his firſt publiſhed, *Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.*

An old beggar; by Teniers.

Heads of goats, a fine ſketch by Berghem; from the collection of Wootton the painter.

View of Elizabeth-caſtle in Jerſey, by Müntz; in oil.

A coloured drawing, by the reverend Mr. Gilpin.

Maria Walpole counteſs of Waldegrave and ducheſs of Glouceſter, with her eldeſt daughter lady Elizabeth Laura; a mezzotinto.

A moonlight on copper, by Bonus, jun.

Side oppoſite the window.

A landſcape, by Mullins.

Falconet the painter's wife, by him; highly finiſhed.

Mary Kirk, wife of ſir Richard Vernon, known by the name of Warmeſtre in the Memoires de Grammont.

Two views of Richmond-hill, and Twickenham, from Strawberry-hill, by Müntz; in oil.

Le comte de Grignan; a print.

Madame de Caylus, niece of madame de Maintenon; a print.

Two old men; an Italian ſketch.

The original drawing of Titus Oates, in black lead, by Robert White; a preſent from Richard Bull, eſq.

A head of the duke d'Epernon, favourite of Henry III. painted on oriental alabaſter; a preſent from colonel St. Paul, chargé d'affaires at Paris.

A print of the princeſs Sophia, eldeſt daughter of their royal highneſſes William Henry and Maria, duke and ducheſs of Glouceſter.

The father of Pope as he lay dead; drawn by his father-in-law Samuel Cooper: bought by Richardſon, junior, at the ſale of Mrs. Martha Blount, to whom Pope had bequeathed this and the three following.

Mrs.

Mrs. Editha Cooper, mother of Pope; by John Richardſon, ſenior.

Mr. Pope himſelf; ditto.

Henry St. John viſcount Bolingbroke; ditto.

Sketch by Kent, for a niche in Mr. Fairfax's houſe in Saville-row.

On the ſides of the window:

Madame de Prie, miſtreſs of the duc de Bourbon, prime miniſter in the minority of Louis XV. in crayons; ſhe died of vexation at the diſgrace of the duke: a preſent from madame du Deffand, who was intimate with her.

The four ſeaſons, heads of boys in rounds; Italian: a preſent from the duc de Nivernois.

Macbeth in the witches' cave; a print.

Four drawings of humour, waſhed, by Elias Martin.

An ancient illuminated drawing.

A landſcape, view in Jerſey, by Mr. Bentley; in oil *.

A young lady reading the Caſtle of Otranto to her companion; a graceful and expreſſive drawing, done for a preſent to Mr. W. by Lavinia Bingham, eldeſt daughter of lady Lucan the celebrated copyiſt, and ſince married to lord Althorp.

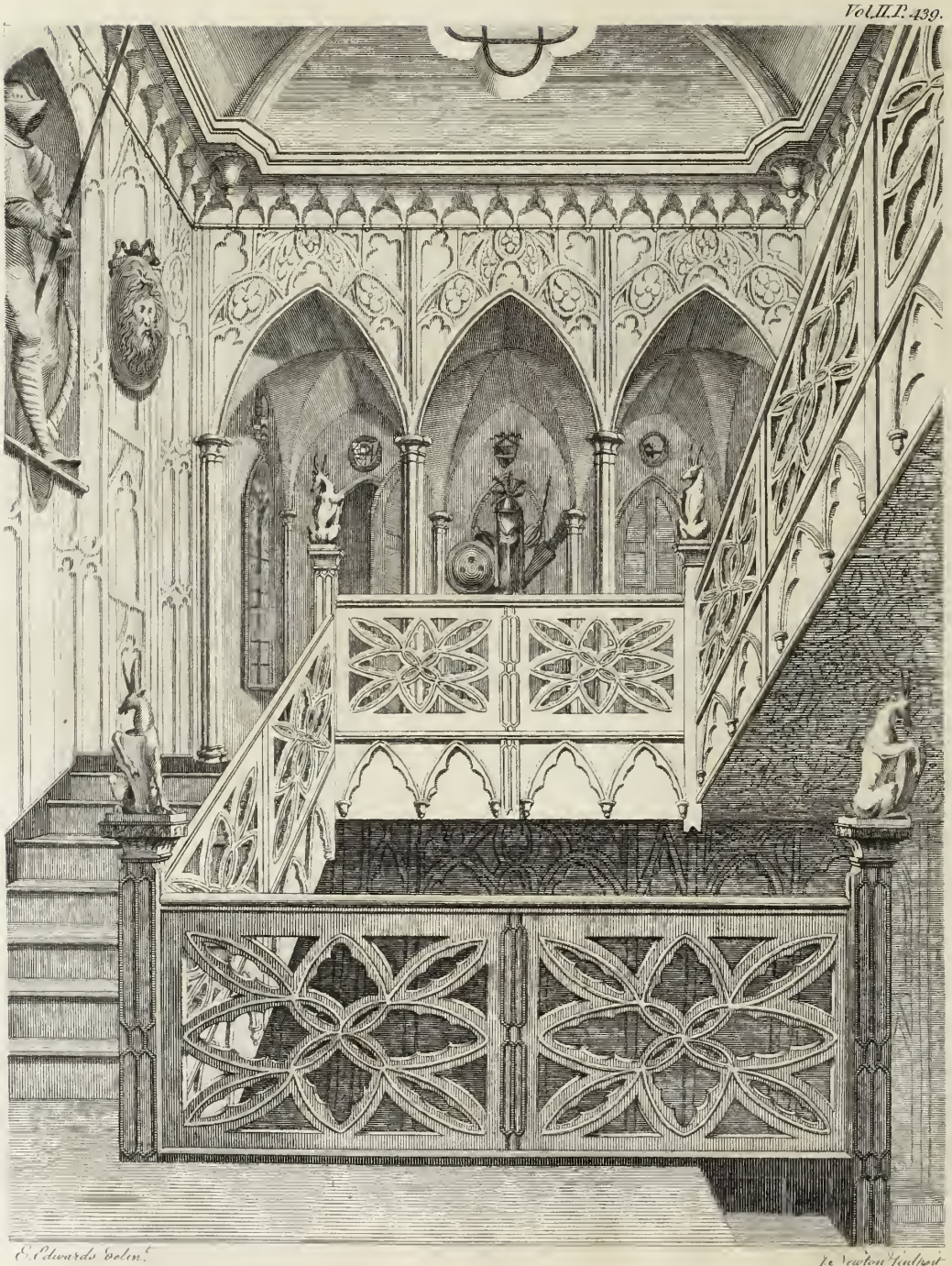
A fine drawing in water-colours, by the reverend Mr. Gilpin.

Sophia Dorothea, wife of George the firſt; copied by Hardinge from the original which princeſs Amelie bequeathed to her nephew the landgrave of Heſſe, and which George the ſecond hung up in Leiceſter-houſe as ſoon as he heard of his father's death.

A ſmall head of Oldham, the poet, in oil; as clear and fine as Vandyck. It had been in the collection of Mr. Dinely.

A view of lady Di. Beauclerc's villa at Twickenham, by Sam. Lyſons, eſq.

* In this piece Mr. Bentley has repreſented himſelf and his ſecond wife on the ſea-ſhore.



E. Edwards delin.t

J. Newton Sculpsit

STAIRCASE AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

On the STAIRCASE.

IN a niche, the armour of Francis I. king of France, of ſteel gilt, and covered with bas-reliefs in a fine taſte: his lance is of ebony inlaid with ſilver; his ſword ſteel; beautifully inlaid with gold, probably the work of Benvenuto Cellini: there is alſo the armour for the horſe's head. This very valuable ſuit of armour was purchaſed from the Crozat collection in 1772, on the death of the baron de Thiers, when the czarina bought the fine collection of pictures and bronzes. Over againſt it,

Henry V. and his family; bought in 1773, at the ſale of James Weſt, preſident of the Royal Society. See a deſcription and print of this picture in the firſt volume of the Anecdotes of Painting in England. This picture came out of Stafford-houſe, or Tart-hall, Weſtminſter: and I imagine that this, and the two others of Henry VI. and VII. were done by order of Henry VII. in honour of the houſe of Lancaſter. I have heard that that of Henry VI. came out of the palace of Shene.

Henry VIII. aged 29, and Charles V. aged 20, in one picture, from Mr. Weſt's collection. Behind Charles V. are two figures, probably deſigned for his grandfather and father, the emperor Maximilian, and Philip.

Two ſhields of leather, for tournaments, painted by Polidore; one has the head of Meduſa, the other of Perſeus: on the inſides are battles in gold. They came out of the collection of commendatore Vittoria at Naples, and were ſent to Mr. W. by ſir W. Hamilton, with a third of iron, repreſenting the ſtory of Curtius, but certainly not antique, as there is a cannon and an embattled tower at a diſtance.

Over the middle arcade is a curious ancient head of Henry III. carved in alto-relievo on oak, from the church of Barnwell near Oundle in Northamptonſhire, which he endowed. This head is very like to the effigies on his tomb, and to that in painted glaſs in the chapel here at Strawberry-hill.

Monamy the painter ſhewing a ſea-piece to Mr. Thomas Walker, a collector of pictures; ſmall life; the figures by Hogarth, the ſea-piece by Monamy. A preſent from Richard Bull, eſq.

A Perſian

A Perſian ſhield, over the door into the blue room.

An ancient diſh of fayence, over the door of the red room.

Top of a warming-pan that belonged to Charles II. with his arms and this motto, *Serve God and live for ever.* As the date on it is 1660, with C. R. it probably was uſed for his majeſty and the ducheſs of Cleveland.

Wootton the painter, his wife and children; ſmall life, painted by Gav. Hamilton.

The ARMOURY

IS an open veſtibule of three gothic arches, lighted by a window entirely of painted glaſs, and ornamented over the doors and niches with quarterings of the family of Walpole, painted by Grant.

Two ſuits of armour, on one of which is the mark of a bullet; two helmets; a gauntlet; a round leathern quiver; and two pair of ſtirrups; from Coombe, near Kingſton in Surry, which ſeat formerly belonged to the great Richard Neville earl of Warwick. Theſe arms therefore probably were part of thoſe which ſerved his troops when he marched to Weſtminſter to awe the parliament in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

A beautiful Perſian ſhield, made of a rhinoceros's hide tanned, enamelled, and almoſt tranſparent.

An Indian ſcimitar, the handles and ornaments of ſilver, in a green velvet caſe; and a dagger of the ſame; given by a nabob to George Morton Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, and by his widow to Mr. Walpole.

An Indian ſword, the blade waving and damaſked, the ſcabbard of wood twiſted with cane, the hilt an owl carved in wood.

Two Indian quivers, full of arrows.

An Indian lance, the head of wood double-barbed and delicately wrought, that it might break into ſplinters in a wound.

Several other lances, ſpears, and Indian bows.

An

An Indian bow, painted.

An Indian ſcimitar in a Japan ſcabbard.

Four broad ſwords.

A collar ſet with ſpikes, for a wild beaſt.

Five pieces of a coat of mail.

An Indian pouch made of beads and hair; a girdle, ditto; a collar, ditto; and two leather ſhoes, ornamented ditto.

An eaſtern powder-horn of ſteel and bronze, richly graved, and hung to a chain with a tablet of bronze, characters in the middle on a red ground.

An Indian mace, inlaid with braſs.

A hatchet, ditto. Theſe three from the collection of monſ. Julienne at Paris.

Two halberds, from the old houſe at Houghton.

An American calumet; a warrior's wreath; and a neck ornament: preſents from governor Pownall.

An ancient muſket, richly carved; a preſent from Moſes Franks, eſq.

Another ancient muſket and piſtol inlaid with ivory; from the collection of Mr. Scott.

A tall oſſuarium with bas-reliefs, a ſacrifice and tripods.

Another, curious for being a double one; the inſcriptions,

VIBIA. P. L.	P. VIBIVS.
ASIATICE.	P. O. L.
VIXIT.	MODESTVS.
ANN. XXII.	

Head of Iſis, ſmall model in terra-cotta by Mrs. Damer, which ſhe executed in large in ſtone for the bridge at Henley.

An ancient battle-axe and a bandelier.

A curious royal lock, made as early as in the reign of Henry VII. from one of the palaces; a preſent from Thomas Aſtle, eſq.

The LIBRARY.

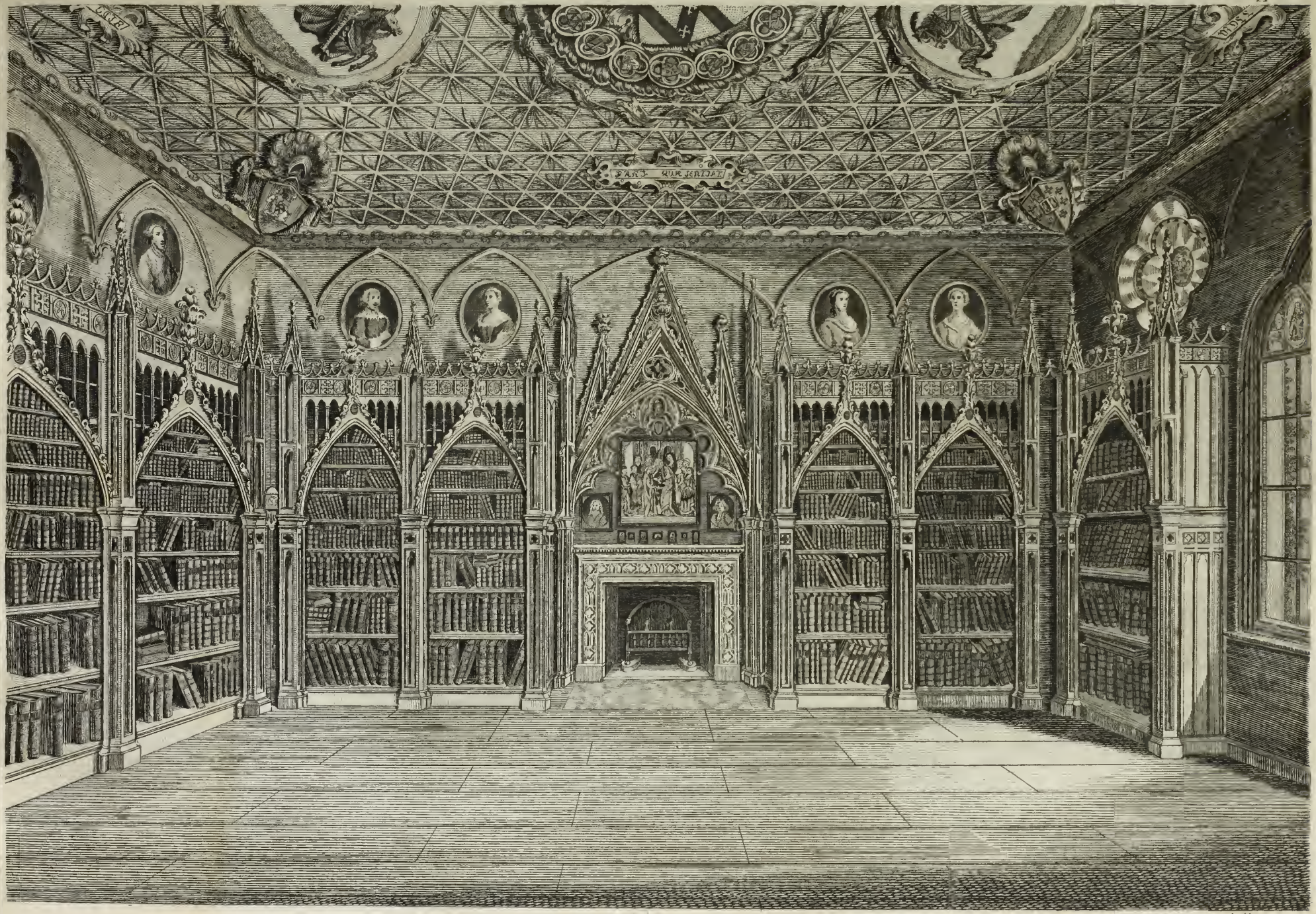
THE books are ranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from a ſide-door caſe to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's. The doors themſelves were deſigned by Mr. Chute. The chimney-piece is imitated from the tomb of John of Eltham earl of Cornwall, in Weſtminſter-abbey: the ſtone-work from that of Thomas duke of Clarence, at Canterbury. An ancient curfeu, or couvre-feu; from Mr. Goſtling's collection. The ceiling was painted by Clermont, from Mr. Walpole's deſign drawn out by Mr. Bentley. In the middle is the ſhield of Walpole ſurrounded with the quarters borne by the family. At each end in a round is a knight on horſeback, in the manner of ancient ſeals; that next to the window bears the arms of Fitz Oſbert, the other of Robſart. At the four corners are ſhields, helmets, and mantles: on one ſhield is a large H, on another a W, ſemée of croſs croſslets, in imitation of an ancient bearing of the Howards in Blomfield's Norfolk. On another ſhield is the Saracen's head, the creſt of the family, but here the Catherine-wheel is above the cap, not on it; having been ſo borne by the Robſarts, as appears from the tomb of Lodowic Robſart lord Bourchier, in Weſtminſter-abbey. On the fourth ſhield is an antelope, one of lord Orford's ſupporters, with the arms about his neck, reſting under a tree, as in old devices. On either ſide is the motto of the family, *Fari quæ ſentiat*; and at the ends, M.DCC.LIV. the year in which this room was finiſhed, expreſſed in Gothic letters: the whole on a moſaic ground.

The large window and the two roſe windows have a great deal of fine painted glaſs, particularly, Faith, Hope, and Charity, whole figures in colours; a large ſhield with the arms of England, and heads of Charles I. and Charles II.

On one ſide of the window, a landſcape by Polemberg. Oppoſite to it,

Chriſtina queen of Sweden, in her uſual dreſs, partly male, partly female: a curious drawing with a pen by Steph. de la Bella.

Over the chimney, an ancient and valuable piece, repreſenting the mar-



Godfrey sculp.

Library
at Strawberry Hill.

riage of Henry VI. of which ſee a deſcription in The Anecdotes of Painting. Above it are that king's arms, the red roſe crowned, and queen Margaret's arms in a lozenge. On each ſide, two bronze medallions of the Malateſtas, ſovereigns of Rimini.

A girl and cat, in water-colours, copied by Mr. Walpole from Roſalba.

A boy with a flute, by ditto, from a picture of Cavalier Luti, at Houghton.

Sir Robert Walpole, when a boy, in crayons.

Sir Edward Walpole, knight of the bath, grandfather of ſir Robert; in oil.

Henry duke of Richmond, natural ſon of Henry VIII. in his ſhirt and night-cap, which is embroidered with black: a miniature.

Mary, ſole daughter and heireſs of Thomas lord Fairfax, wife of George Villiers ſecond duke of Buckingham: ditto, by Cooper.

The queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I. ditto, by Iſaac Oliver.

Sir Francis Drake: ditto, by Hilliard.

Charles Howard, earl of Nottingham, the great admiral, æt. 37; by Iſaac Oliver.

Lady Penelope Compton, daughter of Spencer earl of Northampton, and wife of ſir Edward Nicholas, ſecretary of ſtate; by Cooper.

Count Gondomar, a fine head in oil; ſmall.

A print of king Staniſlaus in his old age, coloured and dreſſed with ſilks after the clothes he wore: a preſent from Mrs. Damer.

A Roman ſimpulum in bronze.

Two bronze antique lamps and chains.

One ditto, modern, with a triton.

A cow, ditto.

An ancient braſs padlock in the ſhape of a hand.

A greyhound in bronze, to keep down papers.

A ſilver ſtandiſh that was ſir Robert Walpole's, with his arms.

Pictures over the book-caſes:

Lady Fairborne, daughter of ſir —— Rookeſby, and wife of ſir Stafford Fairborne; in red: niece of

Catherine, daughter of Edward Darcy, eſq. and wife of ſir Eraſmus Philips, of Picton-caſtle in Pembrokeſhire, grandmother of Catherine lady Walpole, whom ſhe educated.

Sir John Shorter, lord mayor of London in 1688; in black.

Iſabella Birkhead, his wife.

Francis Seymour Conway earl of Hertford, and knight of the garter; by Aſtley, after Liotard.

Lady Iſabella Fitzroy, youngeſt daughter of Charles ſecond duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis earl of Hertford; by Eckardt, after Vanloo.

Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of lord Hertford: in armour, by Eckardt.

Charlotte, ſecond daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook in Kent, and third wife of Francis lord Conway; in yellow.

Thomas Shorter, ſecond ſon of ſir John Shorter; in brown.

John Shorter, eſq. of Bybrook in Kent, eldeſt ſon of ſir John Shorter; in red.

John Shorter, in armour, eldeſt ſon of the foregoing, and brother of

Catherine Shorter, eldeſt daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook, and firſt wife of ſir Robert Walpole afterwards earl of Orford: a copy after old Dahl.

A clock of ſilver gilt, richly chaſed, engraved and ornamented with fleurs de lys, little heads, &c. on the top ſits a lion holding the arms of England, which are alſo on the ſides. This was a preſent from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn; and ſince, from lady Elizabeth Germaine to Mr. Walpole. On the

the weights are the initial letters of Henry and Anne, within true lovers knots; at top, *Dieu et mon Droit.*

A ſemicircular oſſuarium, an uncommon form: in the pediment, a tripod ſupported by grifons: at each corner, a horned head of a man and a bird, a feſtoon hangs from the horns of the men, on which are two more birds: the inſcription,

P. LENILIO
MARTIALI
POSVIT FORTVNATVS
PATRONO SVO B. M.

A ſquare oſſuarium; heads of rams, a feſtoon and birds; the inſcription,

D. Q. I. C. L. M.
FECIT MCEEI
CAEIIAPRI
MIGENIAPD.

Theſe two urns were in the collection of doctor Meade.

An oſſuarium adorned on the front and ſides with ivy and birds drinking out of a vaſe; the inſcription,

D. TI. CL. M. SVCCESSO. FILIO. PIENTISSIMO. QVI.
ANN. VIX. XIIX. PARENTES FEC.

Three more, ſquare; and one round, with a bird on the cover.

The fiſhing eagle, modelled in terra-cotta, the ſize of life. This bird was taken in lord Melbourn's park at Brocket-hall, and in taking it one of the wings was almoſt cut off, and Mrs. Damer ſaw it in that momentary rage, which ſhe remembered, and has executed exactly. She has written her own name in Greek on the baſe, and Mr. W. added this line,

Non me Praxiteles finxit, at Anna Damer, 1787.

Rare books of prints and drawings in the library:

Thuanus, the large edition in 14 volumes, enriched with beautiful prints of

of the beſt impreſſions, containing portraits of the principal perſonages. This ſet was collected by ſir Clement Cotterel Dormer.

Ædes Walpolianæ, the original drawings, with every print that has been engraved from the pictures, and with other prints and drawings of houſes and buildings that belonged to ſir Robert Walpole and the family of Walpole.

A collection of initial letters from the beginning of printing, with ſome drawings of heads of the firſt printers; collected by Mr. Ames, author of the Typographical Antiquities.

Sir Julius Cæſar's travelling library, containing 44 ſmall volumes in Latin, incloſed in a caſe the ſize of a folio.

Faithorne's works, moſt beautiful impreſſions; folio.

Hogarth's ditto; the moſt complete ſet of his works that is known, with ſome of his original drawings.

Mr. Henry Bunbury's ditto, in two volumes.

Vertue's ditto, in two large folios.

Teniers's ditto.

Twenty-one large volumes of prints after different great maſters.

A volume of drawings by Mr. Sam. Scott and Mr. Müntz.

Three volumes of Hollar's prints.

Drawings of the Florentine gallery.

Prints from pictures, antiquities and curioſities, at Strawberry-hill.

Drawings by Italian maſters, bound in red morocco, 3 vols.

Drawings and prints of heads of Engliſh painters and artiſts, in 2 volumes folio: very curious.

Twelve large folios of Engliſh heads, bound in vellum, and ranged according to the reign of each king.

Five

Five larger of the reign of George III. and an additional volume of heads of different reigns collected ſince.

A volume of heads, antiquities, monuments, views, &c. by Vertue and others.

Deſigns by Mr. Richard Bentley, bound in marble and gilt.

Ditto by Rembrandt, Van Huyſum, &c.

Proceſſion of knights of the garter, temp. queen Elizabeth, copied by Vertue from the originals by Mark Garrard.

Sevigniana, or a collection of portraits of ſeveral perſons mentioned in the letters of madame de Sevigné.

A book of French portraits in the time of Francis I. It belonged to Brantome, who has inſcribed the names of ſeveral of the perſons. From the collection of monſieur Mariette at Paris.

A large volume bound in red morocco and gold, containing etchings by various perſons of quality.

A large book of miſcellaneous drawings by various maſters, ancient and modern.

Curious books in the glaſs cloſet in the library:

Mr. Bentley's original deſigns for Mr. Gray's poems, bound in red morocco and gilt.

Six views after nature in Indian-ink, by Bernard Lens.

A book of patterns for old point lace; exceedingly rare.

Baker on Learning, with MS. notes.

Holbein's prints for the bible, with French verſes by Nicholas Borbonius.

Drawings of all the Spintrian medals; from ſir Clem. Cotterel's library.

Apologie de Jehan Chaſtel: very rare.

Milton's

Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, given by the duke of Wharton to lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who has written verſes in the firſt leaf.

A miſſal, engraved on copper-plates at Venice.

D'Eon's Letters, with prints of the principal perſons: quarto.

Callot's pocket-book, with a great number of exquiſite original drawings by himſelf: a preſent to Mr. Walpole from his brother Robert earl of Orford: very valuable.

Bizarie di varie figure di Giovan Batiſta Bracelli, pittore Fiorentino, al Illmo. S. Don Pietro Medici: 1624. This moſt rare and ſingular book contains prints of human figures formed by the ſtrangeſt materials, as diamonds, hoops, bladders, pieces of carpentry, battledoors, kitchen-ſtuff, &c. &c. It ſeems to be the compoſition of a madman, but the drawings are maſterly, and the attitudes moſt noble.

Le tombeau de Marguerite de Valois, with verſes by three daughters of the protector duke of Somerſet: very ſcarce.

The pocket-book, with his expences, of Robert Walpole, father of ſir Robert Walpole.

Accounts of Blenheim, Stowe, Wilton, and other places, with MS. notes by Mr. Horace Walpole: tied in one parcel.

A German book with prints coloured of Charles V. and the German princes of his time.

The arms of the knights of the garter made by Richard III. in their proper colours, and bound in red velvet: a preſent from Walter Robertſon, mayor of Lynn.

Deſcription of Wilton, with drawings and notes by Vertue.

A book of heads and ſketches, by Vertue.

A complete ſet of the books printed at Strawberry-hill.

A book of drawings of vaſes, bas-reliefs, and other antiquities.

Catalogue of the Harleian collection with the prices, and drawings of ſome of the curioſities by Vertue.

Dr. Percy's book of the earl of Northumberland's houſehold.

Two books of ſwan-marks, on vellum: extremely rare.

A book of deſigns of buildings, by John Chute, eſq. of the Vine.

Drawings of churches, monuments, &c. by ſir Charles Frederick and Smart Lethullier, eſq. in 3 vols. folio.

A thin folio, containing 35 prints after groteſque paintings.

The Iliad and Odyſſey, the very books from which Pope made his tranſlations: in one of the volumes is a view of Twickenham, drawn by Pope.

Three illuminated miſſals.

Whiſton's Life, with MS. index of the principal paſſages.

Sir T. More's Life, with marginal writing by Philip earl of Pembroke.

The Charter of Foreſts, one of the original copies finely preſerved, with the great ſeal of Edward I. appendant; found at Hackney 1743, among writings of the ancient family of Shordich, by Robert Bygrave; preſented by him to ſir Edward Walpole, and by him to his brother Horace.

Bathoe's catalogues of the collections of Charles I. James II. and the duke of Buckingham; with their portraits, and large additions and notes by Mr. Walpole.

Catalogue of the pictures belonging to the crown, temp. Annæ, MS. A preſent from Mr. Topham Beauclerc.

Two large volumes of catalogues of all the exhibitions from the firſt, to the end of the year 1780, with MS. notes.

Catalogue of the 25 moſt precious coins and medals in the roſe-wood caſe.

1. An unique crown of king Edward VI. bought at lord Oxford's ſale in 1742.

2. Medal of pope Julius III. in ſilver, ſtruck on the reſtoration of the Roman catholic religion in England by queen Mary.

3. A ſatirical ſilver medal ſtruck in Holland. On the obverſe, the head of Oliver Cromwell laureated in armour. On the reverſe he is kneeling in the lap of Britannia, with his breeches down; the French and Spaniſh ambaſſadors are contending which ſhall kiſs firſt; the former ſays to the latter, *Retire toy, l'honneur appartient au roi mon maitre Louis le Grand.* Very ſcarce; from lord Oxford's collection.

4. A ſilver medal; on one ſide the head of queen Mary of England, on the other, of Philip II. both in alto-relievo, and of the moſt exquiſite workmanſhip. It was a trial-piece, and is certainly the fineſt modern medal known. It was bought by Mr. Walpole in Italy.

5. A large gold medal of Henry VIII. On the reverſe, his titles in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. It is the firſt medal of the Engliſh ſeries. From lord Oxford's collection.

6. A ſilver medal on the deſtruction of the Spaniſh armada. See an account of this medal, and the preceding, in Evelyn. From the ſame collection.

7. Coin of young king Henry, ſon of Henry II. From ditto.

8. Fine gilt coin of pope Paul III. Reverſe, a Ganymede, admirably drawn: this beautiful coin was the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti. From the collection of baron Stoſch.

9. Silver medal of lord treaſurer Southampton; by Abraham Simon.

10. Gold fragment of queen Elizabeth's laſt broad piece, deſcribed in the Royal and Noble Authors. Unique: from the Oxford collection.

11. Gold medal of Nero Claudius Druſus: reverſe, trophies, *De Germanis.*

12. Gold medal of Trajan: reverſe, his forum. Theſe two are very rare.

13. Gold medal of Marc Antony: reverſe, the head of Octavia, the only one of her known, which makes this medal of the higheſt value.

14. Gold medal of Otho: very ſcarce, and finely preſerved.

15. Ditto of Pertinax: not only very rare, but in the moſt exquiſite preſervation.

16. Copper coin of king Ferdinand of Naples; a pun on the reverſe; his arms, a *horſe*; the motto, *Equitas regni.*

17. Silver coin of Euſtace, ſon of king Stephen; very rare: from lord Oxford's collection.

18. A ſilver half crown of pope Clement XI. Reverſe, the pantheon.

19. Copper medal of pope Gregory XIII. on the correction of the calendar: the reverſe, which is in beautiful taſte, was deſigned by Parmegiano.

20. Silver medal of the ſame pope, on the maſſacre of St. Barthelemi: on the reverſe, the deſtroying angel murdering the proteſtants; the legend, *Hugonotorum Strages.* This ſcandalous medal was called in, and the die broken; which has made it very uncommon.

21. A ſilver coin ſtruck by the republic of Florence when they declared Jeſus Chriſt their king, to keep off the pope: from baron Stoſch's collection: extremely rare.

22. Copper medal of Lorenzo of Medici, who ſtabbed duke Alexander: the reverſe copied from Brutus's medal, with the cap of liberty between two daggers; the legend, VIII *Id. Jan.* Very rare.

23. Copper medal of Clement VII. Reverſe, Joſeph and his brethren: deſigned by Raphael.

24. Coin of Theodore king of Corſica: rare.

25. Braſs ſatirical medal on queen Anne: reverſe, the queen and lady Maſham embracing; motto, *All for Love.*

Mr. WALPOLE's BEDCHAMBER, Two Pair of Stairs.

THE chimney-piece was deſigned by Mr. Chute, and has great grace. In the window, compoſed of ſeven lights, are ſeveral curious pieces of painted glaſs; as, the arms of Anne Boleyn with the quarterings which the king allowed her to bear of the families from which ſhe was deſcended, though with no right of quartering; a large lion coloured; four large angels in black and white; cypher and portcullis of king Edward; arms of Clinton and Ratcliffe; fine heads in black and white of Charlemagne, prince William, and prince Maurice of Orange, &c.

Over the chimney, View of the Vine in Hampſhire, the ſeat of John Chute, eſq. by Müntz.

A ſmall print of Mr. Andrews's Gothic houſe near Donnington-caſtle and Spine-hill, Berkſhire; deſigned by John Chute, eſq.

Fifteen ſmall drawings of Engliſh and French comedians; by Feſch.

View of the gate of St. Edmund at Bury.

A fable, in cut paper on looking-glaſs; by Bermingham.

Over the door, Head of John Chute, eſq. by Müntz, after Pompeio Battoni.

La ſignora Eliſabetta Capponi Grifoni, a Florentine beauty; by Ferd. Richter, 1741.

Patapan, a Roman dog, belonging to Mr. Walpole; by Wootton.

Doctor Conyers Middleton; by Eckardt.

Doctor Thomas Aſhton, fellow of Eton-college; by ditto. He died in 1775.

A man and woman in water-colours, after Watteau; by Mr. Walpole.

A rural ball, after Watteau; by ditto.

Catherine Walpole, eldeſt daughter of ſir Robert Walpole; ſmall head in oil.

Horace Walpole, when a child, in a white frock; in crayons.

A ſprig of orange, in water-colours; by lady Walpole.

A bunch of flowers, ditto; by lady Anne Conway, eldeſt daughter of lord Hertford, and wife of the earl of Drogheda.

Drawing of Rembrandt's mother, from the picture at Windſor, called the counteſs of Deſmond; by Müntz.

Prints, of the houſe of commons and warrant for beheading Charles I. inſcribed with a pen, *Major charta*; of Ethelreda lady Townſhend; of lord Chatham; lord Holland; lord and lady Strafford; Mr. H. Walpole; and le comte de Guerchy.

A cat, in an ebony frame.

A landſcape by Mr. Taverner, exactly in the manner of Gaſpar Pouſſin.

In the PLAID BEDCHAMBER, in the South Tower, is the portrait of Henry Walpole the jeſuit, who was executed for attempting to poiſon queen Elizabeth. He is crowned with glory and holds a palm-branch, the emblem of martyrdom; the arms of the family in one corner. This picture came from Mr. Walpole's of Lincolnſhire, the laſt of the Roman catholic branch of the family, who died about the year 1748.

THE STAR CHAMBER

IS a ſmall anti-room, painted green, with golden ſtars in moſaic. It has a large window entirely of painted glaſs; two triangular chairs taken from a piece of glaſs in Mr. Walpole's bed-chamber; two ſmall Welch armed chairs, painted blue and white, with cuſhions of point-lace, and on one the arms of Mr. Richard Bateman, at whoſe ſale they were purchaſed: a japan tea-table with white porcelaine; and a card-table of the ſame.

A mahogany cabinet, containing a collection of Engliſh and foreign coins and

and medals. On it, a buſt of Henry VII. in ſtone, a model in great taſte for his tomb, by Torreggiano*. Under it a vaſe of falſe porphyry; from the collection of the comte de Caylus.

Another like cabinet, with gold, ſilver, and braſs Greek and Roman coins, and a complete ſet of Roman weights from Dr. Middleton's collection. On it, a buſt of Gibbs the architect in marble, by Ryſbrack. Beneath, a vaſe, companion to the former.

A porringer, cover and plate, white, with different golds, of Seve china; a preſent from Mrs. Damer.

Catherine Haſtings, firſt counteſs of Cheſterfield.

Hence you go into a trunk-ceiled paſſage, lighted by a window of painted glaſs, in which are many quarterings of Latton, a family formerly ſeated at Eſher in Surry: in the window, a candleſtick enamelled on copper. This paſſage leads to

The HOLBEIN CHAMBER.

THE ceiling is taken from the queen's dreſſing-room at Windſor. The chimney-piece, deſigned by Mr. Bentley, is chiefly taken from the tomb of archbiſhop Warham at Canterbury. Over it, a glaſs in a black and gold frame; and a piece of Roman fayence in the ſhape of a boat, Bacchus and Ceres in relief in the middle.

A fire-ſcreen embroidered by Miſs Hotham, to whom Mr. W. addreſſed the fable of The Magpie and her young.

Two blue china beakers.

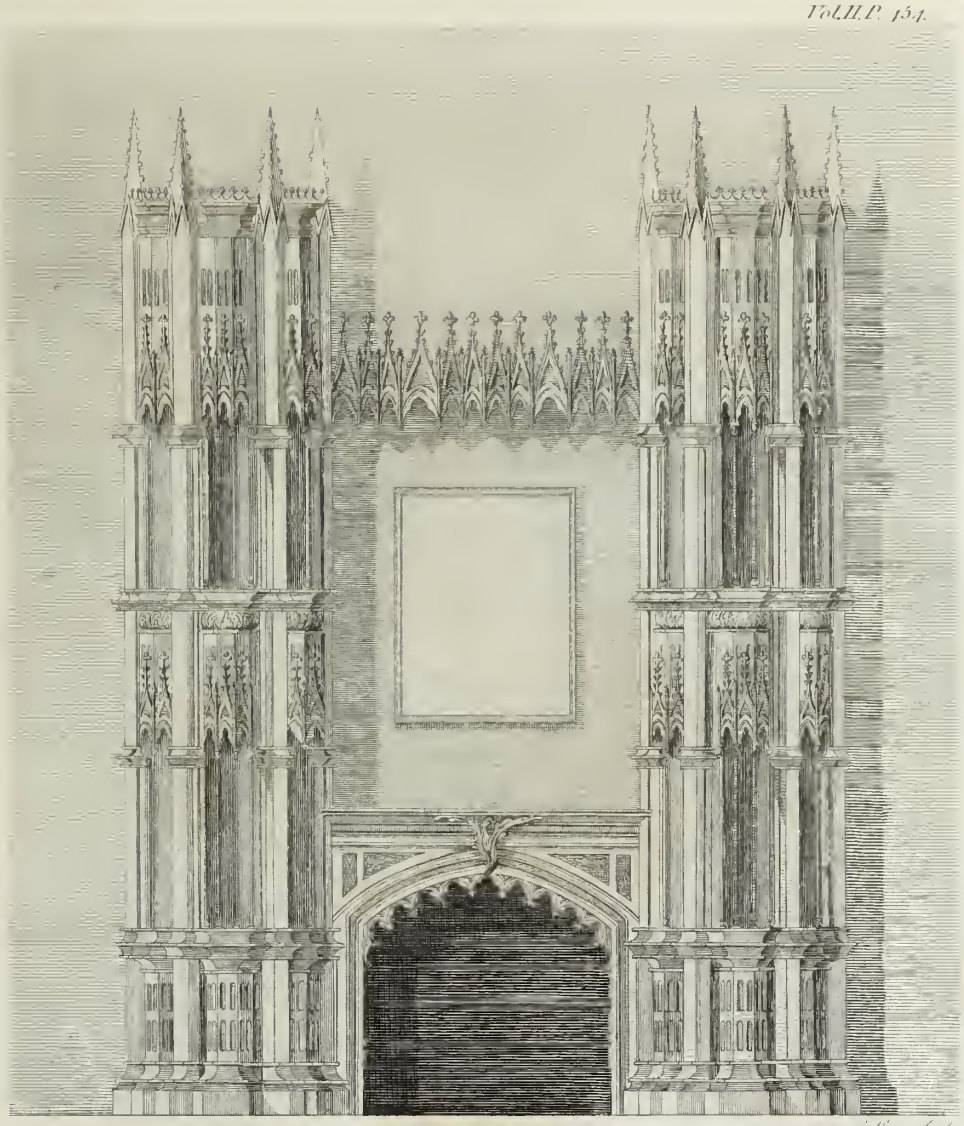
The pierced arches of the ſcreen from the gates of the choir of Rouen; the reſt of the ſcreen was deſigned by Mr. Bentley.

In the bow windows ſome fine painted glaſs, and the arms of England, and thoſe of George prince of Denmark; the ground is a beautiful moſaic of crimſon, blue, and pearls, deſigned and painted by Price of Hatton-garden.

A table and ſix chairs of ebony. On the table a tray with four ancient

* Vide Anecdotes of Painting.

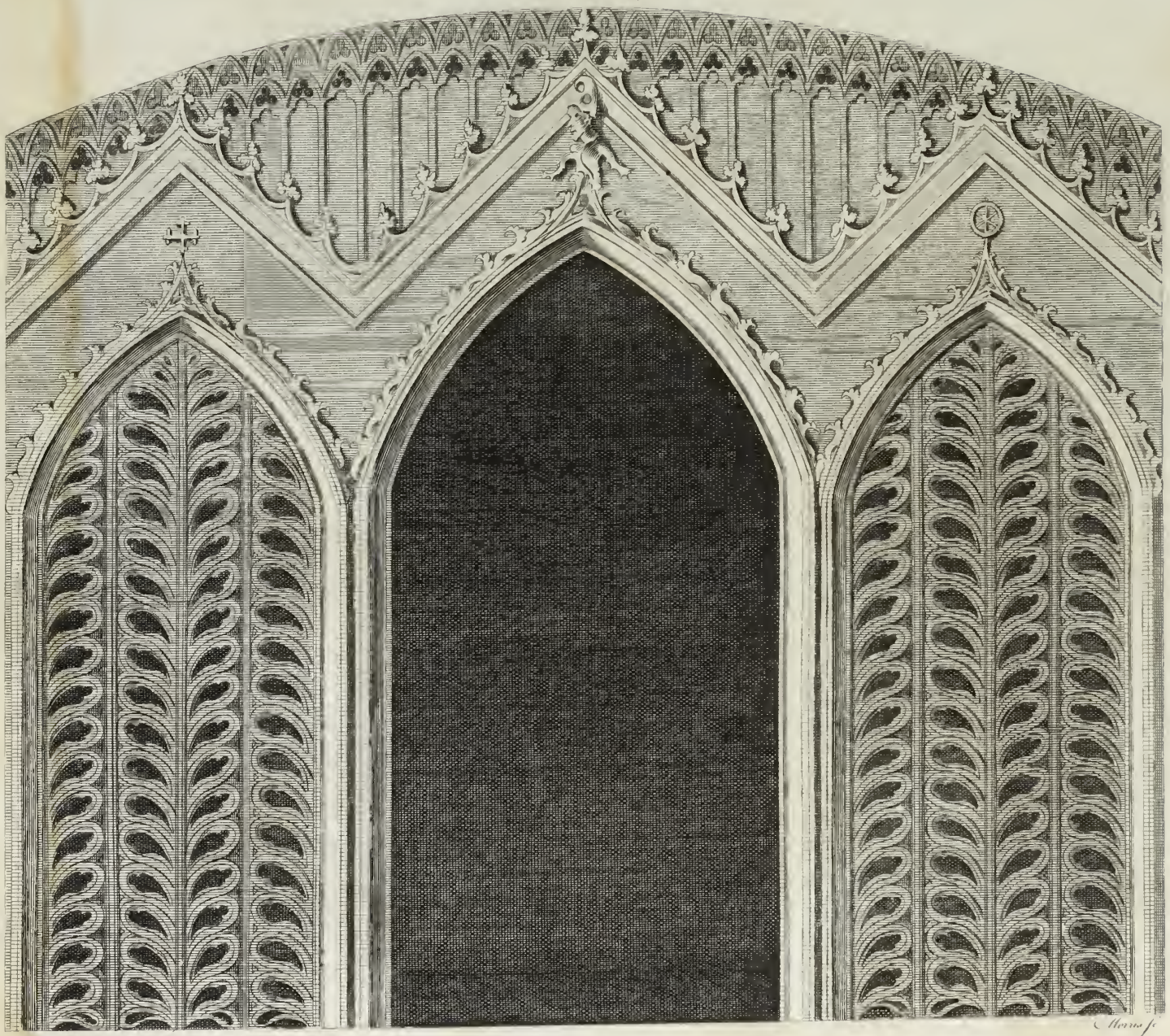
combs;



Godfrey Sculp.

3 feet.

Chimney Piece of The Holbein Chamber.



Screen of the Holbein Chamber.

combs: one of ivory is extremely ancient, carved with figures; on one ſide repreſenting perſons bathing and going to bed; on the other, two men and a woman with muſical inſtruments: another comb, ſaid to have belonged to the queen of Scots, is of tortoiſeſhell ſtudded with ſilver hearts and roſes; the two others of tortoiſeſhell likewiſe, of which the one with very long teeth belonged to the father of the firſt lord Edgcumbe, and was uſed when the large flowing wigs were in faſhion: two bottles of Roman fayence, and a baſon and ewer of purple and white Seve china.

A very ancient chair of oak, which came out of Glaſtonbury-abbey; on it are carved theſe ſentences, *Joannes Arthurus Monacus Glaſtonie, ſalvet eum Deus: Da pacem, Domine: Sit Laus Deo.* Lord Bathurſt had ſeveral chairs copied from this.

Another chair covered with purple cloth, made from one in a pane of painted glaſs in the breakfaſt-room.

The bed is of purple cloth lined with white ſatin, a plume of white and purple feathers on the centre of the teſter; the room is hung with purple paper. By the bed,

The red hat of cardinal Wolſey, found in the great wardrobe by biſhop Burnet when clerk of the cloſet. From his ſon the judge it came to the counteſs dowager of Albemarle, who gave it to Mr. Walpole.

Chriſt crowned with thorns, by Mabeuſe; bought at monſieur Hareng's ſale, 1764.

Over the chimney, an ancient painting of the emperor Maximilian and his ſon Philip the Fair: from the collection of Mr. Bryan Fairfax.

Lady Arabella Stuart, in white, whole length in water-colours; copied by Vertue from the original at Welbeck.

A man's head with a book; by Quintin Matſis: it was in ſir Robert Walpole's collection.

Anne Stanhope ducheſs of Somerſet, ſecond wife of the protector, whoſe portrait ſhe holds in one hand: a preſent to Mr. Walpole from Mr. Bateman.

Catherine

Catherine of Arragon †, firſt wife of Henry VIII. by Holbein: it was in the collection of ſir Robert Walpole, and has been engraved among the Illuſtrious Heads.

* Sir Thomas More. This and all the following heads marked with an aſteriſm, were taken off on oil-paper by Vertue from the original drawings of Holbein in queen Caroline's cloſet at Kenſington, now removed to Buckingham-houſe.

Lord Vaux. This is done in the ſame manner by Müntz, from the ſame collection.

A man's head, in old enamel.

Margaret queen of Navarre, who wrote the Tales: ditto.

Between the bow-windows:

Queen Elizabeth, when a girl.

* Lady Henningham.

* William Parr, marquis of Northampton, brother of queen Catherine Parr.

* A lady unknown.

* Ditto.

* Sir Nicholas Poines.

* Catherine Willoughby, fourth wife of Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk.

Queen Mary, when a child: from Mr. Fairfax's collection.

* Henry Howard earl of Surrey, the poet.

* Nicholas Cratzer, aſtronomer to Henry VIII.

† Vertue thought it to be Catherine ducheſs of Bar, ſiſter of Henry IV. of France, and ſo it probably is.

* Edward

* Edward Clinton earl of Lincoln, lord high admiral of England.

* Dr. Colet, dean of St. Paul's.

* Sir Thomas Elyot, the author.

* Henry Howard earl of Surrey; younger than the preceding.

Edmund Montacute, a judge; by Holbein: from ſir R. Walpole's collection.

* A gentleman, unknown.

* William Fitzwilliam earl of Southampton.

* Edward Stanley earl of Derby.

* Borbonius, a French poet.

* Fiſher biſhop of Rocheſter. Richardſon the painter had another of theſe, which was engraved among the Illuſtrious Heads.

* Thomas Boleyn earl of Ormond, father of queen Anne Boleyn.

On the ſide oppoſite to the chimney:

A fine and very valuable picture by Lucas de Heere, repreſenting Frances ducheſs of Suffolk, mother of the lady Jane Grey, and Adrian Stoke her ſecond huſband. This picture was in the collection of the earl of Oxford, and was engraved by Vertue. *Vide Anecdotes of Painting.*

Philip and Mary, copied in water-colours by Vertue, from the original by Antonio More, at the duke of Bedford's at Wooburn-abbey.

A ſingle combat before the emperor Maximilian, in terra cotta, by Albert Durer.

Anthony king of Navarre, father of Henry IV. by Janet.

The marechal de Montluc, who wrote the Commentaries: by ditto.

A very ſmall head of a man, in a round; by Holbein.

* Lord Wentworth.

* Lord chancellor Rich.

* Lady Rich, his wife.

* Sir Thomas Wyat, the poet.

* George Brook lord Cobham.

* Edward VI. when a child; very like Henry VIII.

* Jane Seymour.

Frobenius, the printer, in a round.
Melanĉthon, ditto; by Holbein; very fine. } Bought at ſir W. Hamilton's ſale, 1761.

A man's head with a black beard; ditto.

Margaret queen of Scots, daughter of Henry VII. copied by Vertue from the pictŭre at Hampton-court.

Jane Gray; by ditto, from the original that was the duke of Somerſet's.

Head of Henry VIII. with a watch at his neck, carved in box by Holbein.

* John Ruſſel, firſt earl of Bedford.

* Anne Savage lady Berkeley. She held up the train of Anne Boleyn at her coronation: *Vide Stowe's Chron.* p. 543.

* Sir W. Sherrington, maſter of the mint, whence he furniſhed admiral Seymour with money.

* Sir John Gage.

* Sir Richard Southwell, one of the accuſers of the earl of Surrey.

* Queen Mary, when princeſs.

* Thomas duke of Norfolk; beheaded in the reign of Elizabeth: young.

Holbein; in a round.
Anne Boleyn; ditto. } Copies by Eckardt.

Charlotte, daughter of Francis I. died at five years of age; by Janet: fine. From ſir Luke Schaub's collection.

Lord Darnley, by Vertue, from the original at Hampton-court.

A young man's head; by Holbein.

Leonora, queen of Portugal, ſiſter of Charles V. and afterwards ſecond wife of Francis I.; by Vertue.

Henry VIII. fine whole figure in terra cotta, by Holbein; from lady Elizabeth Germaine's collection.

Pictures in the alcove:

The triumph of Riches; by Frederic Zucchero, from the original of Holbein that was in the Steel-yard. Henry VIII. in the character of Crœſus, and one of his queens, I believe Anne Boleyn, follow the car. *Vide a deſcription of this and the next in The Anecdotes of Painting.*

The triumph of Poverty; ditto. Theſe drawings, invaluable by the originals being loſt, were purchaſed from Buckingham-houſe when ſir Charles Sheffield ſold it to the king.

Arthur prince of Wales; a waſhed drawing, by E. Edwards, from the only original of that prince when grown up, which belonged to Mr. Sheldon of Weſton in Warwickſhire, and was purchaſed by Mr. Child of Oſterley-park, Middleſex, 1781.

A man's head with a red beard, in the manner of Holbein.

Richard III. by Vertue.

James V. and Mary of Lorraine his queen; in water-colours; by Wale; from an ancient original in the poſſeſſion of the duke of Devonſhire at Hardwicke.

Claude de Clermont ſieur de Dampier; by Janet.

Henry V. by Vertue.

Lord keeper Bacon; by Vertue.

John Howard, firſt duke of Norfolk, and his firſt wife Catherine, daughter of William lord Molins; two heads in rounds in one frame; copied by

E. Edwards in 1783 from the ancient originals, in oil on board, of the ſame ſize, in the poſſeſſion of the dowager lady Jerningham, to whom they came by deſcent, having been in the Arundelian collection. There is no other portrait of the duke, who was ſlain at Boſworth.

Mrs. Margaret Roper, daughter of ſir Thomas More; copied out of the great picture of the family, by Vertue.

Thomas lord Cromwell, in a round, after Holbein.

Head of ſir Thomas Wyat the younger, beheaded in the reign of queen Mary, in a round on board; copied by Milbourn, from the original in the poſſeſſion of lord Romney, who was related to the Wyats, and to whom the laſt bequeathed their portraits.

A man in black, by Holbein, in a rich gold frame; from the collection of H. Conſtantine Jennings, eſq. of Shiplake.

Over the door, Mary queen of Scots, a head; on her ruff, the arms of France and England.

A large drawing of a magnificent chimney-piece; a deſign by Holbein for one of the palaces of Henry VIII.

A man in black, holding a ring; ſmall half-length, by Holbein. On the back is written *H. II. data excel. Pnpis Valliſtari avunculi munere.*

A young lady, its companion; ſeems to be painted by Lionardo da Vinci. On the back, *Coſtanza Fregoſa, moglie del Co. Manfredo Lando, madre d'Agoſtino Landi Prine. di Val di Taro. Tableau du palais di Monaco. Pnpis Valliſtari munus.* Theſe two pictures were preſents to Mr. W. from his great nephew George earl of Cholmondeley.

Between the door and the ſcreen:

Henry VIII. three quarters; a preſent from the reverend Mr. Pennicott.

Henry duc de Longueville; in crayons.

Sir John Godſalve, knight of the carpet; after Holbein.

A drawing of architecture; by ditto.

Sir

THE GALLERY

Sir Thomas Wyat; by Vertue.

A man's head; an original drawing, by Holbein.

A man in a maſquerade habit; ditto.

Louis XI. an original: his prayer-book opens in the ſhape of a heart.

A drawing of a clock, by Holbein; deſigned for ſir Antony Denny as a new year's gift to Henry VIII. Bought at the ſale of Monſ. Mariette.

A drawing of a Romiſh epiſcopal ſaint; whole length, by Holbein.

A carpet worked by Mrs. Catherine Clive, the celebrated comedian.

THE GALLERY.

FIFTY-SIX feet long, ſeventeen high, and thirteen wide without the five receſſes. The ceiling is taken from one of the ſide aiſles of Henry VIIth's chapel. In the windows, by Peckitt, are all the quarterings of the family. The great door is copied from the north door of ſaint Alban's, and the two ſmaller are parts of the ſame deſign. The ſide with receſſes, which are finiſhed with a gold net-work over looking-glaſs, is taken from the tomb of archbiſhop Bourchier at Canterbury. The chimney-piece was deſigned by Mr. John Chute, and Mr. Thomas Pitt of Boconnoch. The room is hung with crimſon Norwich damaſk: the chairs, ſettees, and long ſtools are of the ſame, mounted on black and gold frames. The carpet made at Moorfields.

Eaſt end:

Laura and Charlotte Walpole, eldeſt and youngeſt daughters of ſir Edward Walpole, and wives of Frederic Keppel biſhop of Exeter, and of Lionel Talmach earl of Dyſart; Mrs. Keppel in white, lady Dyſart in pink: by Ramſay.

Marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York; by Mabeuſe. *Vide Anecdotes of Painting.*

Sir Francis Walſingham, with a view of his houſe at Scadbury in Kent; by Frederic Zucchero: from ſir Robert Walpole's collection. This picture has been engraved by Houbraken amongſt the Illuſtrious Heads.

Sir George Villiers, leaning his hand on the head of a greyhound. He was father of George duke of Buckingham, and lord Clarendon relates a ſtory of his ghoſt. This is a very fine picture: by Cornelius Janſen.

George duke of Buckingham, his ſon: a very fine head, by Rubens: the garter is put on the wrong way.

Admiral Montagu earl of Sandwich; by ſir Peter Lely: very good head. Lord Sandwich gave this to Mr. Blackwood, from whom Mr. Walpole bought it.

Holy family, with boy angels, in a landſcape; by Van Artois, ſcholar of Rubens: from ſir Robert Walpole's collection.

Inſide of an ancient Flemiſh houſe; by old Frank.

A cheſt * of old japan inlaid with mother of pearl.

Two coins of old japan with marble ſlabs. On one,

A bronze of the Hercules Farneſe.

A light blue pot pourri of Seve, mounted in or moulu:

Two octagon baſons, Saxon, old china pattern.

On the other, a buſt of Tiberius; bought at Mr. Jennings's ſale: another pot pourri; and two Saxon baſons.

Chimney-ſide, left hand:

On the hearth, two tubs of old blue and white porcelaine; a preſent from Mrs. Goſtling.

Virgin and child, after the picture of Dominichino, at Houghton; by John Davis, eſq. of Watlington.

* In this cheſt are three ſlaſhed doublets, a cloak ditto, and a pair of black embroidered breeches, which belonged to Robert Walpole, great grandfather of ſir Robert Walpole firſt earl of Orford, and had been preſerved in the old houſe at Houghton: given by George lord Orford.

Mr.

Mr. Leneve, maſter of the company of merchant taylors: a moſt bright and pure picture, by Cornelius Janſen.

Marguerite de Valois, ducheſſe de Savoie, ſiſter of Henry II. of France; he was killed at the tournament for her wedding: by ſir Antonio More. This picture belonged to king Charles I. In one niche,

Maria, ſecond daughter of ſir Edward Walpole, widow of James earl of Waldegrave, and wife of William Henry duke of Glouceſter, brother of king George III. by ſir Joſhua Reynolds.

John Law, inventor of the Miſſiſippi-ſcheme, and prime miniſter to the regent Philip duke of Orleans: one of the beſt of Roſalba's works.

Francis Seymour Conway earl of Hertford; by ditto.

Death of Admiral Sandwich; by Scott.

Views, of Kirkſtall-abbey, and of a church near Boulogne in France; by ditto.

The eagle found in the gardens of Boccapadugli within the precinct of Caracalla's baths at Rome, in the year 1742. One of the fineſt pieces of Greek ſculpture in the world, and reckoned ſuperior to the eagle in the villa Mattei. There are extremely few fine ſtatues of animals; the chief are theſe two eagles, the Tuſcan boar, the Barberini goat, and the dog belonging to Mr. Jennings of Shiplake *. The boldneſs, and yet great finiſhing of this ſtatue, are incomparable; the eyes inimitable. Mr. Gray has drawn *the flagging wing* †. It ſtands on a handſome antique ſepulchral altar, adorned with eagles too.

Frances Bridges, daughter of the lord Chandos, and ſecond wife of Thomas Cecil earl of Exeter, on whoſe left hand ſhe refuſed to lie on his tomb in Weſtminſter-abbey. This picture, which is an excellent one of Vandyck, belonged to Richardſon the painter, who has written a diſſertation of eight pages on it in one of his books ‡. It was purchaſed of Hudſon the painter, ſon-in-law of Richardſon.

* Since bought by Mr. Duncombe.

† Ode on the Power of Poetry.

‡ This lady was moſt falſely accuſed of many crimes, of which ſhe was entirely innocent, and acquitted; of which ſee an account in Granger's Biographical Hiſtory of Engliſh Portraits, vol. i. p. 548.

A young

A young man; by ſir Godfrey Kneller: quære, if not his own portrait? From the collection of Sclater Bacon of Cambridgeſhire.

Over a door, Catherine Sidley counteſs of Dorcheſter, miſtreſs of James II. and mother of the ducheſs of Buckingham; by Dahl.

Madame de Sevigné; a head: a preſent from lady Hervey.

A girl ſcouring pots; a curious picture, being painted by Watteau in the ſtyle of Rembrandt. It was in the collection of Mr. Cooke member for Middleſex.

A landſcape by Müntz, painted in encauſtic, which he improved from count Caylus's rules.

Thomas earl of Arundel, and his grandſon cardinal Howard; in water-colours, by Vertue, after Vandyck.

Right hand of the chimney:

—— Leneve, alderman of Norwich; ſon of the foregoing Leneve. The beſt picture ſir Peter Lely ever painted, and as fine as Vandyck's counteſs of Exeter, before mentioned.

His wife, in blue; ditto.

John lord Sheffield, huſband of lady Douglas Sheffield, on whoſe account it was ſurmiſed that he was poiſoned by R. earl of Leiceſter; by Ant. More: from Buckingham-houſe.

Henry Jermyn earl of ſaint Albans, favourite, and, as ſir John Rereſby ſays, ſecond huſband of queen Henrietta Maria: probably by Old Stone.

James II. earl of Waldegrave; by Reynolds.

Bacha Bonneval; by Liotard: bought at the ſale of Everard Falkner, knt. embaſſador to the Porte.

Henry Fox lord Holland; by ditto.

Sea-piece; views, of Briſtol-croſs, and of a Gothic farm near Marble-hill,

hill, belonging to the counteſs of Suffolk, and deſigned by Richard Bentley: all by Sam. Scott.

Veſpaſian, in baſaltes; a noble buſt, bought out of the collection of cardinal Ottoboni. It ſtands on a Roman ſepulchral altar, on which, in basrelief, is a man ſacrificing, with this inſcription,

TI. CLAVDIVS AVG. L.
DOCILIS
AEDITVS AEDIS
FORTVNAE TVLLIANAE.

Over a door, Anne Hyde ducheſs of York; by Mrs. Beale, after ſir Peter Lely.

Lady Sophia Farmor, eldeſt daughter of Thomas earl of Pomfret, and ſecond wife of John earl Granville, prime miniſter to George II.: by Roſalba. She is drawn as Juno.

Two men cheating another at cards; by John Miel: very good.

A landſcape in encauſtic; by Müntz.

Weſt end:

A large piece of Catherine de' Medici and her children, Charles IX. Henry III. the duke d'Alençon, and Margaret queen of Navarre; whole lengths, by Janet: bought from Mr. Byde's in Hertfordſhire.

Griffiere, the painter; by Zouſt: the ſatin on the arm remarkably well painted.

A young man's head, æt. 18; admirable nature: by Giorgione. This was in the collection of Charles I. *Vide Topham's Catalogue.*

A pot of flowers, highly finiſhed, yet very free; by old Baptiſt. From ſir Robert Walpole's collection.

Sevonyans the painter, by himſelf; a very fine head.

Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk, and Mary queen of France. This picture was lord Granville's. Kent deſigned the frame. The picture had before been at the earl of Weſtmorland's at Apthorpe.

Tobit burying the dead. *And when Tobit found any dead, he buried them without the walls of Jeruſalem:* by Benedetto Caſtiglione.

A coin of old Japan; on it, buſts of Julia Domna, Julia Titi, and Cicero; the latter a preſent from lady Hervey; a flat vaſe of white, blue and gold Seve china, with cover and handles.

Another coin, ditto; ſtatue of Harpocrates and Teleſphorus; Antinous, Greek work; and Zenocrates, a preſent from general Conway; a flat vaſe, like the former.

Window ſide:

Thomas lord Howard of Bindon, father of Frances ducheſs of Richmond and Lenox; whole length, in robes of the garter.

Lodowic Stuart duke of Richmond and Lenox; ditto: theſe two laſt came out of Luton-houſe in Bedfordſhire, where the latter lived.

Frances ducheſs of Richmond and Lenox. *See a curious account of this great lady in Wilſon's Reign of king James the firſt.* This picture came from Eaſton-Neſton, the ſeat of Thomas earl of Pomfret. By Mark Garrard.

Henry Carey lord Falkland, deputy of Ireland, and father of the famous Lucius lord Falkland; in white *, by Vanſomer.

Mrs. Catharine Philips, the poeteſs; a head: it belonged to Charles earl of Halifax.

Philip Villiers de Liſle Adam, the laſt grand-maſter of Rhodes, which he defended two years againſt Solyman the Magnificent and a prodigious army: a head.

A view of mount Orgueil in Jerſey; by Richard Bentley, eſq.

Heads in the upper line, begin from the left:

Vandyck. Richard Rigby, paymaſter of the forces and maſter of the rolls in Ireland, by Eckardt. Prior, the poet. Cooke, the painter; by himſelf. General Edward Cornwallis, governor of Gibraltar and groom of the bedchamber to George II. by Eckardt. Pearce, ſenior, ſtatuary. Waller,

* The idea of the picture walking out of its frame in The Caſtle of Otranto, was ſuggeſted by this portrait.

the

the poet. Horatio lord Walpole, younger brother of ſir Robert Walpole; by Vanloo. Mr. Chiffinch, privy-purſe to Charles II. by Riley. Dobſon, the painter. George Keppel, third earl of Albemarle; by Eckardt. Sir Nicholas Dorigny, the engraver. Van Wyck, the younger, painter. George Montagu, eſq. by Eckardt, after Vanloo. Dahl, the painter.

Anne Clifford *, counteſs of Dorſet, Pembroke and Montgomery. There is a medal of her taken exactly from this picture.

Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, beheaded for the cauſe of the queen of Scots. In this picture he is young, and it was probably painted in the reign of Edward VI. before he was reſtored in blood; for there are his arms without a coronet, and yet on his handkerchief are an N and a †, to mark his title and his religion: by Antonio More.

A ſea-piece, by Scott.

A fine ſmall landſcape with ſheep, by Gaſpar Pouſſin; a legacy from ſir Horace Mann, envoy to Florence.

Bronzes in the windows; an ‡ Ibis: a Ceres with ſilver eyes, and a cow in her lap: the Laocoon: Antinous ‡ on a tripod: an oſtrich, very ſpirited.

Two tables of ſolid granite, from the Farneſe gardens at Rome; the frames black and gold, from a tomb in Weſtminſter-abbey.

On the firſt table, buſts of Marcus Aurelius: Domitilla, wife of Veſpaſian, exceedingly rare: a Camillus or ſacrificing prieſt. Beneath, a bronze from John of Boulogne's Rape of the Sabines: two antique urns of marble; that with a cover heavily deſigned by Kent belonged to Brian Fairfax.

On the other table, buſts of Julia Mœſa: Fauſtina ſenior: and Antonia Claudii Mater: very rare. Beneath, the liſtening ſlave in bronze: and two antique urns of marble: on one this inſcription, PAILIOVI RITIO FILIO SVO QVI BISIT ANNIS XX FECIT SIBI.

Two commodes of old Japan with marble ſlabs; on one, a triangular ciſtern of Roman fayence, finely painted with figures, probably from deſigns

* See an account of her in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

‡ From Dr. Middleton's collection.

of Julio Romano; two large vaſes, ditto, finely painted, and inſcribed, FATTE IN BOTEGA DE ORATIO FONTANA, and mounted in or moulu.

On the other commode, another ciſtern * like the former; and two bottles of blue and white and gold Seve china, moſt beautifully deſigned and ornamented.

A mother of pearl box, with fiſhes and counters of the ſame; a preſent from Mrs. Clive.

In a CLOSET, with glaſs doors, between the gallery and round chamber, is a large collection of ancient porcelaine of China, which belonged to Catherine lady Walpole. Under the window, a ſmall altar, part of the ſhrine in the chapel, and on it a ſilver ladle with an ivory handle carved and gilt, uſed by Indian ladies for incenſe; a preſent from Charles duke of Richmond.

Three blue baſkets made like ruſhes, of old blue china; bought at the ſale of the ducheſs dowager of Portland.

THE ROUND DRAWING-ROOM.

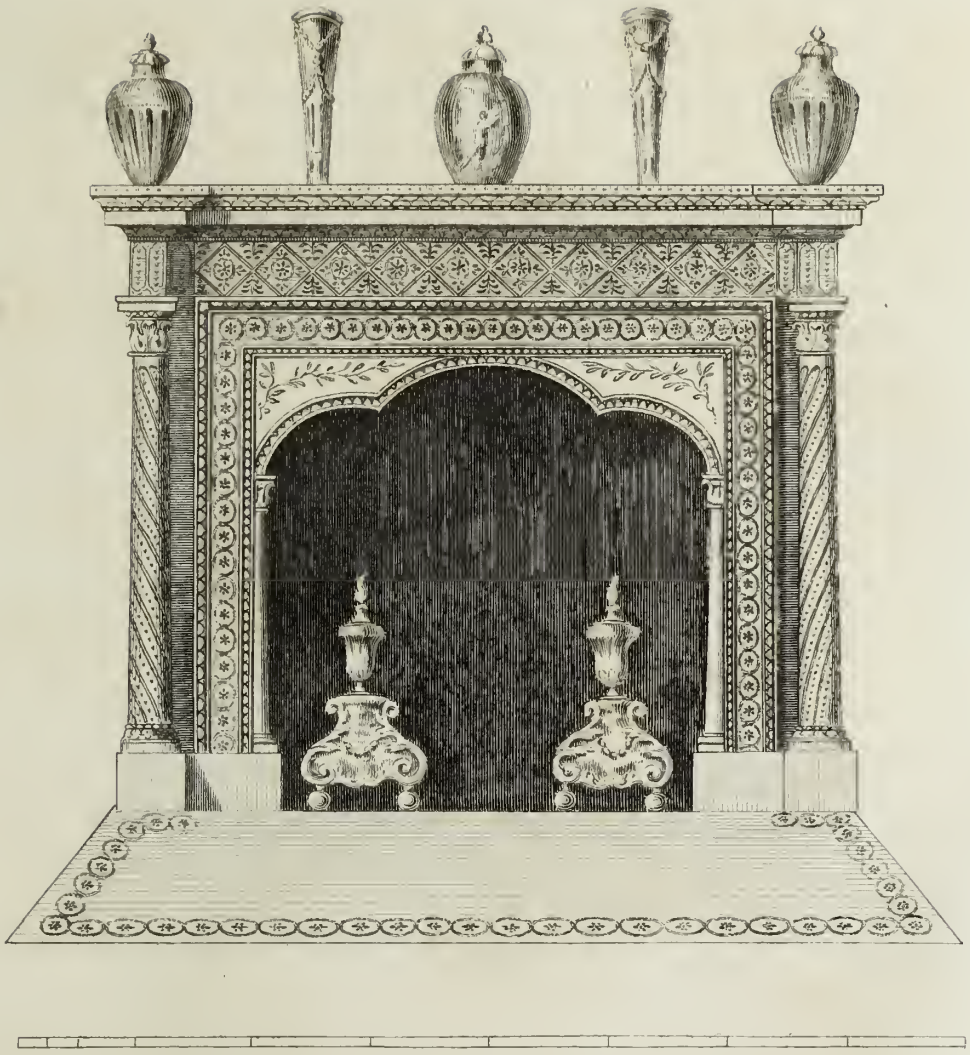
HUNG with crimſon Norwick damaſk: the chairs of Aubuſſon tapeſtry, flowers on a white ground, the frames green and gold; and a carpet of the manufacture of Moorfields; the deſign taken from the Seve china-table in the Green Cloſet.

The deſign of the chimney-piece is taken from the tomb of Edward the Confeſſor, improved by Mr. Adam, and beautifully executed in white marble inlaid with ſcagliuola, by Richter. The dogs are ſilver: on the chimney are three large jars and two beakers, of ſilver alſo, bought at the auction of lady Eliz. Germaine; on the middle one is the Rape of the Sabines emboſſed. Two ſilver ſconces, with hiſtories, on the ſides.

A ſcreen worked in chenille, to ſuit with the chimney, by the counteſs of Aileſbury.

* Preſents from the earl of Exeter; and had belonged to Jervas the painter, who had a fine collection of that fayence.

The



CHIMNEY IN THE ROUND ROOM

The ceiling is taken from a round window in old Saint Paul's; the frieze was deſigned by Mr. Adam.

In the great bow window is a large ſhield of the arms of Robert Dudley earl of Leiceſter, given by Mr. H. Reade; under it a thornbuſh with H R, the device of Henry VII.; the arms of queen Elizabeth, on the left hand, from Eſſex-houſe in the Strand; roſes; other arms of nobility; and ſix fine pieces, by a ſcholar of Price, from Raphael's bible. The ſurbaſe of the window is taken from the tomb of queen Eleanor in Weſtminſter-abbey.

Over the chimney, lady Dorothy Percy counteſs of Leiceſter, in red, and her ſiſter lady Lucy, the famous counteſs of Carliſle; a very capital picture of Vandyck, ſold out of Penſhurſt by lady Yonge, when ſhe inherited half of that ancient ſeat by the will of lady Brownlow. Mr. Hoare of Stourhead offered the laſt earl of Leiceſter of the Sidney family an hundred pounds for this picture.

Over the door, Mrs. Lemon, miſtreſs of Vandyck, with a ſword, as Judith; by Vandyck; bought out of Buckingham-houſe: very boldly and freely painted.

Bianca Capello; by Vaſari; bought out of the Vitelli palace at Florence by ſir Horace Mann, and ſent to Mr. Walpole: the hands never finiſhed. Her ſtory is thus written in a cartouche on the frame: *Bianca Capello, a Venetian lady, who having diſobliged her family by marrying a Florentine banker, was reduced to maintain him by waſhing linen; Francis the great-duke ſaw, fell in love with, and made her his miſtreſs, and her huſband his miniſter: but the latter, after numberleſs tyrannies, for which ſhe obtained his pardon, and after repeated ill uſage of her, for which ſhe pardoned him, having murdered a man, and being again protected by her, the great-duke told her, that, though he would remit her huſband's puniſhment, he would pardon whoever ſhould kill him. The relations of the deceaſed murdered the aſſaſſin, and Francis married his widow Bianca, who was poiſoned with him at a banquet by cardinal Ferdinand, afterwards called the Great, brother and ſucceſſor of duke Francis* *.

* Montaigne, in his Travels, vol. i. p. 251, gives a deſcription of Bianca, which correſponds much with this portrait. "Cette ducheſſe eſt belle à l'opinion Italienne, un viſage agreable et imperieux, le corſage gros, et de tetins à leur ſouhait." The ſmall portrait of her in the cabinet of enamels here, p. 475, is younger and much handſomer.

Jacob

Jacob travelling from Laban; very fine; by Salvator Roſa. A preſent from ſir Horace Mann.

The education of Jupiter; by Nicolo Pouſſin. This picture coſt ſir Robert Walpole an hundred and fourteen pounds.

A moſt beautiful landſcape by Paul Brill.

A piece of rocks, with the temple of Tivoli; by Gobbo Caracci.

A trunk of tortoiſeſhell and bronze; by Boul, on a frame of the ſame. A ſmall jar of Seve china under it.

A japan cabinet. On it, two double branched ſilver candleſticks with figures of women, bought at lady Vere's ſale in 1783; and a bronze figure of Moſes, after Michael Angelo. Under it, a large vaſe of Florentine fayence, with the arms of the great-duke.

Two old japan coffers on gilt frames. Under them, two large bottles of Florentine fayence, with the arms of duke Ferdinand of Medici and his wife Chriſtina of Lorraine.

In the window, a green and gold table and two high ſtands, with the cyphers of ſir Robert Walpole and Catharine Shorter his firſt wife. On the table, two vaſes, boat-ſhaped, of deep blue Seve china, mounted in or moulu, with ſnake handles. Beneath a large round vaſe and cover, and a diſh to it, of Roman fayence.

The TRIBUNE.

IT is a ſquare with a ſemicircular receſs in the middle of each ſide, painted ſtone-colour with gilt ornaments, and with windows and niches, the latter taken from thoſe on the ſides of the north door of the great church at Saint Alban's: the roof, which is taken from the chapter-houſe at York, is terminated by a ſtar of yellow glaſs that throws a golden gloom all over the room, and with the painted windows gives it the ſolemn air of a rich chapel. The windows contain a head of Chriſt and two apoſtles, one in the middle of each, ſet round with four hiſtories, all old, but finely re-coloured by Price, and ſurrounded with moſt beautiful moſaics of the pureſt taſte. In five of the niches, on pedeſtals, are,

1. A caſt in plaiſter bronzed of Catherine lady Walpole, the model of

J. Morris sc.

THE CABINET

her ſtatue in Weſtminſter-abbey, executed at Rome by Valory, and taken from the Livia or Pudicitia in the villa Mattei. 2. The Venus * of Medici. 3. Antinous. 4. The Apollo Belvedere. 5. The Farneſe Flora in bronze. In the windows, ſix ſmaller bronzes from ancient ſtatues; a Chineſe incenſe-box of bronze; and two pots-pourris of red japan ſet in or moulu and ſurmounted with Indian figures by Martin. The carpet is taken from the moſaic of the windows, and in the middle has the reflection from the ſtar in the ceiling. The grated door was deſigned by Mr. Thomas Pitt.

On the right hand ſtands an altar of black and gold, with a marble ſlab of the ſame colours, taken from the tomb of two children of Edward III. in Weſtminſter-abbey. On the altar, a Florentine box inlaid with hard ſtones, a preſent from ſir Horace Mann: two moſt beautiful vaſes in paſte, imitating root of amethyſt and ornamented with vines and heads of goats, by Germaine of Paris: a ſilver diſh of baſket-work, and two candleſticks of German agate, preſents from General H. S. Conway. On the ſides, two ſilver ſconces with the arms of Frances Pelham † viſcounteſs Caſtlecomer; and two vaſes of ivory from the antique, carved by Verſkovis. Over the altar,

A cabinet of roſe-wood, deſigned by Mr. Walpole; on the pediment, ſtatues in ivory of Fiamingo, Inigo Jones and Palladio, by Verſkovis, after the models of Ryſbrack. In the pediment, Mr. Walpole's arms, a Cupid and lion, by the ſame: on the doors, bas-reliefs in ivory, Herodias with the head of the Baptiſt, by Gibbons; a lady, half-length, by the ſame; Perſeus and Andromeda; the Hercules Farneſe; the Flora; Diomede with the Palladium; the Meduſa of Strozzi; the Perſeus of ditto; Caracalla and Alexander, by Pozzo; and eight other heads. On the drawer, the Barberini lion, by Pozzo; and heads of eagles, by Verſkovis.

Within the cabinet of enamels and miniatures:

The virgin and child, in miniature, round; by Old Lens, from the original by Annibal Caracci, at Kenſington.

Head of Chriſt; by Carlo Dolce; in a rich frame of ſilver gilt; and ſilver cherubim.

* The Venus and Antinous were lord Waldegrave's.

† Siſter of Thomas duke of Newcaſtle; ſhe died and is buried at Twickenham.

Venus,

Venus, Cupid, and other figures in enamel; by Boit, from the original by Luca Giordano, at Devonſhire-houſe.

Ethelreda Harriſon, wife of Charles viſcount Townſhend; a capital piece of enamel, by Zincke, after Vanloo; ſet in a frame of enamel flowers in relief; on the back, her arms ſupported by Cupids, enamelled by Groth.

A fine old enamelled watch-caſe, after Raphael and Dominichino.

Emperor Joſeph I. ſmall.

Colonel Horatio Walpole, uncle of ſir Robert Walpole; ſmall.

The ducheſſes of Cleveland and Portſmouth; very ſmall.

Sir Edward Walpole, father of Maria ducheſs of Glouceſter, in enamel; by Zincke.

Galfridus Walpole, youngeſt brother of ſir Robert Walpole; in water-colours.

Byzas, imaginary founder of Byzantium; large intaglia on onyx. M.*

A valuable jewel of lord Burleigh's head on onyx, by Valerio Vicentino, cut on the reverſe of an antique of Caracalla; appendent is the head of queen Elizabeth, cut likewiſe on ſardonyx, by the ſame Vicentino; the whole ſet with 53 brilliants, given to Mr. Walpole by his father, who bought it of ſir Andrew Fountaine, who had it ſet on purpoſe, with alluſion to queen Caroline and ſir Robert Walpole.

Sir Robert Walpole earl of Orford; very like; painted in enamel by Zincke, two years before ſir Robert's death: ſet in a frame of enamelled oak-leaves.

Catherine Shorter, firſt wife of ſir Robert Walpole; ditto, after ſir Godfrey Kneller: ſet with enamel flowers. The two heads are in Zincke's beſt manner, and were engraved for the Ædes Walpolianæ.

Mary Walpole, ſecond daughter of ſir Robert Walpole and Catherine

* All the curioſities marked M. belonged to Dr. Conyers Middleton, whoſe whole collection Mr. Walpole bought. See an account of them in the doctor's Germana quædam Antiquitatis Monumenta.

Shorter, and wife of George Cholmondeley viſcount Malpas, afterwards earl of Cholmondeley; in water-colours; by Groth, after Jervas.

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of ſir Robert Walpole and Maria Skerret his ſecond wife, married to Charles Churchill, eſq. in enamel; by Zincke.

Horace Walpole, [who made the collection] youngeſt ſon of ſir R. Walpole and Catherine Shorter; ditto.

Horatio Walpole lord Walpole, brother of ſir Robert; in enamel; by Groth, after Vanloo.

Two lockets in ſhape of hearts, with hair of ſir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, ſet with diamonds.

An Egyptian duck; antique cameo, on agate. M.

A ſleeping hermaphrodite with two ſatyrs; ditto: very fine. M.

Sir Anthony Shirley, embaſſador *from* the ſophy of Perſia *to* king James the firſt; dreſs, half Engliſh half Perſian: by Iſaac Oliver.

The queen of Bohemia; by Iſaac Oliver: bought out of the collection of lady Iſabella Scott, daughter of the ducheſs of Monmouth.

Serjeant Maynard; by Hoſkins: given to ſir R. Walpole by ſir Everard Falkener.

Sir Kenelm Digby; by Peter Oliver: it was in doctor Meade's collection.

James I. by Iſaac Oliver.

Charles I. by Petitot: fine. A preſent from T. Walker, eſq. to Maria lady Walpole.

Charles II. ditto; in a caſe enamelled blue; done abroad: bought of an old gentlewoman to whom he gave it when he ſtood godfather to her in Holland.

James II. when duke of York; fine, by Petitot: bought at the ſale of Mrs. Dunch, daughter of his miſtreſs, Mrs. Godfrey.

Robert Cecil earl of Saliſbury; by Iſaac Oliver.

A lady's head, in enamel; by Petitot.

Nicholas Burwell, brother of ſir Jeffery Burwell, grandfather of ſir Robert Walpole; by Hoſkins: ſet in a caſe with ſmall diamonds, and enamelled with The judgment of Paris in relief: very neat.

Mrs. Godfrey, miſtreſs of king James, in enamel; by Petitot: was Mrs. Dunch's, her daughter.

Robert Devereux earl of Eſſex; by Iſaac Oliver: it belonged to Frances lady Worſeley, who was deſcended from him. It was engraved for the Illuſtrious Heads.

Frances his wife, daughter of ſir Francis Walſingham, widow of ſir Philip Sidney, and laſtly wife of the earl of Clanrickard and Saint Albans.

Robert Walpole, ſecond earl of Orford; painted in water-colours by Roſalba with all the force of oil.

An elderly lady's head, by Cooper; fine.

Robert Carr earl of Somerſet, in his latter time, favourite of king James; by Hoſkins: bought at the ſale of the curious collection of T. Barrett, of Lees in Kent, 1758.

Richard Cromwell, protector, in armour; by Cooper: from the ſame collection.

Marivaux, author of Marianne; by Liotard; in water-colours.

George Walpole, third earl of Orford; ditto.

John Chute, eſq. of the Vine in Hampſhire; finely painted in water-colours, by Pompeio Battoni, at Rome.

A watch enamelled with hiſtories, after Pietro Cortona.

Another enamelled watch.

Admiral Churchill, brother of John duke of Marlborough; very finely enamelled by Boit: it belonged to his niece, Mrs. Dunch.

A curious

A curious antique miniature in gold, of a Roman lady and her ſon; the boy has a bulla at his neck. M.

Lady Arabella Stuart; by Hilliard: it was lord Wilmington's.

Queen Elizabeth; ditto; ditto.

George II. by Mr. Deacon.

Cowley, the poet, after ſir Peter Lely; by Zincke: his maſter-piece, and perhaps the fineſt piece of enamel in the world. It was engraved for Mr. Hurd's edition of Cowley.

A lady, ſaid to be Henrietta ducheſs of Orleans, but probably Martinozzi, princeſs of Conti: one of the fineſt works of Petitot. A looking-glaſs behind it: bought of Zincke.

A beautiful enamel, by Petitot, of Catherine Henriette d'Angennes comteſſe d'Olonne, as a Diana, a character very different from that given of her in Buſſy's Hiſtoire amoureuſe des Gaules. It is ſet in a frame of flowers enamelled in relief by Giles Legaré de Chaumont en Baſſigni, who was famous for that ſort of works: from the collection of Monſieur Mariette.

Bianca Capello, great ducheſs of Tuſcany; a ſmall head in oil, by Bronzino. *See her hiſtory, p.* 469.

Louis XIV: Mary of Auſtria, his queen: Anne of Auſtria, his mother, very delicate: madame de Monteſpan, his miſtreſs, beautiful. Theſe four are ſmall heads in enamel, by Petitot.

Mrs. Middleton, a beauty in the reign of Charles II. ditto; by ditto.

Ducheſs of Mazarin, in water-colours.

Conſtant Hayes, wife of Galfridus Walpole, and afterwards of Mr. Kerwood; very ſmall.

A ſilver gilt heart; within, the arms of ſir Robert and Catherine lady Walpole: his firſt preſent to her on their marriage.

Anne Boleyn; copied by Wale from a portrait of her by Hoſkins, which he did from an ancient picture of her for king Charles I. and which is

mentioned in his catalogue with other royal miniatures in the ſame frame; all which are now in the poſſeſſion of the duke of Richmond.

Catherine Parr, by Holbein; a moſt ſcarce head, and exactly like the picture of her at the earl of Denbigh's at Nuneham Padox, Warwickſhire.

A girl with flowers, in water-colours; by Roſalba.

Oliver Cromwell; by Boit, after Cooper: given to Mr. Walpole by his brother lord Orford.

John Dodd, of Swallowfield, Bucks; by Rouquet.

Catherine Clopton, wife of Henry Talbot, and couſin of Catherine lady Walpole; by Zincke.

Jane Seymour; by Holbein, in water-colours: was lady Worſeley's.

Peter Oliver, profile in black lead, from a leaf of his own pocket-book, and his wife, full-faced, on the other ſide; both fine: it belonged to Vertue the engraver.

Lucius Carey, the famous lord Falkland; by Hoſkins; fine: it was Dr. Meade's.

Doctor Bragge, a dealer in pictures; by Mr. J. Deacon.

A calcedonian ſtone; antique, uſed as an ornament to a horſe of a triumphal chariot. M.

Another ſtone; deſcribed in Germana quædam. M.

On the inſides of the doors:

Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, beheaded temp. Elizabeth; by Antonio More: belonged to Richardſon the painter, and engraved among the Illuſtrious Heads.

A lady, painted by Holbein; engraved by Hollar when in the Arundelian collection, and probably Mary Tudor queen of France, ſiſter of Henry VIII. but amongſt the Illuſtrious Heads called Catherine Howard. This alſo was Richardſon's.

Lucy

Lucy Barlow, alias Waters, mother of the duke of Monmouth; by Cooper.

Catherine of Arragon, firſt wife of Henry VIII. an admirable original; by Holbein. Theſe two were bought at the auction of lady Iſabella Scott.

A young man in black; copied by lady Lucan from a portrait by Titian, in the collection of the duke of Devonſhire.

A lady's head, by Roſalba; ſet in tortoiſeſhell.

James Brydges, firſt duke of Chandos; in enamel, by Zincke: a preſent from G. S. earl of Harcourt.

A golden heart ſet with jewels, and ornamented with emblematic figures enamelled, and Scottiſh mottos; made by order of the lady Margaret Douglas, mother of Henry lord Darnley, in memory of her huſband Matthew Stuart earl of Lenox and regent of Scotland, murdered by the papiſts.

Iſaac Oliver, by himſelf; perfectly fine.

Waller, the poet; by Cooper: and a lord Digby; ditto. Theſe three from the collection of Mr. Barrett of Lees.

Liotard the painter, in his Turkiſh dreſs, in enamel, by himſelf; given to Mr. Walpole by his ſiſter lady Mary Churchill.

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, a moſt beautiful miniature by Clinkſted; given to Mr. Walpole by Mr. Chute: ſet in a gold frame enamelled blue.

A naked Venus, whole length, and very fine; the attitude copied by Zincke from a picture of Annibal Caracci in the collection at Houghton: ſet in a frame like the former.

A ſmall head of a foreign general, in buff with a black ſaſh. It is painted with all the force of oil, though in enamel, and in a grander ſtyle than Petitot's. From the Portland collection.

Hair of king Edward IV. cut from his corpſe when diſcovered in St. George's chapel at Windſor, 1789; given by ſir Joſeph Banks. [*End of the cabinet of enamels and miniatures.*

Other

Other pictures and curioſities in the ſame room:

Little children preſented to Chriſt; Italian, on copper.

The virgin, child, and ſaint John; Baroccio, after Correggio.

The virgin and child, by Carlo Cignani; from lord Cholmondeley's collection.

Head of a cardinal; and an old man's head; rounds, on fayence.

A fine diſh, enamelled on copper, with the hiſtory of Moſes. P. R. 1557.

A fayence diſh, painted in groteſque.

Rembrandt; by old Lens.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as a ſhepherdeſs; after Jervas; by ditto.

Two vaſes carved in ivory, by Verſkovis, after the antique.

Queen Anne of Denmark; and a lady of the ſame time; by Iſaac Oliver: in one frame.

Louis XII. of France; and ſir John Gage; by Holbein: in another frame. Theſe from the collection of lady Elizabeth Germaine.

Margaret of Auſtria, daughter of Charles V. in a white religious habit; enamelled on copper, in a round: behind it, Moſes receiving the law; enamelled on gold.

Louis XII. in enamel. Theſe two were preſents to Mr. Walpole from miſs Rachael Lloyd, and belonged to the princeſs Sophia, mother of king George I.

Lord Loudon, chancellor of Scotland; by Samuel Cooper.

In the glaſs-caſe near the window:

A chalice of ſilver gilt, richly ornamented with figures, jewels and cryſtal.

Model of the ſhrine of Thomas Becket, enamelled.

An amber jewel-box.

Great ſeal of Theodore king of Corſica.

That very curious piece by which he took the benefit of the act of inſolvency: he is only ſtyled, Theodore Stephen baron de Newhoff.

His capitulations made with the people of Corſica, on his election, ſigned by his own hand.

An antique figure of the deity of gardens; fine.

Two phalli, a fibula, two ſacrificing inſtruments, and a ſmall eagle; all of bronze. M.

Gold medal of Maximilian, with a chain enamelled.

A croſs of cedar inlaid with mother of pearl.

A ſmall gold watch, given by George II. when prince of Wales to Catherine lady Walpole.

An ancient ſquare German watch, curiouſly chaſed in ſilver gilt.

A coffer enamelled on all ſides with battles, and ſet in ſilver gilt.

Two caudle-cups, with flowers on gold grounds, of Chelſea porcelaine.

A red ſnuff-box, with enamelled top and bottom; given to Mr. Walpole by Francis earl of Hertford.

A ſquare ſnuff-box of lapis-lazuli, ſet in gold.

A round ſnuff-box of ditto, ſet in gold enamelled.

A ſmall buſt of Veſpaſian in cornelian.

An agate cup and ſaucer.

A ſmall cornelian ſaucer.

Two antique Roman ear-rings, one with a pearl, the other of gold. M.

A box in compartments of old Japan.

A ſmall

A ſmall buſt in bronze of a Caligula, with ſilver eyes. This exquiſite piece is one of the fineſt things in the collection, and ſhews the great art of the ancients. It is evidently a portrait, carefully done, and ſeems to repreſent that emperor at the beginning of his madneſs. It was found with ſome other ſmall buſts at the very firſt diſcovery of Herculaneum, which happened by digging a well for the prince d'Elbœuf, who reſided many years afterwards at Florence, where it was ſold on his return to France, and, being purchaſed by ſir Horace Mann, was by him ſent to Mr. Walpole.

A broken patera engraved. M.

A ſacrificing inſtrument in the ſhape of a ſhell. M.

A Roman bulla of gold, very rare: bought at Rome of Ficaroni, who wrote his book of La Bolla d'oro from this.

A lady's head, miniature, ſet in gold: given to Mr. Walpole by Iſabella de Jonghe, counteſs of Denbigh.

A cryſtal ſceptre, ſet in gold enamelled, with pearls; from lady E. Germaine's collection, and given to Mr. Walpole by her niece lady Temple.

A cup and ſaucer of Seve china, blue ground with white heads and feſtoons.

A dreſſing-box and tray of the fineſt old ſilver japan.

Two caudle cups of Chelſea china, claret colour and gold.

A magnificent miſſal, with miniatures by Raphael and his ſcholars, ſet in gold enamelled, and adorned with rubies and turquoiſes; the ſides are of cornelian, engraved with religious ſubjects; the claſp, a large garnet. This precious prayer-book belonged to Claude queen of France, wife of Francis I. and ſeems to have belonged to the father of Thuanus; *vide vol.* 1. p. 142, *of the French edition.* It was purchaſed by Mr. Walpole from the collection of doctor Meade, 1755.

A ſilver Turkiſh ornament, taken by a Ruſſian officer in the laſt war; brought over by Charles lord Cathcart, and given by him to Margaret lady Brown, and by her to Mr. Walpole.

A round

A round ſnuff-box, enamelled with the ſtories of Joſeph and Potiphar's wife, Suſannah and the elders, Lot and his daughters, and a landſcape.

A gold ſnuff-box, enamelled: at top, a miniature of James I. and within, of queen Elizabeth; an onyx at bottom.

A ſmall ſnuff-box ſet in gold, with a fragment of a fine antique cameo in groteſque foliage on ſardonyx; from the Arundelian collection.

A needle-caſe, with monkeys, of old Japan.

Two boxes in compartments, ditto.

Two ſmall ewers of bronze. M.

A tea-kettle of Chineſe ſilver, richly chaſed.

An agate oval caſket.

Henry VIIIth's dagger, of Turkiſh work; the blade is of ſteel damaſked with gold, the caſe and handle of chalcedonyx, ſet with diamonds and many rubies. From the collection of lady Elizabeth Germaine. The ducheſs of Portland has ſuch another ſet with jacinths.

Antique figure of a muſe caſt in ſilver; ſitting: given to Mr. Walpole by lord Frederic Campbell, from the collection of his father John duke of Argyll.

Four ſmall Japan boxes.

A boy's head modelled in wax on copper, by Abraham Simon.

A ditto with a bulla, in Roman glaſs.

A large amethyſt, ſet coarſely in gold. It belonged to the ſecond biſhop of Landaff, and was given by doctor John Ewer biſhop of Landaff, in whoſe *time it was found, to doctor Frederic Keppel biſhop of Exeter, and by him to his wife's uncle Mr. Walpole.

One of the only ſeven mourning rings given at the burial of Charles I. It has the king's head in miniature; behind, a death's head between the

* Anno 1764.

letters C. R. The motto, *Prepared be to follow me.* A preſent to Mr. Walpole from lady Murray Elliot.

An urn, cameo on onyx, mourning ring for Henrietta Hobart counteſs of Suffolk.

An urn ſet with diamonds, mourning ring for Arthur Onſlow, ſpeaker of the houſe of commons.

A chimera, antique intaglia, a green ſtone in the ancient braſs ſetting.

A ſmall antique ring with the head of Cybele, all of one piece of gold.

A gold ring for a child, with a phallus; ditto.

A boy with his head in a ſcenic maſk, on a red ſtone; antique, ſet in gold.

An Egyptian pebble repreſenting exactly the portrait of a woman in profile, a rock behind her, ſky before; ſet in gold.

Two pateras of bronze, engraved. M.

Ivory covers of a Roman pocket-book. M.

A fibula, a ſmall votive foot, an agate ornament for a bridle, and ſome other ſmall bronzes. M.

An Egyptian pebble, with a luſus naturæ that repreſents Voltaire in his night-gown and cap.

A ſmall head in water-colours of Liotard, without his beard, by himſelf; a legacy from Mrs. Delany.

In the other glaſs caſe:

A leaf of a water-plant, gracefully tied up into the ſhape of a cup, with a ſaucer, of Chineſe bronze.

Two vaſes of Chelſea porcelaine, claret colour, gold and white, with cartouches of hiſtoric figures.

Two long Japan boxes.

Two

Two Roman ſpears, a votive foot and toe.

A point cravat carved by Gibbons; a preſent from Mr. Groſvenor Bedford.

An old enamelled watch, given by Mr. Ch. Churchill, junior.

A ſilver gilt reliquaire and chain; given to Mr. Walpole by George lord Edgcumbe.

An Etruſcan Mars; very barbarous.

A ſmall Egyptian figure ſitting, of baſaltes. M.

A naked man. M.

The ſeal of archbiſhop Dowdall, laſt popiſh primate of Ireland; in ſilver: from Mr. Briſtow's collection.

Two cups and a ſaucer of Milan ſtone.

Two caudle-cups of Chelſea porcelaine, blue with gold figures.

A Japan pomatum-pot.

A ſmall bloodſtone cup ſet in gold enamelled.

A ſmall cornelian box ſet in gold.

A triangular cornelian ſeal, with the heads of the two Fauſtinas and Lucilla, intaglias; by Chriſtian Reiſin.

A ſilver ſeal, extremely ancient, of Hugh Oneal, king of Ulſter; brought out of Ireland by Mr. William Briſtow.

A large ancient gold ring, with a caſtle on it, and within, *Un bon An:* found in the Thames.

A cornelian ſeal, with half figure of Omphale; antique intaglia. M.

Seal of Richard Clitherol, admiral for the weſt coaſts in the reign of Henry V.

Seal for indulgences of pope Eugenius.

Seal of the corporation of Pool.

Seal of the fraternity of ſaint Mary of Hitchin. Theſe four are of bronze and ancient: from Mr. Briſtow's collection.

A * ſpoon of Engliſh pebble, with gold handle of foliage.

A ſilver bottle for eſſences, that opens into ſeveral diviſions.

A ſmall buſt of Omphale in bronze.

A round flat box of ſilver filigraine.

A tooth-pick caſe of Egyptian pebble, and a ſmelling-bottle of agate.

A ſet of beads mounted in ſilver filigraine, taken in Spain in queen Anne's war by captain Galfridus Walpole, brother of ſir Robert.

A ſeal of the head of ſir Robert Walpole on white cornelian, by Natter; a preſent from Margaret lady Brown.

A ſilver popiſh medal mounted in filigraine.

A cup and ſaucer of Sevè porcelaine, blue with white heads.

A dreſſing-box and tray of fine old gold Japan.

A tea-caniſter of ſtraw; on one ſide Meleager and Atalanta, on the other the arms of ſir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter.

A Japan dreſſing-box and tray of irregular ſhape.

Ditto, octagon, with tray and ſix round boxes within.

A Pollux, ſmall fine antique bronze. M.

A ſmall Terminus. M.

* There were a dozen of theſe ſpoons made by order of Catherine lady Walpole, as a preſent to queen Caroline, after whoſe death Mr. W. met with this and the handle of another in a toy-ſhop. The counteſs dowager, mother of R. earl of Burlington, was the firſt who countenanced the poliſhing of Engliſh pebbles, and gave a fine table of them, which is now at Chiſwick, to her ſon.

A round

A round white ſnuff-box; on the top, miniature of madame de Sevigné; at bottom, the cypher of Rabutin and Sevigné in marcaſites. This box, with the letter * in it from madame de Sevigné in the Elyſian fields to Mr. Walpole, was ſent to him by madame du Deffand.

A toothpick-caſe of gold, enamelled with cameos; a preſent from lady Diana Beauclerc.

A gold ſnuff-box, with the image in wax of mad. du Deffand's dog, Tonton, whom ſhe bequeathed with this ſnuff-box and her MSS. to Mr. Walpole.

A green and white ſnuff-box of Dreſden porcelaine ſet in gold; a preſent from Francis earl of Huntingdon.

A bloodſtone ſeal ſet in old enamel, given to Mr. Walpole by Mrs. Henrietta Conway, daughter of Francis lord Conway.

A ſmelling-bottle of purple glaſs with peacock's feathers in gold.

Ditto of Chineſe ſilver.

A ſmall amber crucifix.

* Letter written by madame Marie de Vichy, marquiſe du Deffand [the lady to whom Mr. W. afterwards dedicated his edition of the Memoires de Grammont] in the name of madame de Sevigné from the Elyſian fields to Mr. Walpole, after his return from Paris in 1766:

" Des champs Eliſées.

[Point de ſucceſſion de tems, point de date.]

"Je connois votre folle paſſion pour moi; votre enthouſiaſme pour mes lettres, votre veneration pour les lieux que j'ai habités: J'ai apris le culte que vous m'y * avez rendu: j'en ſuis ſi penetrée, que j'ai ſollicité & obtenu la permiſſion de mes Souverains de vous venir trouver pour ne vous quitter jamais. J'abandonne ſans regret ces lieux fortunés; je vous prefere à tous ſes habitans: jouiſſez du plaiſir de me voir; ne vous plaignez point que ce ne ſoit qu'en peinture; c'eſt la ſeule exiſtence que puiſſent avoir les ombres. J'ai eté maîtreſſe de choiſir l'age où je voulois reparoître; j'ai pris celuy de vingt cinq ans pour m'aſſurer d'être toujours pour Vous un objet agreable. Ne craignez aucun changement; c'eſt un ſingulier avantage des ombres; quoique legeres, elles ſont immuables. J'ai pris la plus petite figure qu'il m'a eté poſſible, pour n'être jamais ſeparée de Vous. Je veux vous accompagner par tout, ſur terre, ſur mer, à la ville, aux champs; mais ce que j'exige de vous, c'eſt de me mener inceſſamment en France, de me faire revoir ma patrie, la ville de Paris, et de choiſir pour votre habitation le fauxbourg St. Germain; c'etoit là qu'habitoient mes meilleures Amies, c'eſt le ſejour des votres; vous me ferez faire connoiſſance avec elles: je ſerai bien-aiſe de juger ſi elles ſont dignes de vous, & d'être les Rivales de

RABUTIN DE SEVIGNE."

* *He had dined at Livri.*

A ſmall

A ſmall bronze figure of a woman with a rudder and cornucopia.

Model of the Great Duke's diamond.

In the box of antique rings:

Tiberius, cameo on onyx, of the firſt Greek workmanſhip.

Cupid driving a car with two butterflies; intaglia on cornelian.

A man's head; alto relievo on onyx.

An Egyptian goddeſs's head on a green ſtone. M.

A cock and cornucopia; intaglia on cornelian.

A bacchante and goat; fine cameo on onyx: given to Mr. Walpole by the princeſs de Craon.

Germanicus; very fine intaglia on cornelian, with the workman's name Epitu, for Epitynchanes: from the collection of the marquis Riccardi at Florence *.

Head of Jupiter; ditto: from ditto.

A ſcenic maſk; cameo on onyx.

Caius, nephew of Auguſtus; ditto.

A lion; intaglia on ſardonyx.

A caprice, on white cornelian; intaglia. M.

Apollo; intaglia on cornelian: a preſent from ſir Horace Mann.

Iſis; Egyptian cameo on onyx. M.

A Cicada; fine intaglia on cornelian.

* In baron Stoſch's collection of Pierres Gravées which have the names of their artiſts, there is another Germanicus with the name of the ſame workman Epitynchanes. It is larger than Mr. Walpole's, and repreſents that prince younger; but it is imperfect, the lower part being broken off directly from the chin.

A Syrian

A Syrian king; ditto. M.

Fauſtina ſenior; ditto.

Chriſtian inſcription; *Vitas luxuriam, Homo bone:* cameo on onyx.

Matidia; intaglia in a green paſte: a moſt rare head. M.

The Horatii; intaglia on cornelian: given by ſir Robert Walpole to his ſon Horatio.

Mercury; intaglia in amethyſt: given to Mr. Walpole by general Conway.

Jupiter Serapis; altiſſimo relievo in bloodſtone.

A ram's head; intaglia on cornelian. [*End of the rings.*

Old Japan plate of different colours.

Popiſh beads, bought at the church of ſaint Anthony of Padua.

Turkiſh beads enamelled with blue and gold; probably for ornaments in a proceſſion: bought at the ſale of monſieur Julienne, at Paris.

A ſmall wooden croſs, curiouſly carved.

A moſt beautiful ſilver bell, made for a pope by Benvenuto Cellini. It is covered all over in the higheſt relievo with antique maſks, flies, graſshoppers, and other inſects; the virgin and boy-angels at top, a wreath of leaves at bottom. Nothing can exceed the taſte of the whole deſign, or the delicate and natural repreſentation of the inſects: the wonderful execution makes almoſt every thing credible that he ſays of himſelf in his Life. It came out of the collection of the marquis of Leonati at Parma, and was bought by the marquis of Rockingham, who exchanged it with Mr. Walpole for ſome very ſcarce Roman medals of great bronze, amongſt which was an unique medaliuncino of Alexander Severus with the amphitheatre, in the higheſt preſervation.

Two Corniſh diamonds, one incloſing green, the other yellow moſs.

A bronze altar-pot and a tripod. M.

A large Goa ſtone.

A ſilver box, almoſt in the ſhape of an egg, engraved.

A ſmall box of the gold and white Japan. In it are two dates found in a jar at Herculaneum; they are burnt to a coal, but the ſhapes and rivelled ſkins are entire.

A cornelian ſpoon that belonged to Coſſim Aly Caun.

An amber toothpick-caſe.

A tortoiſeſhell ſnuff-box, the top repreſents Flemiſh lace; given to Mr. Walpole by lady Mary Coke.

A round ſnuff-box, and an egg-ſhaped ditto.

Pictures and Bronzes in other parts of the Tribune.

Side oppoſite to the door:

A drawing by Mr. Bentley, repreſenting two lovers in a church looking at the tombs of Abelard and Eloiſa, from theſe lines of Pope,

If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings, &c.

Chriſt and Mary Magdalen in the garden, in water-colours; by Catherine lady Walpole.

Two flower-pieces; by Baptiſte Monoyer.

Chriſt laid in the ſepulchre, after the fine picture of Parmegiano at Houghton; by Mr. Horace Walpole.

Two more flower-pieces; by Baptiſte Monoyer.

Madonna and child; by Salſa Ferrata, after Guido.

Correggio's Magdalen copied in crayons by Roſalba.

Temptation

Temptation of ſaint Antony; by Teniers.

Story of Celadon and Aſtrea, in water-colours; by W. Baur.

St. George, in altiſſimo relievo in ſilver.

Frances Howard, the famous counteſs of Eſſex and Somerſet; by Iſaac Oliver: from Mr. Weſt's collection.

Vandyck's head, by himſelf; a ſketch for the duke of Grafton's picture.

Soldiers at cards, a curious picture, being painted in the manner of Teniers, by Vandyck; from lord Oxford's collection.

The education of Cyrus, in water-colours, by Judith Boiſſiere, a French woman, in 1725: from Caſtiglione, in the collection at Houghton.

A wreath of flowers; octagon; by Phil. Laura: in the middle, head of Roſalba's Tiroleſe girl, by Carlevares, a female ſcholar of Roſalba.

Cornelius Polemberg, by himſelf, oval on copper; exquiſitely finiſhed like enamel, yet with great freedom.

His wife, by ditto; inferior in freedom and labour. Theſe two from ſir Robert Walpole's collection.

A beautiful bronze vaſe, taken from the antique by Fiamingo, who has added fine bas-reliefs of boys: from the Harleian collection.

A young gladiator in bronze. M.

A young Hercules, ditto, with the lion's ſkin on his arm; fine. M.

An antique ewer of bronze; a greyhound reaching to drink forms the handle: a preſent from Charles Churchill, eſq.

A very rare figure of Diana of Epheſus, in ſerpentine ſtone.

A green Egyptian figure, one of thoſe found in the pyramids.

Pictures and bronzes on the ſide where the altar is:

A man and woman ſitting: by Watteau; from ſir Robert Walpole's collection *.

* All the pictures that were not at Houghton were ſold after his death.

Thompſon, printſeller; by Riley.

An oval hunting-piece, by Wyck; from ſir Robert Walpole's collection.

Mary queen of Scots, whole length in water-colours; by Vertue, from the picture at Hatfield.

A merry-making, very neat; by a Swiſs lady.

A rural ball; ditto.

St. Sebaſtian; by Goltzius.

An old woman's head; by Gerard Dow.

Boys with vines on a monument; from ſir Robert Walpole's collection: by Philippo Laura.

Chriſt as a pilgrim, and ſaint Catherine, crowned by an angel: by Taddeo Zucchero.

A calm ſea with ſhips; by Samuel Scott.

The engagement between the Lion and Elizabeth in the year 1745; the young pretender was on board the latter: by ditto.

The Florentine boar in bronze.

A ſmall bronze vaſe, with a ſacrifice to Priapus.

A larger, ditto. Theſe two from Dr. Meade's collection.

A bronze bull.

An Egyptian hieroglyphic hand: bronze.

A ſphinx; ditto. M.

Pictures and bronzes on the ſide oppoſite to the altar:

A dog drinking; by Caſtiglione.

Two more flower-pieces; by Baptiſte Monoyer.

Two

Two larger; by young Baptiſte.

Charlotte de la Tremouille, grand-daughter of William the great prince of Orange, and wife of James Stanley earl of Derby, who was beheaded in the civil war: ſhe defended Latham-houſe for ſeveral weeks againſt the republicans.

The virgin and child, with other ſaints; a capital drawing by Parmegiano.

Ulyſſes diſcovering Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes; by Wermer, in water-colours, after Nicolo Pouſſin. The architecture is moſt beautiful, and in the roof Pouſſin has judiciouſly introduced an ancient basrelief with The judgment of Paris, as connected with the ſtory of Achilles.

Madame Suarez, a Florentine beauty; in crayons, by Roſalba.

Madame de Sevigné, when a young widow.

Madame de Grignan. Theſe two are ovals on copper, by Müntz.

A woman carrying a pig to be ſacrificed; bronze. M.

A lamp with a ſatyr's head; ditto: copied from the antique.

An antique lamp, of bronze, with a face.

Sketch of the head of Roger Palmer earl of Caſtlemaine, huſband of the ducheſs of Cleveland; by ſir Godfrey Kneller.

Chriſt depoſited in the ſepulchre: by Mola, after Raphael.

Chriſt praying in the garden; by Philippo Laura: from the collection of monſieur Julienne.

Margaret Cecil lady Brown, in crayons; by Roſalba.

Madame de la Fayette, on copper; by Müntz.

Lady Mary Coke *, in wax; by Goſſet.

Raphael's Jonas, in ivory.

* Lady Mary Campbell, fourth daughter of John duke of Argyll and Greenwich, widow of Edward lord Coke, only ſon of Thomas earl of Leiceſter. This was the lady to whom Mr. W. dedicated the Caſtle of Otranto.

A beautiful lamp, in the ſhape of a foot, Cupid fallen aſleep over the flame; antique bronze with ſilver ornaments: it was found in the temple of Cupid, is publiſhed by Montfaucon, and was bought at the ſale of the Harleian collection.

Another bronze lamp.

Pictures and bronzes on the door-ſide:

A landſcape; by Müntz.

Two hermits; after Rubens.

Two flower-pieces; by young Baptiſte.

A Dutch ſurgeon dreſſing a boor's leg; from ſir Robert Walpole's collection.

The circumciſion; by Ludovico Caracci, on copper; a deſign for an altar-piece which he executed at Bologna.

A farm-yard; moſt natural.

Young Hercules with the ſerpents; by Annibal Caracci.

St. George; painted by Gioſeppe d'Arpino on lapis lazuli.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, when young; by himſelf: great ſpirit. Theſe four laſt from ſir Robert Walpole's collection.

A Roman emperor in bronze, as an idol, with thunderbolt and caduceus. M.

Two Roman lamps of bronze; one Chriſtian, of the latter empire.

Sir Peter Lely, in crayons; by himſelf.

Rubens, his wife and child, in water-colours, by B. Lens, from the original at Blenheim.

A battle, in black and gold, exquiſitely touched by Callot: bought at Mrs. Stanley's ſale.

The

The virgin and child in the clouds, the city of Bologna beneath; by Goupy, after Annibal Caracci.

A drunken boor; by Brauwer.

Head of an abbé; by Teniers: from the collection of monſieur Hareng.

Buſt of an emperor, in black marble.

A bagpiper; bronze. M.

A ſacrificing prieſt; ditto. M.

N. B. *All the bronzes, lamps, &c. ſtand on brackets under the pictures.*

In the PASSAGE,

OVER the entrance of which is an owl in cut paper, by Bermingham,

An Indian bottle and pipe, ornamented with gold and pearls; brought from Bengal by Henry Churchill, eſq. in 1776.

A flower in paper moſaics, by Miſs Jennings.

A head in profile of Robert Vere earl of Oxford and duke of Ireland, favourite of Richard II. from Mr. Scott's collection.

Mary ducheſs of Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, duke of Bucks; ſmall whole length from Vandyck.

Head of Fiamingo the ſculptor, holding an ivory group of boys.

Drawing of a concert, by captain Laroon.

View of the cathedral of Glouceſter, by Samuel Lyſons, eſq. 1785.

View of Windſor-caſtle, by lady Diana Spencer, ducheſs of Bedford.

Print of monſieur le duc de Nivernois.

A ſcene in act 4th of the Myſterious Mother, by Weſtall.

The SMALL CLOSET.

VENUS and Cupid in ivory, finely drawn and executed, but in the Flemiſh ſtyle; a preſent from Mr. Watſon the ſurgeon.

An ivory comb, ſent by pope Gregory to queen Bertha; from the Portland collection.

A view of the caſtle of Otranto as it really exiſts: a waſhed drawing; given by lady Craven.

A model of the druidical temple that was diſcovered in Jerſey, in 1786, and was preſented by the ſtates of the iſland to their governor general Conway, and is now erected at his ſeat at Park-place in Berkſhire.

A flower in paper moſaic, by Mrs. Delany; a legacy from her.

The GREAT NORTH BEDCHAMBER

IS hung with crimſon Norwich damaſk. The bed is of tapeſtry of Aubuſſon, feſtoons of flowers on a white ground, lined with crimſon ſilk; plumes of oſtrich feathers at the corners. Six elbow chairs of the ſame tapeſtry, with white and gold frames; and ſix ebony chairs. A carpet of the manufacture of Moorfields; a foot-carpet of needle-work; and a fire-ſcreen of the tapeſtry of the Gobelins.

The chimney was deſigned by Mr. Walpole from the tomb of W. Dudley biſhop of Durham, in Weſtminſter-abbey, and is of Portland ſtone, gilt; with dogs of or moulu with arms and trophies: the chimney-back is ancient, and bears the arms of Henry VII. On the hearth, two old red china bottles.

Over the chimney, a large picture of Henry VIII. and his children; bought out of the collection of James Weſt, eſq. in 1773. *See a deſcription of this curious piece in the Anecdotes of Painting.* On the chimney,

A buſt of Francis II. king of France, huſband of Mary queen of Scots.

A bronze bas-relief in profile of Anne of Bretagne, queen of Charles VIII.

and

View from the great Bedchamber
AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

and of Louis XII. Theſe two heads from the collection of the count de Caylus.

A nautilus mounted in ſilver gilt, with ſatyrs and the arms of Paſton.

A cryſtal tankard and cover, mounted in ſilver gilt. Theſe two pieces belonged to the laſt earl of Yarmouth.

Four old blue and white china bottles.

Two bas-reliefs of boys in wax on glaſs, deſigned and modelled by lady Diana Beauclerc, ſiſter of George duke of Marlborough. On the back are written theſe lines:

Tho' taſte and grace thro' all my limbs you ſee,
And nature breathes her ſoft ſimplicity,
Me nor Praxiteles nor Phidias form'd;
'Twas Beauclerc's art the ſweet creation warm'd,
From Marlbro' ſprung.—We in one heav'n-born race
Th' attemper'd rays of the ſame genius trace;
As big with meteors from one cloud depart
Majeſtic thunder and keen lightning's dart. H. W.

On one ſide of the chimney, a fine whole length, by Vandyck, of Margaret Smith, wife of Thomas Carye, groom of the bedchamber to Charles I. From the Wharton collection, afterwards in that of ſir Robert Walpole.

On the other ſide, Philip Herbert earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, (with a view of old Wilton) whole length; by Mytens.

On one ſide of the bed, a whole length of Henry Vere earl of Oxford, in his robes. He was made knight of the bath at the creation of Henry prince of Wales, and died in Flanders in 1625.

On the other ſide, Robert Walpole, ſecond earl of Orford; whole length, in robes of the bath; by Vanloo.

On the ſide oppoſite to the bed:

Frances, daughter of Richard Jennings, eſq. [the mademoiſelle Jennings of Grammont]

Grammont] firſt married to George Hamilton, and afterwards to Richard Talbot duke of Tyrconnel: copy by Milbourn from the original at lord Spencer's.

Two views of Venice; by Marieſki.

A fine landſcape with cattle; by Gaſpar Pouſſin.

The ducheſſe de la Valiere, miſtreſs of Louis XIV. given by the ducheſs dowager of Portland.

Mademoiſelle Hamilton, comteſſe de Grammont; copy after Lely, by Eckardt.

Ninon L'Enclos, the only original picture of her; given by herſelf to the counteſs of Sandwich, daughter of Wilmot earl of Rocheſter, and by her grandſon John earl of Sandwich to Mr. Walpole.

Richard I. priſoner to the archduke of Auſtria; highly finiſhed by Mieris.

The preſentation in the temple; its companion: by Rembrandt*.

Over the doors, which were deſigned by Mr. Chute, and have medallions of Louis XIV. and Charles V. in bronze,

Madame de Maintenon; and Hortenſe Mancini ducheſs of Mazarin: the latter a copy from Carlo Maratti, at the duke of St. Alban's.

A ſmall japan cabinet; a dejeuné of Seve china, blue and white with coloured birds; and a blue and white old china jar.

On the window ſide:

A large looking-glaſs in a rich ebony frame; and two bronze arms with maſks, for candles.

Over the glaſs, the original portrait of Catherine of Braganza, that was ſent from Portugal previous to her marriage with Charles II. and from which Faithorne ſcraped his print: a preſent from Richard Bull, eſq.

* Theſe two pictures were bought of a very old gentlewoman, for whoſe grandfather they had been painted, and till then had never been taken out of their old black frames.

A table

A table of Saracen moſaic, ſent to Mr. Walpole from Rome by ſir William Hamilton, mounted on an ebony frame, with two ebony ſtands.

An ewer and two beakers, of Roman fayence; a preſent to Mr. Walpole from miſs Speed, afterwards married to the comte de Virri, miniſter from Turin.

A ſmall table with a landſcape of Seve porcelaine, mounted in old japan; a legacy to Mr. Walpole from Mary lady Hervey.

In the window, two china porcelaine ſtools.

Richard Wellborn, maſter of requeſts temp. Henry VIII. He was deſcended from a younger ſon of Simon de Montford earl of Leiceſter, on whoſe death, to ſecure himſelf, he changed his name to Wellborn: a preſent from the earl of Exeter.

Sir Nicholas Carew, knight of the garter and maſter of the horſe to Henry VIII. in whoſe reign he was beheaded: copied by Milbourn from the original by Holbein, at Beddington in Surrey.

Sir John Perrot, lord deputy of Ireland in the time of queen Elizabeth; in black and white chalk, by Chambars, from the original at ſir Herbert Perrot Packington's.

The original ſketch of the Beggar's Opera: Walker, as Macheath; miſs Fenton, afterwards ducheſs of Bolton, as Polly; Hippiſley, as Peach'em; Hall, as Lockit: on one ſide in a box, ſir Thomas Robinſon, very tall and lean; ſir Robert Fagg, a famous horſe-racer, fat, with ſhort grey hair; by Hogarth. Bought at the ſale of John Rich, the well-known harlequin, and maſter of the theatres in Lincoln's-inn-fields and Covent-garden, for whom the picture was painted.

Van Helmont, the chymiſt; copied by Müntz from a fine original by ſir Peter Lely, at the earl of Hertford's at Ragley.

Lady Henrietta Berkeley, ſiſter-in-law and miſtreſs of Ford lord Grey in the reign of Charles II. Bought at lady Suffolk's ſale.

Mary princeſs of Orange, daughter of king Charles I. given to Mr. Walpole by the prince of Monaco.

Rehearſal of an opera, with caricatures of the principal performers: Nicolini ſtands in front, Mrs. Toft is at the harpſichord, Margarita is entering in black *. Bought at the ſale of John duke of Argyll, who bought it at that of Charles Stanhope, eſq. By Sebaſtian Ricci: the landſcape in it by Marco Ricci.

Henry VII. a moſt capital portrait on board, and incomparable for the truth of nature, expreſſion and chiaro ſcuro. The character and thought in the countenance, and its exact conformity with the buſt by Torreggiani in the Star-chamber, make it unqueſtionably a portrait for which the king ſat; and yet the knowledge of light and ſhade, not poſſeſſed even by Holbein, makes it probable that this picture was retouched by Rubens, of whoſe colouring it is worthy and reſembles.

A table painted by lady Anne Fitzpatrick, daughter of the earl of Oſſory.

In the bow windows are ten coats of arms in painted glaſs, by Peckitt of York, with the principal matches of the family of Walpole.

The ceiling was copied from one at the Vine in Hampſhire.

Curioſities in the glaſs cloſet in the great bedchamber:

A ſalver of Raphael fayence, ſtory of The prodigal ſon.

A large diſh, ditto, ſtory of Abſalom.

One ditto, ſmaller, ſtory of Jael and Siſera.

A large plate, ditto, Feaſt of the gods.

One ſmaller, Chriſt walking on the water.

One ditto, cupids in relievo, ribbed border.

Ditto, Apollo and Marſyas, ſcolloped border.

Two ſmall ditto, with landſcapes and buildings.

* The gentleman in blue, with a patch on one eye, ſitting by the Margarita, is ſir Robert Rich, father of Elizabeth lady Lyttelton. See curious accounts of Mrs. Toft and the Margarita in the 5th vol. of ſir John Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſic.

Two

Two ditto, twelve ſquare, very coarſe.

Two ten ſquare diſhes of the old dragon china.

A fine ſilver trunk to hold perfumes, with bas-reliefs, the top from Raphael's Judgment of Paris; the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Bought out of the Great Duke's wardrobe; a preſent from ſir Horace Mann.

A Chineſe ſteelyard.

An amber ſtanding cup and cover, from Mrs. Kennon's collection.

A bottle of purple glaſs *. This and all the following articles marked with an aſteriſm, were bought at the ſale of count Caylus at Paris.

Seven boxes of the old gold and white japan, with ſmaller boxes of the ſame within.

A ſilver gilt plate in relievo, the meeting of Charles V. and Francis I. a preſent from ſir William Hamilton.

A pair of gloves worn by king James the firſt: bought out of Thoreſby's muſeum.

The wedding gloves of Mrs. Hampden, wife of the celebrated John Hampden.

An agate puncheon with the arms of Mr. Gray the poet, and a Goa ſtone; given to Mr. Walpole by doctor Browne and Mr. W. Maſon, Mr. Gray's executors.

A carved bottle for perfumes, mounted in ſilver; Indian.

A bronze perfume pot.

A clouded ewer of poliſhed earth.*

An ewer of Villeroy ware.

Three packs of Florentine cards, for playing at Minchiati and Tarocco.

Rubens's child, in biſcuit china of Nancy.

Three French ſnuff-boxes mounted in gold.

Small ivory box, containing a ſuite of prints repreſenting medals on the victories in the war at the end of the reign of George II.

A ſnuff-box with views of Spa; given by miſs Churchill.

Two enamel plates, preſents from Caroline lady Greenwich.

A ſilver gilt apoſtle-ſpoon. Addiſon, in the Drummer, mentions apoſtle-ſpoons; and ſo do Beaumont and Fletcher in one of their plays. It was an ancient faſhion to have a little figure at the end of a ſpoon's handle, as this has. It was a preſent from the reverend Mr. W. Cole.

Three ditto, ungilt.

An antique bronze of a man, naked, the head of ſir Robert Walpole added by Nattier.

Small octagon diſh of old china with figures.

Nineteen draftſmen of box, with heads of German princes and princeſſes; a preſent from Charles duke of Richmond.

Fourteen more, bought at Mr. Bateman's ſale.

Two vaſes of blue china mounted in or moulu.

A blue and white plate with the brown edge, old china.

A ſmaller with dragons, without the border.

Two octagons of blue and white with figures, pierced.

Two hexagon ſaucers, ditto, with feet.

A box with ancient round trenchers, with ſcriptural mottos; a preſent from the reverend Mr. W. Cole.

A German pitcher and cover, with bas-reliefs of figures dancing.*

Two plates of Chantilly china, of different ſizes.

A tea-pot of the old red japan ware.

Another red and black, of china.

A Turkiſh

A Turkiſh mug, with characters.*

An earthen pot, Indian.*

A blue and white earthen barrel, with handles.*

A drinking-veſſel of black earth, with ditto.*

A ſaltcellar of old fayence ſupported by dolphins.

Two blue and white diſhes and ſeven plates of old china; a legacy from Mrs. Henrietta Conway, ſiſter of Francis earl of Hertford.

Two old blue and white water-plates.

A copper diſh with a foot, enamelled with the ſtory of Abraham and Melchizedec; a preſent from George William Hervey earl of Briſtol.

A baſket of Seve china, blue, gold and white.

A Staffordſhire Etruſcan vaſe.

A blue vaſe of antique Roman glaſs with a boy's head.*

Four water-plates of old coloured china.

An urn and cover of Volterra alabaſter.

Two ewers of ancient glaſs.*

A blue and white ſquare pot for flowers, of old china.

A ſpeculum of kennel-coal, in a leathern caſe. It is curious for having been uſed to deceive the mob by Dr. Dee, the conjurer, in the reign of queen Elizabeth. It was in the collection of the Mordaunts earls of Peterborough, in whoſe catalogue it is called *the black ſtone into which Dr. Dee uſed to call his ſpirits.* From the Mordaunts it paſſed to lady Elizabeth Germaine, and from her to John laſt duke of Argyll, whoſe ſon, lord Frederic Campbell, gave it to Mr. Walpole.

A ſmall buſt in terra-cotta of Nicolo Pouſſin's wife, beautifully ſimple and natural, by Fiamingo, amicitiæ cauſâ; from monſ. Mariette's collection.

Two

Two ſquare flower-tubs of Wedgwood's ware, painted with antique cameos and maſks in blue, from deſigns of lady Diana Beauclerc.

The ſpurs worn by king William at the battle of the Boyne, preſerved in an Iriſh family, and given to the late earl of Harcourt when lord lieutenant, and by the preſent earl to Mr. W. in a red leather box lined with green velvet.

A tortoiſeſhell caſe ſtudded with ſilver, in which Van Tromp uſed to carry his pipes to ſea: a preſent from Mr. Hamilton.

Two ivory billiard-ſticks, engraved; they belonged to H. Herbert earl of Pembroke, and have his creſt a wyvern holding a bloody hand, and the bear and ragged ſtaff for his third wife, the famous Mary, ſiſter of ſir Philip Sidney; and an ancient ivory buſk, engraved with French devices and mottoes: all three from the collection of Mr. Goſtling at Canterbury.

Twelve ſilver deſſert-plates, engraved with the hiſtory of the prodigal ſon. They belonged to lord chancellor Clarendon, and deſcended to his great grand-daughter the celebrated ducheſs of Queenſberry, and were purchaſed at the duke's auction.

A ſmall tray of red japan.

A ſnuff-box beautifully painted in brown and white with figures from Etruſcan vaſes, beſpoken at Naples, and given by ſir William Hamilton.

An ancient German wooden ſpoon, curiouſly carved with religious figures and mottoes.

A vaſe of rock cryſtal, carved with battles, unfiniſhed, having been cracked in the workmanſhip, with a ſilver gilt foot; bought out of the Great Duke's wardrobe by ſir Horace Mann, and ſent to Mr. W.

An ebony cabinet, ornamented with or moulu, lapis lazuli, agates, pieces of ancient enamel, bas-reliefs of Wedgwood, and nine capital drawings of a gipſy girl and beautiful children by lady Diana Beauclerc, with other drawings by her; and with ſtrawberries and Mr. Walpole's arms and creſt. The deſign of the cabinet by Mr. E. Edwards, in 1783.

A ſnuff-

A ſnuff-box of red and white plaiſter, from the Piſcine mirabili at Rome; a preſent from miſs Campbell.

A ſnuff-box with moſaic pigeons, from the antique; a preſent from her royal highneſs the ducheſs of Glouceſter.

A large black ſtone baſon, made from the quarry with which the duke of Argyll's houſe at Inverary is built, and which is ſoft when firſt cut; given by Mr. Pinkerton.

In the cloſet-window is a head of queen Elizabeth in painted glaſs, and another pane with men playing at cards, very old.

On the BACK STAIRS.

Lady Catherine Fitzalan marchioneſs of Dorſet, daughter of William earl of Arundel, and firſt wife of Henry Grey, afterwards duke of Suffolk, from whom ſhe was divorced to make room for his marriage with lady Frances Brandon, daughter of Mary queen of France and Charles duke of Suffolk.

A large piece of ſtill life, by Adrian Van Utrecht.

The BEAUCLERC CLOSET

IS a hexagon, built in 1776, and deſigned by Mr. Eſſex, architect, of Cambridge, who drew the ceiling, door, window, and ſurbaſe. In the window is a lion and two fleurs de lys, royally crowned, ancient, but repaired and ornamented by Price; and, being bearings in the royal arms, ſerve for Beauclerc. The cloſet is hung with Indian blue damaſk, and was built on purpoſe to receive ſeven incomparable drawings of lady Diana Beauclerc for Mr. Walpole's tragedy of The Myſterious Mother. The beauty and grace of the figures and of the children are inimitable; the expreſſion of the paſſions moſt maſterly, particularly in the devotion of the counteſs with the porter, of Benedict in the ſcene with Martin, and the tenderneſs, deſpair, and reſolution of the counteſs in the laſt ſcene; in which is a new ſtroke of double paſſion in Edmund, whoſe right hand is clenched and ready to ſtrike with anger, the left hand relents. In the ſcene of the children, ſome are evidently vulgar, the others children of rank; and the firſt child, that pretends to look down and does leer upwards, is charming. Only two ſcenes

are repreſented in all the ſeven, and yet all are varied; and the ground in the firſt, by a very uncommon effect, evidently deſcends and riſes again. Theſe ſublime drawings, the firſt hiſtories ſhe ever attempted, were all conceived and executed in a fortnight. Other pictures in this cloſet are,

Lady Diana Beauclerc, by Powel, after ſir J. Reynolds.

Charles Lenox third duke of Richmond, profile, by Milbourn after Romney.

Count Schouallow, favourite of the czarina Elizabeth, whoſe image he holds. This worthy man, who enjoyed abſolute power for twelve years, never did an injury or made an enemy. Painted at Paris in 1775.

Two young women and a boy, a drawing in a round, by lady Diana Beauclerc.

Four fronts of a gothic houſe, deſigned by Mr. John Chute for Mr. Andrews, and built at Spinehill near Donnington-caſtle, Berkſhire.

Two capital drawings by Paulo Panini, bought at Mariette's ſale.

A view of the fictitious monument deſigned and erected by general H. S. Conway, near the Thames, at his ſeat at Park-place near Henley: and

A view of the leſſer arch, deſigned and erected by the ſame, at ditto; with a ſmall portrait of the general himſelf. Theſe two by Paul Sandby, in 1781.

All theſe pictures have black and gold frames.

Two arms for candles, of or moulu, in the form of lilies, from Paris.

Two black and gold triangular ſtands.

A tea-ſervice of old blue and white porcelaine.

A tea-cheſt of Clay's ware, painted with looſe feathers.

A head of Auguſtus, from an antique cameo belonging to ſir William Hamilton, modelled in wax by Mrs. Damer, daughter of general Conway, in 1777.

A head of Voltaire, ditto, its companion.

A writing-table of Clay's ware, highly varniſhed: it is black, with blue and white ornaments in a gothic pattern, deſigned by Paul Sandby. In one of the drawers the play of The Myſterious Mother, to explain the drawings, bound in blue leather and gilt.

Four blue damaſk ſtools with black and gold frames.

The book of Pſalms, with 21 inimitable illuminations by don Julio Clovio, ſcholar of Julio Romano. If any thing can excel the figures, it is the execution of the borders, which are of the pureſt antique taſte, and unrivalled for the luſtre and harmony of the colours, as well as for the preſervation, which is allowed to be more perfect than any of the few works of this extraordinary maſter. It was painted, as is ſaid on one of the illuminations, Principi Andegavenſi, 1537; was afterwards in the Arundelian collection; on the diſperſion of which it was purchaſed by the earl of Oxford in 1720, who bequeathed it to his daughter the ducheſs of Portland, at whoſe ſale Mr. Walpole bought it in 1786.

The head of Jupiter Serapis, in baſaltes. The divine majeſty and beauty of this precious fragment prove the great ideas and conſummate taſte of the ancient ſculptors. This buſt was purchaſed, with the celebrated vaſe, from the Barberini collection at Rome, by ſir William Hamilton; and was ſold with the vaſe to the ducheſs of Portland, and on her grace's death was bought by Mr. Walpole.

A locket with hair of Mary Tudor, queen of France; whoſe tomb was opened in 1784; a preſent from miſs Fauquier.

A very ſmall cryſtal watch; a preſent from general Fitzwilliam.

General Moncke, by Cooper.

The ROUND BEDCHAMBER, two Pair of Stairs.

THE inſide of a church, a very good Flemiſh picture on board; a legacy to Mr. Walpole from doctor Meyrick at Iſleworth.

Henrietta Hobart counteſs of Suffolk, ſitting; a view of her houſe at

Marble-hill, Twickenham: by Jervas. It was Mr. Pope's: lady Suffolk bought it at Mrs. Martha Blount's ſale, and gave it to Mr. Walpole.

Ogleby, the poet, in his ſhirt; fine, by Fuller: from ſir R. Walpole's collection.

Tillemans, the painter.

Mrs. Barry, the celebrated actreſs; profile, by ſir Godfrey Kneller. Sketch for the head of Britannia in the great equeſtrian picture of king William at Hampton-court.

Henrietta ducheſs of Orleans, as Pallas; bought at lady Suffolk's ſale.

The emperor Maximilian; a curious head.

Robert Dudley earl of Leiceſter.

Two half lengths of ladies, by ſir Peter Lely.

Chriſtian Reiſin, ſeal-engraver, in an oval; freely painted by Dahl.

Enoch Zeeman, the painter, in his original preſbyterian habit, and his daughter as a boy by him: well painted by himſelf.

Pearce, ſen. ſtatuary, by Fuller; from Vertue's collection.

Portrait of Oliver Cromwell's mother, copied from the original at Hinchinbrook; given by lord Sandwich.

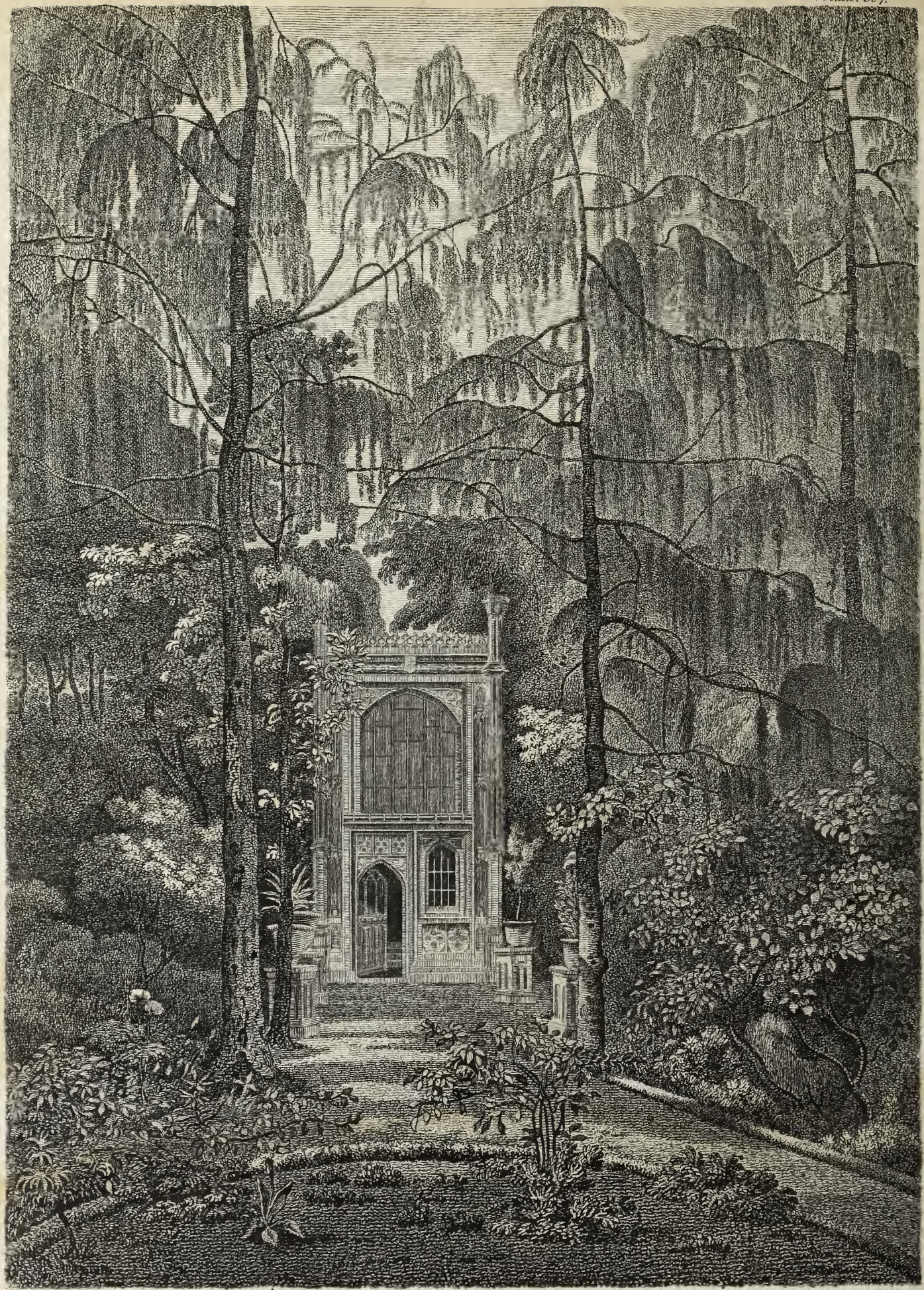
Mrs. Catherine Clive, the actreſs, with a muſic-book; painted by Daviſon: a preſent from her brother Mr. James Raſtor.

The GREAT CLOYSTER.

AT each end, a blue and white china flower-pot; and in the middle, a fine antique marble vaſe, on a pedeſtal with a Greek inſcription; bought at the ſale of Chaſe Price, eſq. in 1778.

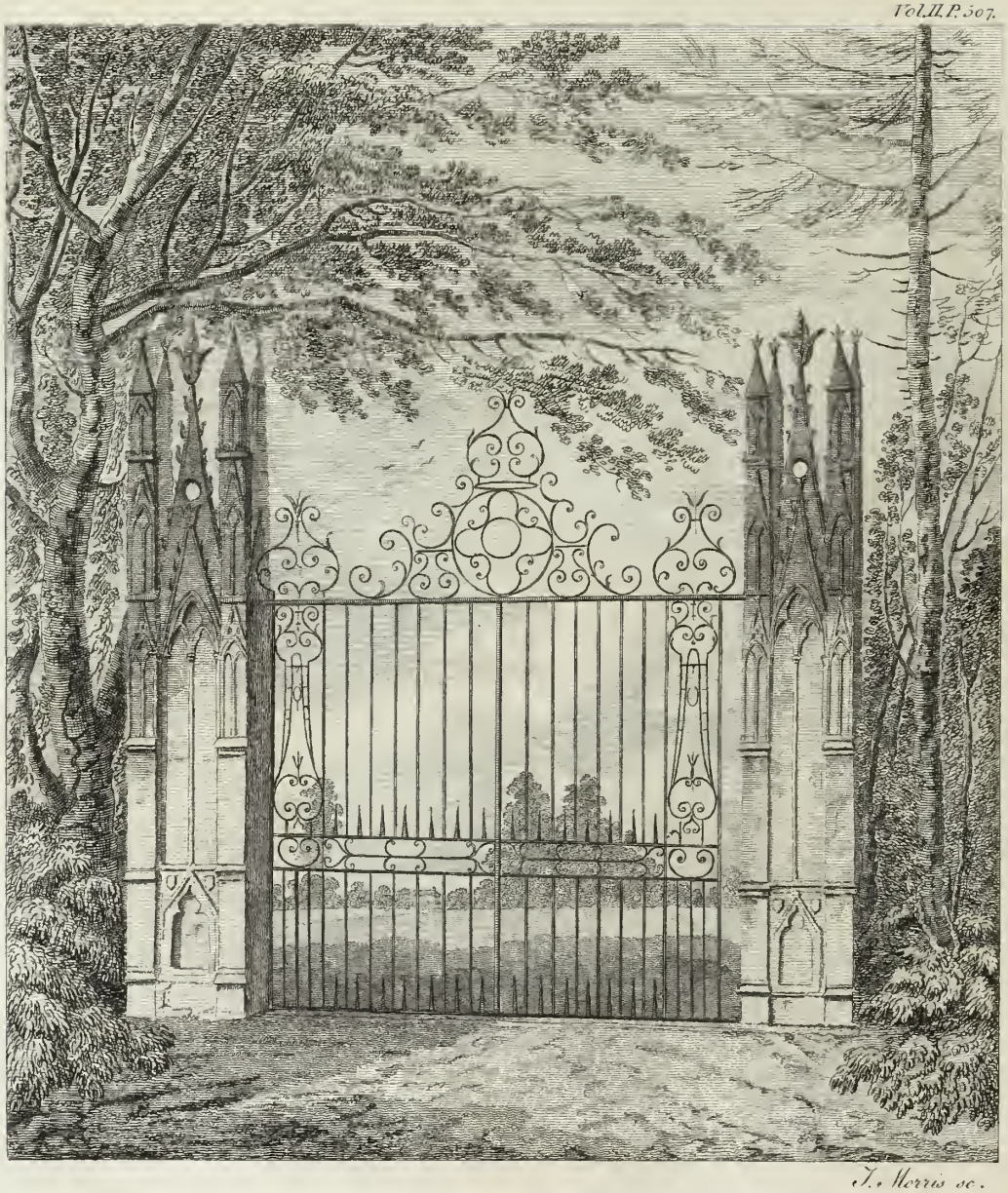
Eight very ancient Welch chairs, turned, and four ſtands; bought at the ſale of Mr. Richard Bateman of Old Windſor.

The



Pars delin. Godfrey Sc

View of the Chapel in the Garden at Strawberry hill.



J. Morris sc.

GARDEN GATE.

The piers of the garden-gates are of artificial ſtone, and taken from the tomb of William de Luda biſhop of Ely, in that cathedral.

Before the chapel, ſtand on pedeſtals four rare Indian flower-tubs, bought at Mr. Bateman's.

The CHAPEL,

IN the ſouth-weſt corner of the wood, is built of brick, with a beautiful front of Portland ſtone, executed by Mr. Gayfere of Weſtminſter, and taken from the tomb of Edmund Audley biſhop of Saliſbury, in that cathedral. In the anti-chapel is an oaken Gothic bench, deſigned by Mr. Bentley; over it, a head of ſaint John Baptiſt, alto-relievo, in marble, on a pedeſtal of the ſame in a fine taſte, the work of Donatello, and a preſent from ſir Horace Mann. On the oppoſite ſide, a crucifix of bronze; and beneath it, on an angular pedeſtal of fayence on which is a buſt of an angel, ſtands an encenſoir of bronze. By the door is a holy-water-pot of earthen-ware, given by Mr. G. A. Selwyn.

Four pannels that came out of the abbey of St. Edmundſbury, and were doors to an altar-piece, and were ſince in the poſſeſſion of Peter Leneve, Norroy, and after him of Mr. Martin and Mr. Ives, antiquaries; on whoſe death Mr. W. bought and had them ſawed into four pictures. On the outſide pannels are Henry Beaufort cardinal of Wincheſter, and John Kemp archbiſhop of Canterbury. On one of the inſides is Humphrey duke of Glouceſter praying, and behind him a ſaint holding the duke's cap of eſtate in one hand, and a golden chalice in the other. On the other is a perſon in the act of adoration in a ſtable, whence it is probable that the virgin and child were repreſented on the middle piece which is wanting. This perſon ſeems to be Joſeph, but may be the donor of the altar-piece, as over him is a ſhield of arms of Tate, impaling Boleyn or Sanders, for the colour of the chevron is turned black. Theſe perhaps might be attached to the houſe of Lancaſter, who were great benefactors to the abbey, and two princes of which family, afterwards ſo memorable for their enmity, are here repreſented. The three portraits agree remarkably with thoſe of the ſame perſons in the marriage of Henry VI. in the library, eſpecially the archbiſhop and the duke, who has the ſame bald head and furred mantle. The two prelates are hard and dry, but the duke and Joſeph are painted in

a ſtyle very ſuperior to that age, and the folds of their garments looſe and large, not unworthy of the Bologneſe ſchool.

In the window are the original portraits * of Henry III. and his queen in painted glaſs, with other ſaints and coats of arms. Fronting the door ſtands a magnificent ſhrine † of moſaic, three ſtories high; and beneath it, a crucifix ‡ inlaid with mother of pearl, bought at the ſale of the honourable Richard Bateman in 1774. On one ſide of the ſhrine, in a receſs, ſtands on a conſole a figure of an ancient king of France, in fayence; on the other ſide, the virgin Mary, of bronze. The roof was deſigned by Mr. Chute. On a tablet over the door is the following inſcription:

The ſhrine in front was brought in the year 1768 *from the church of Santa Maria maggiore in Rome, when the new pavement was laid there. This ſhrine was erected in the year* 1256 *over the bodies of the holy martyrs Simplicius, Fauſtina, and Beatrix, by John James Capoccio and Vinia his wife; and was the work of Peter Cavalini, who made the tomb of Edward the Confeſſor in Weſtminſter-abbey.* See The Anecdotes of Painting, p. 24.

The window was brought from the church of Bexhill in Suſſex. The two principal figures are king Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence his queen, the only portraits of them extant. King Henry died in 1272, *and we know of no painted glaſs more ancient than the reign of his father king John. Theſe portraits have been engraved for the frontiſpiece to The Anecdotes of Painting.*

This chapel was erected by Horace Walpole in the year 1771. *The façade was copied from a chapel-tomb in the cathedral of Saliſbury.*

At the end of the winding walk is a large ſeat in the form of a ſhell, carved in oak, from a deſign by Mr. Bentley.

* Theſe were a preſent from the earl of Aſhburnham.

† It was repaired, and parts ſupplied, by Richter, who made the chimney-piece in the round room; but he could not ſupply the golden glaſs in the original, the art of which is loſt.

‡ It ſtands on an angel and ſhield, which came out of Weſtminſter-abbey.

The

THE SHELL BENCH.

T. Morris sc.

View from the Terrace at Strawberryhill.

East View of the Cottage-garden at Strawberryhill.

The Cottage in the Flower-Garden.

The TEA-ROOM

IS hung with green paper and prints. Over the chimney, Mary Lepelle lady Hervey, by Ramſay, in a frame carved by Gibbons: from Mr. Bateman's. Two ſconces of Chantilly china; a ſceau for liquors, of Seve; two chocolate-cups, ditto; a handle-cup and ſaucer; a caudle-cup and deep ſaucer; all with coloured flowers. A rice-cup on feet; a ſaltcellar of old fayence; and four biſcuit figures. On the hearth, a large green vaſe of German ware, with a ſpread eagle, and lizards for handles. From Mr. Bateman's.

On a ſhelf and brackets, two pots-pourris of Nankin china; two pierced blue and white baſons of old Delft; and two ſceaus of coloured Seve; a blue and white vaſe and cover; and two old fayence bottles.

On the tea-table, a white tea-pot with gold edge, of Seve; four handle-cups and ſaucers, a ſugar-diſh, milk-pot, baſon, and plate, of the ſame; a tea-pot of crackled china with blue and brown flowers; an octagon green baſon with coloured flowers; a ditto, white, with ditto; a green leaf of Staffordſhire-ware; two blue and white handle-cups of Seve; one ditto larger, in ſhape of a pail; two ditto with coloured flowers and blue rims; one ditto with dark blue and gold edges and coloured flowers; and one ditto with blue and gold moſaic on white.

The LITTLE LIBRARY

IS painted green and white. Over the chimney, an original half-length of Milton, æt. 45, in black, a ring tied to one of his button-holes. In the key-ſtone of the chimney, an antique bas-relief with the ſtory of Mars and Venus. On the mantle-piece, ſeveral antique ſepulchral earthen lamps. On the hearth, a flower-pot of fine blue earth.

Four ancient Welch chairs: from Mr. Bateman's.

Over the door, an antique painting in freſco. *Vide Middleton's Germana, &c.*

4. A bronze

A bronze tripod for burning incenſe. M.

A marble canopus.

Two ditto, ſmaller; bought at Mr. Bateman's.

Over the book-caſes, a ſmall marble buſt of lord chancellor Clarendon.

Several ſmall Etruſcan and black Staffordſhire vaſes.

Two yellow beakers, with flowers, of Staffordſhire ware.

Two red china ditto.

Two flower-pots of crackled china.

A blue china bottle.

A bronze inkſtand, in good taſte; from count Caylus's collection.

In this library are ſeveral volumes of MSS.

IN THE GARDEN,

AN extraordinary large brainſtone: a preſent from Mr. Groſvenor Bedford.

Bernini's Apollo and Daphne, in bronze.

A large antique ſarcophagus in marble, with bas-reliefs; from the collection of Bryan Fairfax, eſq.

Two oſſuaria.

The ſleeping Morpheus in plaiſter.

ADDITIONS.

A Two-leaved ſcreen, painted on Mancheſter velvet, with the heads of a Satyr and Bacchante, by lady Diana Beauclerc, in 1788.

Twelve earthen plates, painted at Delft, with the ſigns of the zodiac, by ſir James Thornhill: bought at Mrs. Hogarth's ſale.

The death of cardinal Wolſey, copied by miſs Agnes Berry in water-colours, of the ſame ſize, and with all the ſtrength of the original in oil by Mr. William Lock—a ſublime compoſition, in which the expreſſions are worthy of the greateſt maſters, as the colouring and chiaro-ſcuro are equal to Rubens.

Proceſſion in the Caſtle of Otranto, in water-colours, by J. Carter.

A drawing, whole length, of Mrs. Damer, in the attitude of having juſt carved her young Paris; by Richard Coſway.

A ſmall head of Harris the actor, in the character of cardinal Wolſey, in oil. There is an unique print of it in the Pepyſian library at Cambridge.

A fox and partridge: and a water-dog and duck. Both by Oudry.

Frances Stuart, ducheſs of Richmond; oval head. *Vide Grammont.*

An emblematic braſs diſh, by Francis Briot.

A Venetian morion: and, a curious round helmet; engraved in captain Groſe's Armoury. Both bought at Mr. Rawle's ſale.

Johanna lady Abergavenny: *vide Royal and Noble Authors:* a preſent from miſs Beauclerc, the maid of honour.

An iron back of a grate, with general Fairfax on horſeback, dated 1649; found in the old kitchen at Strawberry-hill.

Lady Elizabeth Butler, counteſs of Cheſterfield; half length, by ſir Peter Lely: brought from her houſe at Breadby. *Vide Grammont.*

An

An ancient knife, with a curious handle of gold; a preſent from miſs Mary Carter.

The original portrait of Samuel Cooper, the miniature painter, from the royal collection; bought at Mr. Dalton's ſale.

Head of a gentleman, by Roſalba; ditto.

Prince Arthur, prince Henry, and princeſs Margaret, children of Henry the ſeventh, by Mabuſe; from Coſway's collection.

A rabbit, by Adrian Vandevelde; from ditto.

Thomas Wriotheſley earl of Southampton, lord treaſurer, by Samuel Cooper; from the collection of Mr. Browne, of Shipton-Mallet.

Two very large blue jars; from Mrs. French's collection.

An ewer of ancient fayence; ditto.

A ſmall vaſe of porphyry; from lord James Manners's collection.

A ſmall hamper of ſilver wire, containing a Goa ſtone; ditto.

A Scottiſh mull, made of a large ram's horn, and mounted in ſilver; a preſent from ſir James Colquhoun.

SOUTH FRONT OF STRA

BERRY HILL.

EAST FRONT OF STRA

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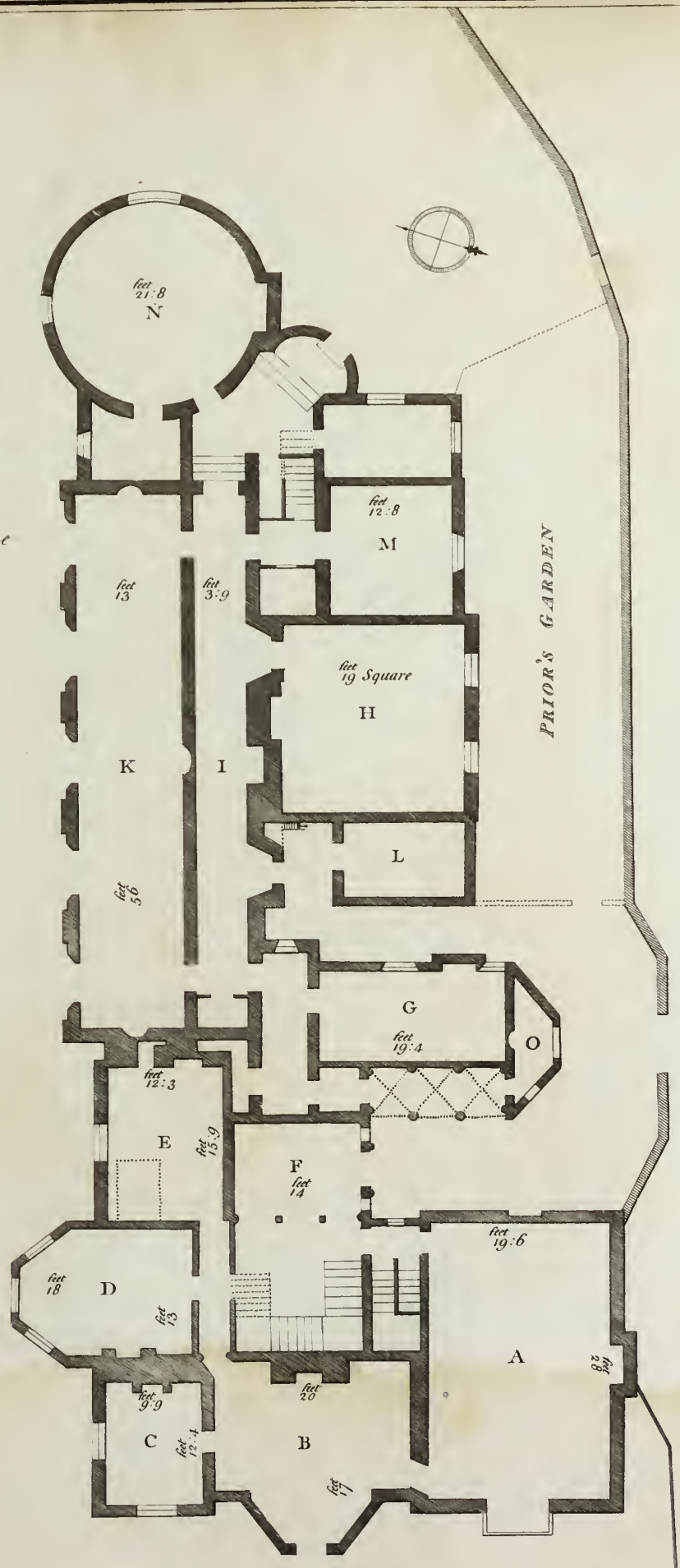
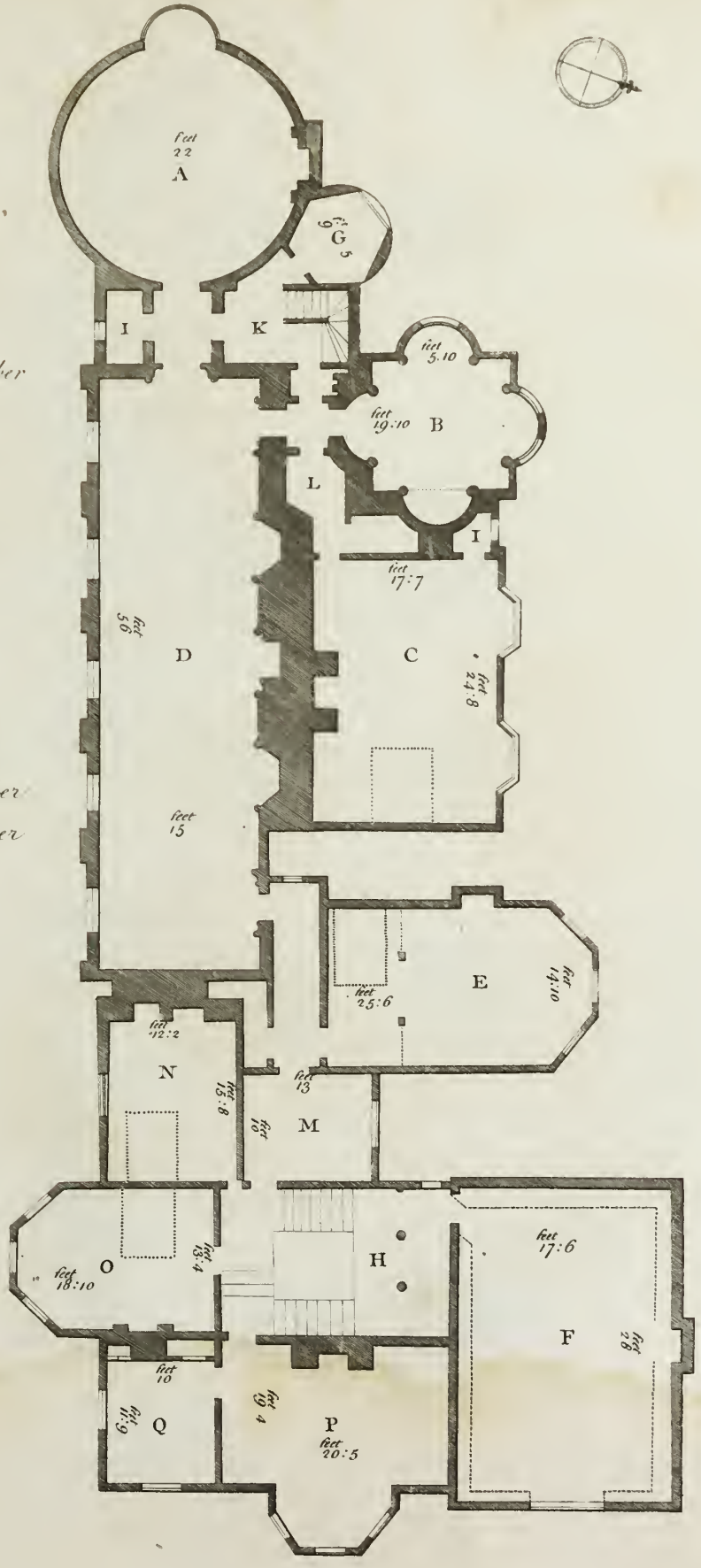
BERRY HILL.

A *Great Parlour*
B *Waiting Room*
C *China Closet*
D *Little Parlour*
E *Beauty Room*
F *Hall & Stair-case*
G *Pantry*
H *Servants hall*
I *Paſsage*
K *Great Cloyster*
L *Wine Cellar*
M *Beer Cellar*
N *Kitchen*
O *Oratory*

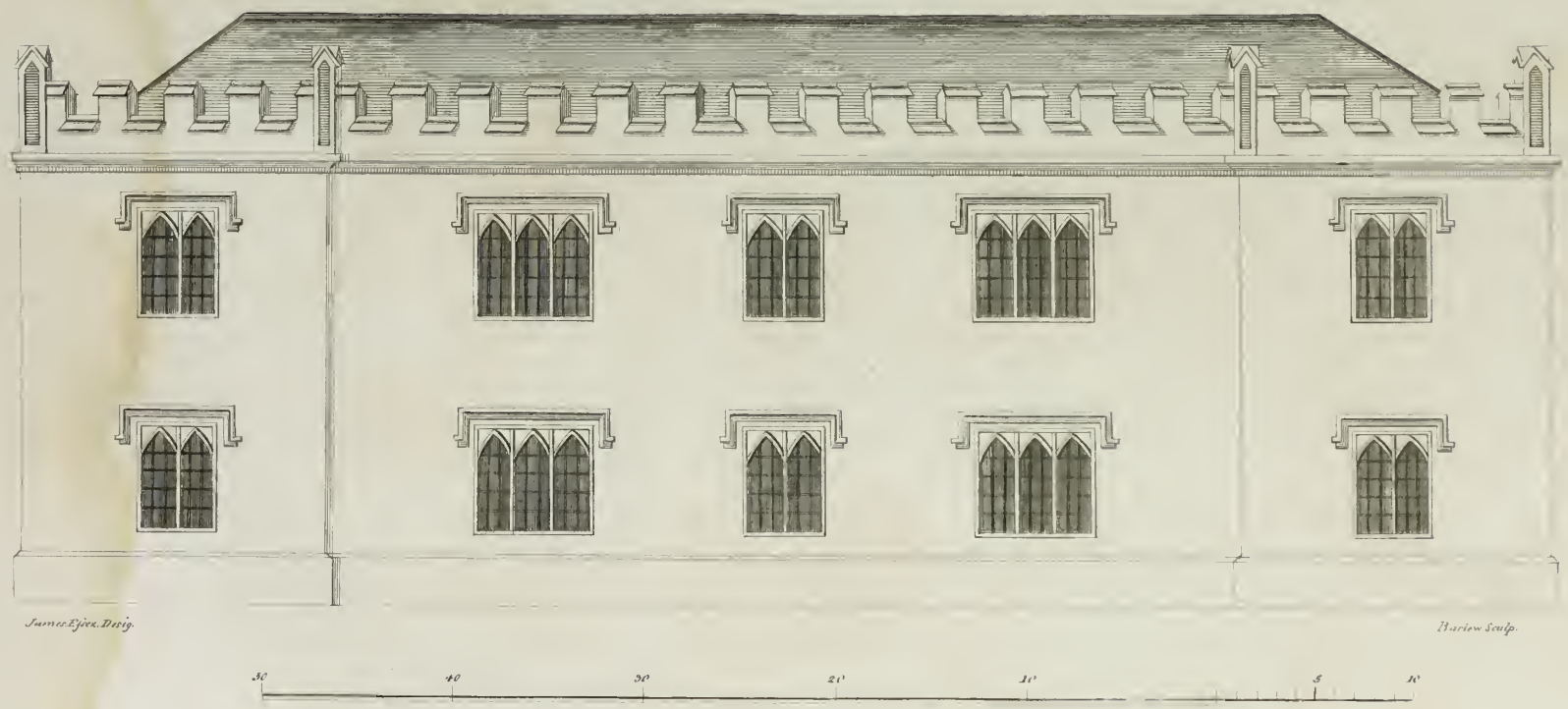


Ground Plan of Strawberry hill. 1781.

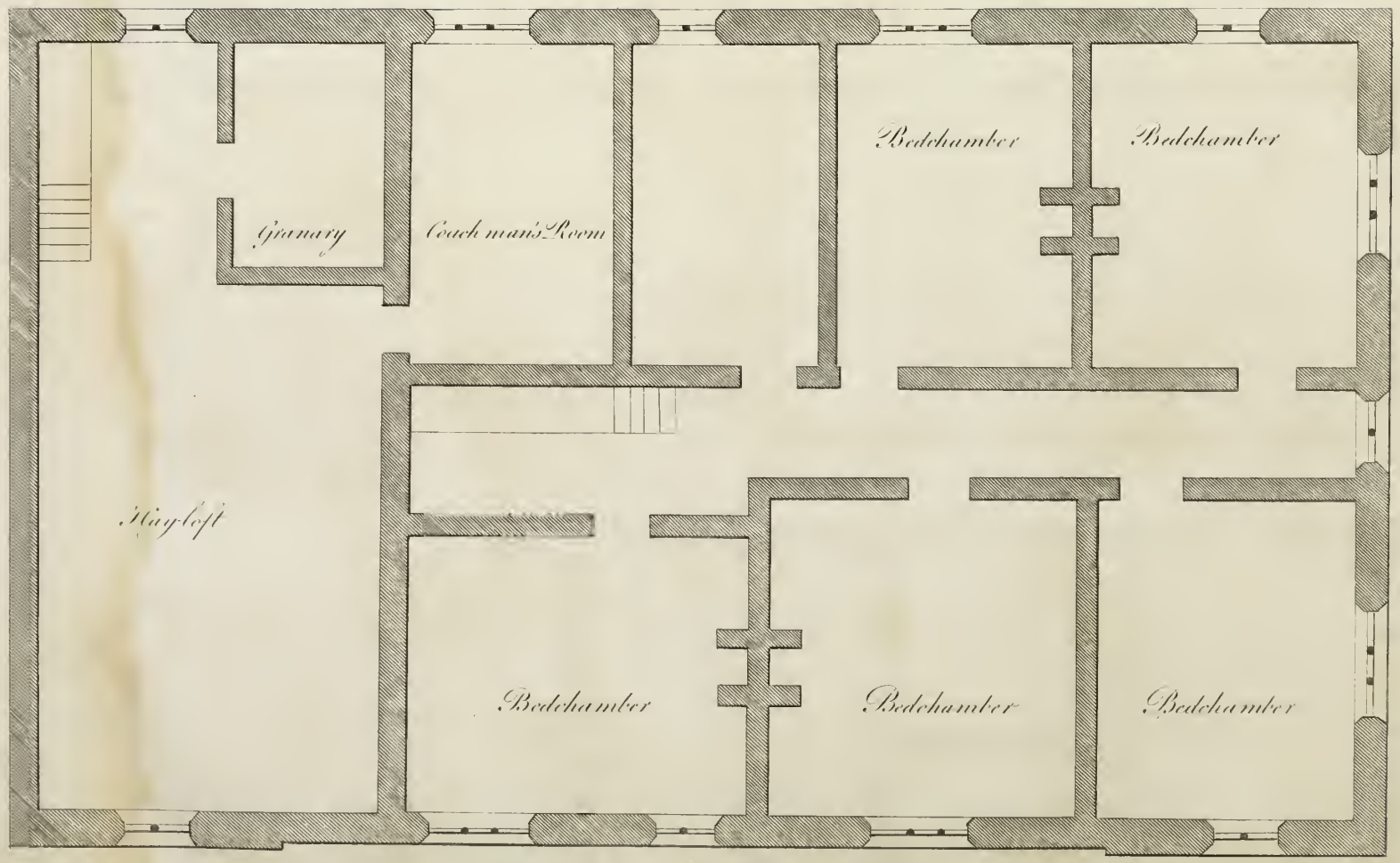
A *Round Room*
B *Cabinet*
C *Great Bed Chamber*
D *Gallery*
E *Holbein Room*
F *Library*
G *Beauclere Closet*
H *Armory*
I *China Closets*
K *Back Stairs*
L *Paſsage*
M *Star Chamber*
N *Red Bedchamber*
O *Blue Bedchamber*
P *Breakfast Room*
Q *Green Closet*



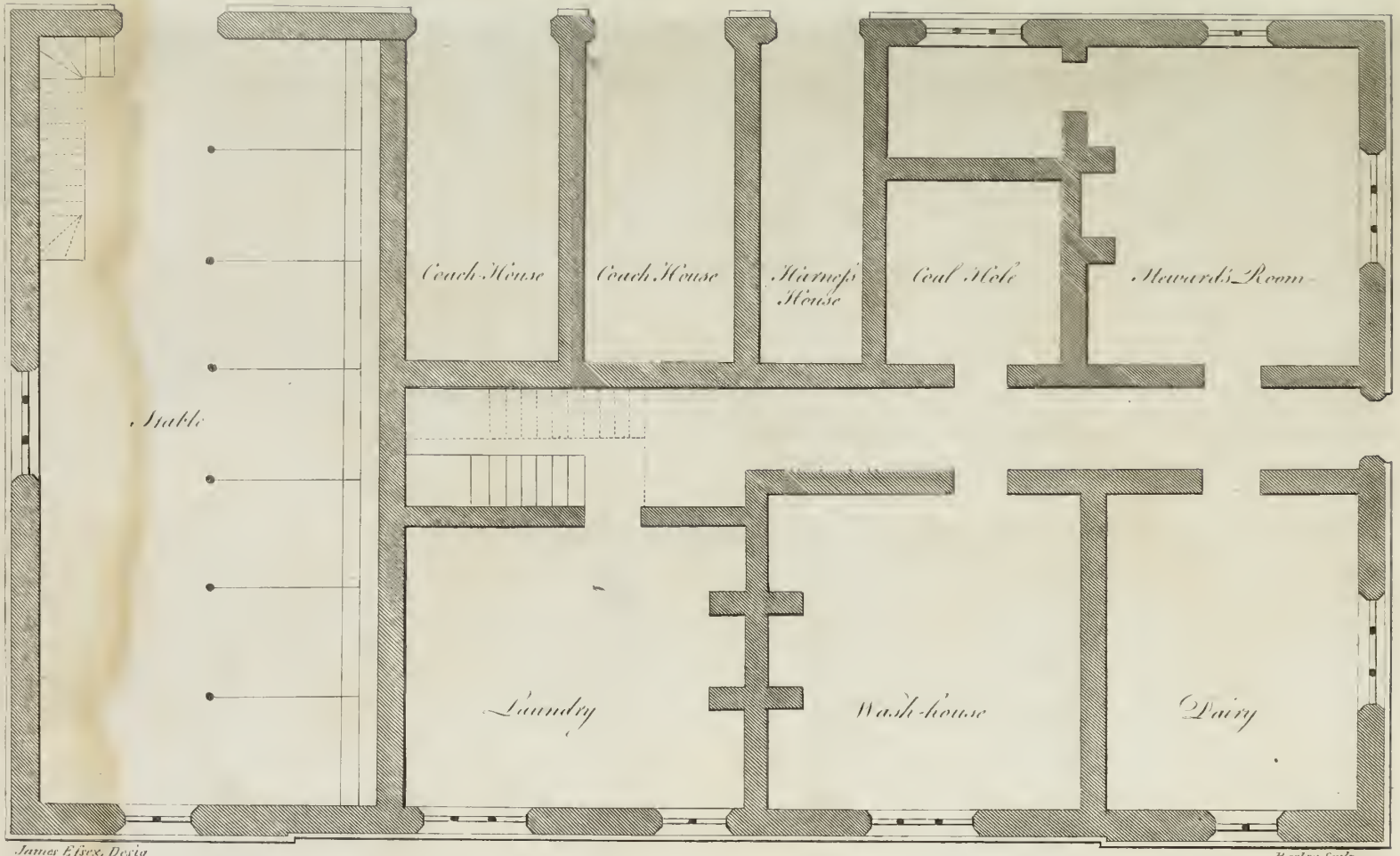
Principal Floor of Strawberry hill. 1781.



Offices



Plan of the Principal Floor.



Ground Plan of the Offices

STRAWBERRY-HILL,

A BALLAD,

By WILLIAM PULTENEY Earl of Bath.

To the tune of a former Song * *written by* George Bubb Doddington lord Melcomb, *the burthen of which was, My Strawberry, my Strawberry ſhall bear away the Bell.*

I.

SOME cry up Gunnerſbury,
For Sion ſome declare;
And ſome ſay that with Chiſwick-houſe
No villa can compare:
But aſk the beaux of Middleſex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawb'ry-hill, if Strawb'ry-hill
Don't bear away the bell?

II.

Some love to roll down Greenwich-hill
For this thing and for that;
And ſome prefer ſweet Marble-hill,
Though ſure 'tis ſomewhat flat:
Yet Marble-hill and Greenwich-hill,
If Kitty Clive † can tell,
From Strawb'ry-hill, from Strawb'ry-hill
Will never bear the bell.

* That ſong was written in praiſe of Mrs. Strawbridge, a lady with whom Mr. Doddington was in love.

† Mrs. Clive, the actreſs, lived near Strawberry-hill, in a houſe which Mr. Walpole bought and gave to her.

III.

Though Surry boaſts its Oatlands,
And Clermont kept ſo jim,
And ſome prefer ſweet Southcote's,
'Tis but a dainty whim;
For aſk the gallant Briſtow*,
Who does in taſte excell,
If Strawb'ry-hill, if Strawb'ry-hill
Don't bear away the bell?

IV.

Since Denham ſung of Cooper's,
There's ſcarce a hill around
But what in ſong or ditty
Is turn'd to fairy-ground——
Ah, peace be with their memories!
I wiſh them wondrous well;
But Strawb'ry-hill, but Strawb'ry-hill
Muſt bear away the bell.

V.

Great William † dwells at Windſor,
As Edward did of old,
And many a Gaul and many a Scot
Have found him full as bold.
On lofty hills like Windſor
Such heroes ought to dwell;
Yet little folks like Strawb'ry-hill,
Like Strawb'ry-hill as well.

The 2d, 4th and 5th ſtanzas were added by Mr. W.

* William Briſtow, eſq. brother of the counteſs of Buckingham, friend of lord Bath, and a great pretender to taſte.

† William duke of Cumberland.

LIST OF THE BOOKS

Printed at Strawberry-hill.

TWO Odes by Mr. Gray; quarto, 1757: 1000 copies.

Tranſlation of part of Hentzner's Travels; ſmall octavo, 1757: 220 copies.

Royal and Noble Authors; 2 vol. ſmall oct. 1758: 300 copies.

Walpole's Fugitive Pieces; ſmall oct. 1758: 200 copies.

Whitworth's Account of Ruſſia; ſmall oct. 1758: 700 copies.

Spence's Parallel of Magliabechi and Hill; ſmall oct. 1758: 700 copies.

Bentley's Lucan; quarto, 1759: 500 copies.

Anecdotes of Painting; ſmall quarto, 3 vol. and 1 of Engravers; 1761: 600 copies.

A ſecond edition of the ſame, 1765.

Lord Herbert's Life; ſmall quarto, 1764: 200 copies.

Lady Temple's Poems, quarto, 1764: 100 copies.

Cornélie, Tragedie de Henaut; ſmall octavo, 1768: 200 copies; 150 went to Paris.

The Myſterious Mother, Tragedy; ſmall octavo, 1768: 50 copies.

Hoyland's Poems; ſmall octavo, 1769: 300 copies.

Memoires de Grammont; ſmall quarto, 1771: 100 copies: 30 went to Paris.

Letters of Edward VI. ſmall quarto, 1771: 200 copies.

Miſcellaneous Antiquities, 2 numbers; ſmall quarto, 1772: 500 copies.

Deſcription of Strawberry-hill; ſmall quarto, 1774; 100 copies, 6 on large paper.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's Dorinda, and Mr. Charles Fox's Verſes to Mrs. Crewe; ſmall quarto, 1775: 300 copies.

The Sleep-walker, Comedy, by lady Craven; ſmall octavo, 1778: 75 copies.

Letter to the Editor of Chatterton's Miſcellanies; octavo, 1779: 200 copies.

Mr. Charles Miller's Verſes to lady Horatia Waldegrave; ſmall quarto, 1780: 150 copies.

Fourth volume of The Anecdotes of Painting, printed in 1770, but not publiſhed till October 1780: 600 copies.

Mr. Jones's Ode on lord Althorp's Marriage; ſmall quarto, 1781: 250 copies.

Letter from the hon. Thomas Walpole; ſmall quarto, 1781: 120 copies.

Deſcription of Strawberry-hill; royal quarto, 1784: 200 copies.

N. B. Mr. Miller's, Mr. Fitzpatrick's, and Mr. Fox's Verſes, Hoyland's Poems, and Mr. T. Walpole's Letter, were only looſe ſheets or ſmall tracts.

ON

MODERN GARDENING.

ON

MODERN GARDENING.

GARDENING was probably one of the firſt arts that ſucceeded to that of building houſes, and naturally attended property and individual poſſeſſion. Culinary and afterwards medicinal herbs were the objects of every head of a family: it became convenient to have them within reach, without ſeeking them at random in woods, in meadows, and on mountains, as often as they were wanted. When the earth ceaſed to furniſh ſpontaneouſly all theſe primitive luxuries, and culture became requiſite, ſeparate encloſures for rearing herbs grew expedient. Fruits were in the ſame predicament, and thoſe moſt in uſe, or that demand attention, muſt have entered into and extended the domeſtic encloſure. The good man Noah, we are told, planted a vineyard, drank of the wine, and was drunken, and every body knows the conſequences. Thus we acquired kitchen-gardens, orchards, and vineyards. I am apprized that the prototype of all theſe ſorts was the garden of Eden; but as that Paradiſe was a good deal larger than any we read of afterwards, being encloſed by the rivers Piſon, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, as every tree that was pleaſant to the ſight and good for food grew in it, and as two other trees were likewiſe found there, of which not a ſlip or ſucker remains, it does not belong to the preſent diſcuſſion. After the fall, no man living was ſuffered to enter into the garden; and the poverty and neceſſities of our firſt anceſtors hardly allowed them time *to make improvements on their eſtates* in imitation of it, ſuppoſing any plan had been preſerved. A cottage and a ſlip of ground for a cabbage and a gooſeberry-buſh, ſuch as we ſee by the

ſide of a common, were in all probability the earlieſt ſeats and gardens: a well and bucket ſucceeded to the Piſon and Euphrates. As ſettlements increaſed, the orchard and the vineyard followed; and the earlieſt princes of tribes poſſeſſed juſt the neceſſaries of a modern farmer.

Matters, we may well believe, remained long in this ſituation; and though the generality of mankind form their ideas from the import of words in their own age, we have no reaſon to think that for many centuries the term *garden* implied more than a kitchen-garden or orchard. When a Frenchman reads of the garden of Eden, I do not doubt but he concludes it was ſomething approaching to that of Verſailles, with clipt hedges, berceaus, and trellis-work. If his devotion humbles him ſo far as to allow that, conſidering who deſigned it, there might be a labyrinth full of Æſop's fables, yet he does not conceive that four of the largeſt rivers in the world were half ſo magnificent as an hundred fountains full of ſtatues by Girardon. It is thus that the word *garden* has at all times paſſed for whatever was underſtood by that term in different countries. But that it meant no more than a kitchen-garden or orchard for ſeveral centuries, is evident from thoſe few deſcriptions that are preſerved of the moſt famous gardens of antiquity.

That of Alcinous, in the Odyſſey, is the moſt renowned in the heroic times. Is there an admirer of Homer who can read his deſcription without rapture; or who does not form to his imagination a ſcene of delights more picturesque than the landſcapes of Tinian or Juan Fernandez? Yet what was that boaſted Paradiſe with which

> the gods ordain'd
> To grace Alcinous and his happy land? POPE.

Why, diveſted of harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, it was a ſmall orchard and vineyard, with ſome beds of herbs and two fountains that watered them, encloſed within a quickſet hedge. The whole compaſs of this pompous garden encloſed—four acres.

> Four acres was th' allotted ſpace of ground,
> Fenc'd with a green encloſure all around.

The trees were apples, figs, pomegranates, pears, olives, and vines.

> Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mould;
> The redd'ning apple ripens into gold.
> Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
> With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.
> The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
> And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
> * * * * * * * * * * * * *
> Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
> In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.

Alcinous's garden was planted by the poet, enriched by him with the fairy gift of eternal ſummer, and no doubt an effort of imagination ſurpaſſing any thing he had ever ſeen. As he has beſtowed on the ſame happy prince a palace with brazen walls and columns of ſilver, he certainly intended that the garden ſhould be proportionably magnificent. We are ſure therefore, that as late as Homer's age an encloſure of four acres, comprehending orchard, vineyard, and kitchen-garden, was a ſtretch of luxury the world at that time had never beheld.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were a ſtill greater prodigy. We are not acquainted with their diſpoſition or contents; but as they are ſuppoſed to have been formed on terraſſes and the walls of the palace, whither ſoil was conveyed on purpoſe, we are very certain of what they were not; I mean they muſt have been trifling, of no extent, and a wanton inſtance of expence and labour. In other words, they were what ſumptuous gardens have been in all ages till the preſent, unnatural, enriched by art, poſſibly with fountains, ſtatues, baluſtrades, and ſummer-houſes, and were any thing but verdant and rural.

From the days of Homer to thoſe of Pliny, we have no traces to lead our gueſs to what were the gardens of the intervening ages. When Roman authors, whoſe climate inſtilled a wiſh for cool retreats, ſpeak of their enjoyments in that kind, they ſigh for grottos, caves, and the refreſhing hollows of mountains, near irriguous and ſhady founts; or boaſt of their porticos, walks of planes, canals, baths, and breezes from the ſea. Their gardens are never mentioned as affording ſhade and ſhelter from the rage of the dog-ſtar. Pliny has left us deſcriptions of two of his villas. As he uſed his Laurentine villa for

his winter retreat, it is not ſurpriſing that the garden makes no conſiderable part of the account. All he ſays of it is, that the geſtatio or place of exerciſe, which ſurrounded the garden (the latter conſequently not being very large), was bounded by a hedge of box, and, where that was periſhed, with roſemary; that there was a walk of vines, and that moſt of the trees were fig and mulberry, the ſoil not being proper for any other ſorts.

On his Tuſcan villa he is more diffuſe, the garden makes a conſiderable part of the deſcription—and what was the principal beauty of that pleaſure-ground? Exactly what was the admiration of this country about threeſcore years ago; box-trees cut into monſters, animals, letters, and the names of the maſter and the artificer. In an age when architecture diſplayed all its grandeur, all its purity, and all its taſte; when aroſe Veſpaſian's amphitheatre, the temple of Peace, Trajan's forum, Domitian's baths, and Adrian's villa, the ruins and veſtiges of which ſtill excite our aſtoniſhment and curioſity; a Roman conſul, a poliſhed emperor's friend, and a man of elegant literature and taſte, delighted in what the mob now ſcarce admire in a college-garden. All the ingredients of Pliny's correſponded exactly with thoſe laid out by London and Wiſe on Dutch principles. He talks of ſlopes, terraſſes, a wilderneſs, ſhrubs methodically trimmed, a marble baſon*, pipes ſpouting water, a caſcade falling into the baſon, bay-trees alternately planted with planes, and a ſtraight walk, from whence iſſued others parted off by hedges of box, and apple-trees, with obeliſks placed between every two. There wants nothing but the embroidery of a parterre, to make a garden in the reign of Trajan ſerve for a deſcription of one in that of king William †. In one paſſage above, Pliny ſeems to have conceived that natural irregularity might

* The Engliſh gardens deſcribed by Hentzner in the reign of Elizabeth are exact copies of thoſe of Pliny. In that at Whitehall was a ſundial and a jet-d'eau, which on turning a cock ſpurted out water and ſprinkled the ſpectators. In lord Burleigh's at Theobald's were obeliſks, pyramids, and circular porticos, with ciſterns of lead for bathing. At Hampton-court the garden walls were covered with roſemary; a cuſtom, he ſays, very common in England. At Theobald's was a labyrinth alſo; an ingenuity I ſhall mention preſently to have been frequent in that age.

† Dr. Plot, in his Natural hiſtory of Oxfordſhire, p. 380, ſeems to have been a great admirer of trees carved into the moſt heterogeneous forms, which he calls *topiary works*, and quotes one Laurembergius for ſaying that the Engliſh are as expert as moſt nations in that kind of ſculpture; for which Hampton-court was particularly remarkable. The doctor then names other gardens that flouriſhed with animals and caſtles, formed arte topiariâ, and above all a wren's neſt that was capacious enough to receive a man to ſit on a ſeat made within it for that purpoſe.

be a beauty: In opere urbaniſſimo, ſays he, ſubita velut illati ruris imitatio. Something like a rural view was contrived amidſt ſo much poliſhed compoſition. But the idea ſoon vaniſhed, lineal walks immediately enveloped the ſlight ſcene, and names and inſcriptions in box again ſucceeded to compenſate for the daring introduction of nature *.

In the paintings found at Herculaneum are a few traces of gardens, as may be ſeen in the ſecond volume of the prints. They are ſmall ſquare encloſures formed by trellis-work, and eſpaliers †, and regularly ornamented with vaſes, fountains and careatides, elegantly ſymmetrical, and proper for the narrow ſpaces allotted to the garden of a houſe in a capital city. From ſuch I would not baniſh thoſe playful waters that refreſh a ſultry manſion in town, nor the neat trellis, which preſerves its wooden verdure better than natural greens expoſed to duſt. Thoſe treillages in the gardens at Paris, particularly on the Boulevard, have a gay and delightful effect. They form light corridores, and tranſpicuous arbours through which the ſun-beams play and chequer the ſhade, ſet off the ſtatues, vaſes and flowers, that marry with their gaudy hotels, and

* But though Pliny only caught an ideal glimpſe of a poſſibility that nature might be no bad decoration; yet there had been a prince, who amidſt all his wildneſs of extravagant expence (one of his ſlighteſt faults) had diſcovered real taſte; and had alſo diſcovered two men of real genius who were capable of executing his moſt daring ideas: and his ideas had anticipated the principles of modern gardening, and beſpoken as accompaniment to the moſt coſtly of all palaces ground laid out with all the freedom of nature. How will my readers be ſurpriſed to hear that Nero himſelf was the prince in queſtion! The fact is indubitable, is recorded by a moſt admired claſſic, and yet has never been noticed, till a gentleman ‡ who reads and writes with the penetrating obſervation of Tacitus, furniſhed me with the following quotation from book xv. of the Annals of that maſterly author.

Taciti Annal. lib. xv. near the middle. Ceterum Nero uſus eſt patriæ ruinis, extruxitque domum, in qua haud perinde gemmæ et aurum miraculo eſſent, ſolita pridem et luxu vulgata; quam arva, et ſtagna, et, in modum ſolitudinum, hinc ſilvæ, inde aperta ſpatia, et proſpectus. Magiſtris et machinatoribus Severo et Celere, quibus ingenium et audacia erat etiam quæ natura denegaviſſet per artem tentare.

"Beſides, Nero availed himſelf of the ruins of his country, and built a houſe in which gems and gold, formerly of uſual and common luxury, were not ſo much to be admired as fields and lakes; and, as in deſerts, here woods, there open ſpaces and proſpects. The maſters and deſigners being Severus and Celer; men poſſeſt of genius and courage to attempt by art even what nature had denied."

† At Warwick-caſtle is an ancient ſuit of arras, in which there is a garden exactly reſembling theſe pictures of Herculaneum.

‡ Mr. Pinkerton.

ſuit the gallant and idle ſociety who paint the walks between their parterres, and realize the fantaſtic ſcenes of Watteau and D'Urfey.

From what I have ſaid, it appears how naturally and inſenſibly the idea of a kitchen-garden ſlid into that which has for ſo many ages been peculiarly termed a garden, and by our anceſtors in this country diſtinguiſhed by the name of a pleaſure-garden. A ſquare piece of ground was originally parted off in early ages for the uſe of the family: to exclude cattle, and aſcertain the property, it was ſeparated from the fields by a hedge. As pride and deſire of privacy increaſed, the encloſure was dignified by walls; and in climes where fruits were not laviſhed by the ripening glow of nature and ſoil, fruit-trees were aſſiſted and ſheltered from ſurrounding winds by the like expedient; for the inundation of luxuries which have ſwelled into general neceſſities, have almoſt all taken their ſource from the ſimple fountain of reaſon.

When the cuſtom of making ſquare gardens encloſed with walls was thus eſtabliſhed, to the excluſion of nature and proſpect*, pomp and ſolitude combined to call for ſomething that might enrich and enliven the inſipid and unanimated partition. Fountains, firſt invented for uſe, which grandeur loves to diſguiſe and throw out of the queſtion, received embelliſhments from coſtly marbles, and at laſt, to contradict utility, toſſed their waſte of waters into air in ſpouting columns. Art, in the hands of rude man, had at firſt been made a ſuccedaneum to nature; in the hands of oſtentatious wealth, it became the means of oppoſing nature; and the more it traverſed the march of the latter, the more nobility thought its power was demonſtrated. Canals meaſured by the line were introduced in lieu of meandering ſtreams, and terraſſes were hoiſted aloft in oppoſition to the facile ſlopes that imperceptibly unite the valley to the hill. Baluſtrades defended theſe precipitate and dangerous elevations, and flights of ſteps rejoined them to the ſubjacent flat from which the terraſs had been dug. Vaſes and ſculpture were added to theſe unneceſſary balconies, and ſtatues finiſhed the lifeleſs ſpot with mimic repreſentations of the excluded ſons of men. Thus difficulty and expence were the conſtituent parts of thoſe ſumptuous and ſelfiſh ſolitudes; and every improvement that was made, was but a ſtep farther from nature. The tricks of water-works to wet the unwary,

* It was not uncommon, after the circumadjacent country had been ſhut out, to endeavour to recover it by raiſing large mounts of earth to peep over the walls of the garden.

not to refreſh the panting ſpectator, and parterres embroidered in patterns like a petticoat, were but the childiſh endeavours of faſhion and novelty to reconcile greatneſs to what it had ſurfeited on. To crown theſe impotent diſplays of falſe taſte, the ſheers were applied to the lovely wildneſs of form with which nature has diſtinguiſhed each various ſpecies of tree and ſhrub. The venerable oak, the romantic beech, the uſeful elm, even the aſpiring circuit of the lime, the regular round of the cheſnut, and the almoſt moulded orange-tree, were corrected by ſuch fantaſtic admirers of ſymmetry. The compaſs and ſquare were of more uſe in plantations than the nurſeryman. The meaſured walk, the quincunx, and the etoile impoſed their unſatisfying ſameneſs on every royal and noble garden. Trees were headed, and their ſides pared away; many French groves ſeem green cheſts ſet upon poles. Seats of marble, arbours and ſummer-houſes, terminated every viſto; and ſymmetry, even where the ſpace was too large to permit its being remarked at one view, was ſo eſſential, that, as Pope obſerved,

——— each alley has a brother,
And half the garden juſt reflects the other.

Knots of flowers were more defenſibly ſubjected to the ſame regularity. Leiſure, as Milton expreſſed it,

In trim gardens took his pleaſure.

In the garden of marſhal de Biron at Paris, conſiſting of fourteen acres, every walk is buttoned on each ſide by lines of flower-pots, which ſucceed in their ſeaſons. When I ſaw it, there were nine thouſand pots of aſters, or la reine Marguerite.

We do not preciſely know what our anceſtors meant by a bower: it was probably an arbour; ſometimes it meant the whole frittered encloſure, and in one inſtance it certainly included a labyrinth. Roſamond's bower was indiſputably of that kind, though whether compoſed of walls or hedges we cannot determine*. A ſquare and a round labyrinth were ſo capital ingredients of a

* Drayton, in a note to his Epiſtle of Roſamond, ſays, her labyrinth was built of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and ſtone—but, as Mr. Gough obſerves, he gives no authority for that aſſertion. Vide Pref. to 2d edit. of Britiſh Topography, p. xxx. Such vaults might remain to Drayton's time, but did not prove that there had been no ſuperſtructure.

garden

garden formerly, that in Du Cerceau's architecture, who lived in the time of Charles IX. and Henry III. there is ſcarce a ground-plot without one of each. The enchantment of antique appellations has conſecrated a pleaſing idea of a royal reſidence, of which we now regret the extinction. Havering in the Bower, the jointure of many dowager queens, conveys to us the notion of a romantic ſcene.

In Kip's views of the ſeats of our nobility and gentry, we ſee the ſame tireſome and returning uniformity. Every houſe is approached by two or three gardens, conſiſting perhaps of a gravel-walk and two graſs-plats, or borders of flowers. Each riſes above the other by two or three ſteps, and as many walls and terraſſes; and ſo many iron gates, that we recollect thoſe ancient romances, in which every entrance was guarded by nymphs or dragons. At lady Orford's at Piddletown in Dorſetſhire, there was, when my brother married, a double encloſure of thirteen gardens, each I ſuppoſe not much above an hundred yards ſquare, with an enfilade of correſpondent gates; and before you arrived at theſe, you paſſed a narrow gut between two ſtone terraſſes, that roſe above your head, and which were crowned by a line of pyramidal yews. A bowling-green was all the lawn admitted in thoſe times, a circular lake the extent of magnificence.

This, like other ſilly faſhions, which, begun without meaning, are frequently continued with as little, laſted down to the reign of king William, and fell in with the mechanic taſte of the Dutch. There was a maze in lord Arlington's garden, on the ſite where is now the queen's houſe in St. James's park, thus celebrated in Latin verſe by Charles Dryden in a volume of his father's Miſcellanies. Vide Horti Arlingtoniani, vol. i. part ii. p. 273. 276.

Nec te prætéream, tenebris quæ dives opacis
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris!
Hic magnus labor ille et inextricabilis error,
Per quem mille viis errantem Theſea duxit
Ah nimis infelix per fila ſequentia virgo!
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes,
Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina Veſper
Deficiente die accendit; ſed longius ipſam
Hic ſecum placidè cupiunt conſumere noctem,

Dum

Dum ſuper arborees modulans luſcinia ramos
Dulce melos iterat, teneroſque invitat amores.

In the royal garden at Hampton-court, planted in William's reign, there ſtill exiſts, to the delight of ſchool-boys and to the admiration of country viſitors, a ſpecimen of thoſe inſipid ingenuities.

Yet though theſe and ſuch prepoſterous inconveniencies prevailed from age to age, good ſenſe in this country had perceived the want of ſomething at once more grand and more natural. Theſe reflections, and the bounds ſet to the waſte made by royal ſpoilers, gave origin to parks. They were contracted foreſts, and extended gardens. Hentzner ſays, that according to Rous of Warwick the firſt park was that at Woodſtock. If ſo, it might be the foundation of a legend that Henry II. ſecured his miſtreſs in a labyrinth: it was no doubt more difficult to find her in a park than in a palace, when the intricacy of the woods and various lodges buried in covert might conceal her actual habitation.

It is more extraordinary, that having ſo long ago ſtumbled on the principle of modern gardening, we ſhould have perſiſted in retaining its reverſe, ſymmetrical and unnatural gardens. That parks were rare in other countries, Hentzner, who travelled over great part of Europe, leads us to ſuppoſe, by obſerving that they were common in England. In France they retain the name, but nothing is more different both in compaſs and diſpoſition. Their parks are uſually ſquare or oblong encloſures, regularly planted with walks of cheſnuts or limes, and generally every large town has one for its public recreation. They are exactly like Burton's court at Chelſea college, and rarely larger.

One man, one great man we had, on whom nor education nor cuſtom could impoſe their prejudices; who, *on evil days though fallen, and with darkneſs and ſolitude compaſſed round*, judged that the miſtaken and fantaſtic ornaments he had ſeen in gardens, were unworthy of the almighty hand that planted the delights of Paradiſe. He ſeems with the prophetic eye of taſte [as I have heard taſte well* defined] to have conceived, to have foreſeen modern gardening; as lord Bacon announced the diſcoveries ſince made by

* By the great lord Chatham, who had a good taſte himſelf in modern gardening, as he ſhowed by his own villas in Enfield Chace and at Hayes.

experi-

experimental philoſophy. The deſcription of Eden is a warmer and more juſt picture of the preſent ſtyle than Claud Lorrain could have painted from Hagley or Stourhead. The firſt lines I ſhall quote exhibit Stourhead on a more magnificent ſcale.

Thro' Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but thro' the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulph'd ; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mound, high rais'd
Upon the rapid current——

Hagley ſeems pictured in what follows,

which thro' veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt updrawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden——

What colouring, what freedom of pencil, what landſcape in theſe lines,

——from that ſapphire fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradiſe, which not *nice art*
In beds and curious knots, but *nature* boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The *open field*, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs.—*Thus was this place*
A happy rural ſeat of various view.

Read this tranſporting deſcription, paint to your mind the ſcenes that follow, contraſt them with the ſavage but reſpectable terror with which the poet guards the bounds of his Paradiſe, fenced

——with the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild,

Acceſs

'Acceſs denied; and over head upgrew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene, and, as the ranks aſcend,
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view——

and then recollect that the author of this ſublime viſion had never ſeen a glimpſe of any thing like what he has imagined; that his favourite ancients had dropped not a hint of ſuch divine ſcenery; and that the conceits in Italian gardens, and Theobald's and Nonſuch, were the brighteſt originals that his memory could furniſh. His intellectual eye ſaw a nobler plan, ſo little did he ſuffer by the loſs of ſight. It ſufficed him to have ſeen the materials with which he could work. The vigour of a boundleſs imagination told him how a plan might be diſpoſed, that would embelliſh nature, and reſtore art to its proper office, the juſt improvement or imitation of it*.

It is neceſſary that the concurrent teſtimony of the age ſhould ſwear to poſterity that the deſcription above quoted was written above half a century before the introduction of modern gardening, or our incredulous deſcendants will defraud the poet of half his glory, by being perſuaded that he copied ſome garden or gardens he had ſeen—ſo minutely do his ideas correſpond with the preſent ſtandard. But what ſhall we ſay for that intervening half century who could read that plan and never attempt to put it in execution?

Now let us turn to an admired writer, poſterior to Milton, and ſee how cold, how inſipid, how taſteleſs is his account of what he pronounced a perfect garden. I ſpeak not of his ſtyle, which it was not neceſſary for him to animate with the colouring and glow of poetry. It is his want of ideas, of imagination, of taſte, that I cenſure, when he dictated on a ſubject that is capable of all the graces that a knowledge of beautiful nature can beſtow. Sir William Temple was an excellent man; Milton, a genius of the firſt order.

* Since the above was written, I have found Milton praiſed and ſir William Temple cenſured, on the ſame foundations, in a poem called The riſe and progreſs of the preſent taſte in planting, printed in 1767.

We cannot wonder that ſir William declares in favour of parterres, fountains and ſtatues, as neceſſary to break the ſameneſs of large graſs-plats, which he thinks have an ill effect upon the eye, when he acknowledges that he diſcovers fancy in the gardens of Alcinous. Milton ſtudied the ancients with equal enthuſiaſm, but no bigotry, and had judgment to diſtinguiſh between the want of invention and the beauties of poetry. Compare his Paradiſe with Homer's garden, both aſcribed to a celeſtial deſign. For ſir William, it is juſt to obſerve, that his ideas centred in a fruit-garden. He had the honour of giving to his country many delicate fruits, and he thought of little elſe than diſpoſing them to the beſt advantage. Here is the paſſage I propoſed to quote; it is long, but I need not make an apology to the reader for entertaining him with any other words inſtead of my own.

"The beſt figure of a garden is either a ſquare or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a deſcent: they have all their beauties, but the beſt I eſteem an oblong upon a deſcent. The beauty, the air, the view makes amends for the expence, which is very great in finiſhing and ſupporting the terraſs-walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the ſtone-ſtairs that are neceſſary from one to the other.

"The perfecteſt figure of a garden I ever ſaw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor-park in Hertfordſhire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the counteſs of Bedford, eſteemed among the greateſt wits of her time, and celebrated by doctor Donne; and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much coſt; but greater ſums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want ſenſe in proportion to money, or *if nature be not followed*, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in every thing elſe, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments." [We ſhall ſee how *natural* that admired garden was.]

"Becauſe I take * the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the moſt beautiful and perfect, at leaſt in the figure and diſpoſition, that I have ever ſeen, I will deſcribe it for a model to thoſe that meet with ſuch a ſituation, and are above the regards of common expence. It lies on the ſide of a hill, upon which the houſe ſtands, but not very ſteep. The length of the

* This garden ſeems to have been made after the plan laid down by lord Bacon in his 46th eſſay; to which, that I may not multiply quotations, I will refer the reader.

houſe,

houſe, where the beſt rooms and of moſt uſe or pleaſure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden; the great parlour opens into the middle of a terraſs gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may lie, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border ſet with ſtandard laurels and at large diſtances, which have the beauty of orange-trees out of flower and fruit. From this walk are three deſcents by many ſtone ſteps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight ſtatues in the ſeveral quarters. At the end of the terraſs-walk are two ſummer-houſes, and the ſides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloiſters open to the garden, upon arches of ſtone, and ending with two other ſummer-houſes even with the cloiſters, which are paved with ſtone, and deſigned for walks of ſhade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over theſe two cloiſters are two terraſſes covered with lead and fenced with baluſters; and the paſſage into theſe airy walks is out of the two ſummer-houſes at the end of the firſt terraſs-walk. The cloiſter facing the ſouth is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-houſe, and the other for myrtles or other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been caſt for that purpoſe, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

"From the middle of this parterre is a deſcent by many ſteps flying on each ſide of a grotto that lies between them, covered with lead and flat, into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees ranged about the ſeveral quarters of a wilderneſs which is very ſhady; the walks here are all green, the grotto embelliſhed with figures of ſhell rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is ſupplied by a garden on the other ſide the houſe, which is all of that ſort, very wild, ſhady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

"This was Moor-park, when I was acquainted with it, and the ſweeteſt place, I think, that I have ſeen in my life, either before or ſince, at home or abroad."

I will make no farther remarks on this deſcription. Any man might de-

ſign and *build* as ſweet a garden, who had been born in and never ſtirred out of Holbourn. It was not peculiar to ſir William Temple to think in that manner. How many Frenchmen are there who have ſeen *our* gardens, and ſtill prefer *natural* flights of ſteps and ſhady cloiſters covered with lead! Le Nôtre, the architect of the groves and grottos at Verſailles, came hither on a miſſion to improve our taſte. He planted St. James's and Greenwich parks—no great monuments of his invention.

To do farther juſtice to ſir William Temple, I muſt not omit what he adds: "What I have ſaid of the beſt forms of gardens, is meant only of ſuch as are in ſome ſort regular; for there may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the others: but they muſt owe it to ſome extraordinary diſpoſitions of nature in the ſeat, *or ſome great race of fancy or judgment in the contrivance*, which may reduce many diſagreeing parts *into ſome figure*, which ſhall yet, upon the whole, be very agreeable. Something of this I have ſeen in ſome places, but heard more of it from others, who have lived much among the Chineſe, a people whoſe way of thinking ſeems to lie as wide of ours in Europe, as their country does. Their greateſt reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty ſhall be great and ſtrike the eye, but without any order or diſpoſition of parts that ſhall be commonly or eaſily obſerved. And though we have hardly any notion of this ſort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to expreſs it; and where they find it hit their eye at firſt ſight, they ſay the ſharawadgi is fine or is admirable, or any ſuch expreſſion of eſteem—but I ſhould hardly adviſe any of theſe attempts in the figure of gardens among us; they are adventures of too hard achievement for any common hands: and though there may be more honour if they ſucceed well, yet there is more diſhonour if they fail, and it is twenty to one they will; whereas in regular figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults."

Fortunately Kent and a few others were not quite ſo timid, or we might ſtill be going up and down ſtairs in the open air.

It is true, we have heard much lately, as ſir William Temple did, of irregularity and imitations of nature in the gardens or grounds of the Chineſe. The former is certainly true; they are as whimſically irregular as European gardens are formally uniform and unvaried—but with regard to nature, it

ſeems as much avoided as in the ſquares and oblongs and ſtraight lines of our anceſtors. An artificial perpendicular rock ſtarting out of a flat plain, and connected with nothing, often pierced through in various places with oval hollows, has no more pretenſion to be deemed natural than a lineal terraſs or a parterre. The late Mr. Joſeph Spence, who had both taſte and zeal for the preſent ſtyle, was ſo perſuaded of the Chineſe emperor's pleaſure-ground being laid out on principles reſembling ours, that he tranſlated and publiſhed, under the name of ſir Harry Beaumont, a particular account of that enclo-ſure from the collection of the letters of the Jeſuits. I have looked it over, and, except a determined irregularity, can find nothing in it that gives me any idea of attention being paid to nature. It is of vaſt circumference, and con-tains 200 palaces, beſides as many contiguous for the eunuchs, all gilt, painted and varniſhed. There are raiſed hills from 20 to 60 feet high, ſtreams and lakes, and one of the latter five miles round. Theſe waters are paſſed by bridges, but even their bridges muſt not be ſtraight—they ſerpentiſe as much as the rivulets, and are ſometimes ſo long as to be furniſhed with reſting-places, and begin and end with triumphal arches. Methinks a ſtraight canal is as ra-tional at leaſt as a meandering bridge. The colonnades undulate in the ſame manner. In ſhort, this pretty gaudy ſcene is the work of caprice and whim, and, when we reflect on their buildings, preſents no image but that of un-ſubſtantial tawdrineſs. Nor is this all. Within this fantaſtic paradiſe is a ſquare town, each ſide a mile long. Here the eunuchs of the court, to enter-tain his imperial majeſty with the buſtle and buſineſs of the capital in which he reſides, but which it is not of his dignity ever to ſee, act merchants and all ſorts of trades, and even deſignedly exerciſe for his royal amuſement every art of knavery that is practiſed under his auſpicious government. Methinks this is the childiſh ſolace and repoſe of grandeur, not a retirement from affairs to the delights of rural life. Here too his majeſty plays at agriculture; there is a quarter ſet apart for that purpoſe; the eunuchs ſow, reap, and carry in their harveſt in the imperial preſence; and his majeſty returns to Pekin per-ſuaded that he has been in the country *.

Having

* The French have of late years adopted our ſtyle in gardens; but chooſing to be fundamental-ly obliged to more remote rivals, they deny us half the merit, or rather the originality of the in-vention, by aſcribing the diſcovery to the Chi-neſe, and by calling our taſte in gardening le goût Anglo-Chinois. I think I have ſhown that this is a blunder, and that the Chineſe have paſſed to one extremity of abſurdity, as the French and all antiquity had advanced to the other, both be-ing

Having thus cleared my way by aſcertaining what have been the ideas on gardening in all ages, as far as we have materials to judge by, it remains to ſhow to what degree Mr. Kent invented the new ſtyle, and what hints he had received to ſuggeſt and conduct his undertaking.

We have ſeen what Moor-park was, when pronounced a ſtandard. But as no ſucceeding generation in an opulent and luxurious country contents itſelf with the perfection eſtabliſhed by its anceſtors, more perfect perfection was ſtill ſought; and improvements had gone on, till London and Wiſe had ſtocked our gardens with giants, animals, monſters *, coats of arms and mottos, in yew, box and holly. Abſurdity could go no farther, and the tide turned. Bridgman,

ing equally remote from nature: regular formality is the oppoſite point to fantaſtic ſharawadgis. The French, indeed, during the faſhionable paroxyſm of philoſophy, have ſurpaſſed us, at leaſt in meditation on the art. I have peruſed a grave treatiſe of recent date, in which the author, extending his views beyond mere luxury and amuſement, has endeavoured to inſpire his countrymen, even in the gratification of their expenſive pleaſures, with benevolent projects. He propoſes to them to combine gardening with charity, and to make every ſtep of their walks an act of generoſity and a leſſon of morality. Inſtead of adorning favourite points with a heathen temple, a Chineſe pagoda, a Gothic tower, or fictitious bridge, he propoſes to them, at the firſt reſting-place to erect a ſchool; a little farther to found an academy; at a third diſtance, a manufacture; and at the termination of the park to endow an hoſpital. Thus, ſays he, the proprietor would be led to meditate, as he ſaunters, on the different ſtages of human life; and both his expence and thoughts would march in a progreſſion of patriotic acts and reflections. When he was laying out ſo magnificent, charitable, and philoſophic an Utopian villa, it would have coſt no more to have added a foundling-hoſpital, a ſenate-houſe, and a burying-ground.—If I ſmile at ſuch viſions, ſtill one muſt be glad that in the whirl of faſhions beneficence ſhould have its turn in vogue; and though the French treat the virtues like every thing elſe, but as an object of mode, it is to be hoped that they too will, every now and then, come into faſhion again. The author I have been mentioning reminds me of a French gentleman, who ſome years ago made me a viſit at Strawberry-hill. He was ſo complaiſant as to commend the place, and to approve our taſte in gardens—but in the ſame ſtyle of thinking with the above-cited author, he ſaid, "I do not like your imaginary temples and fictitious terminations of views: I would have real points of view with moving objects: for inſtance, here I would have—(I forget what)—and there a watering-place." "That is not ſo eaſy," I replied; "one cannot oblige others to aſſemble at ſuch or ſuch a ſpot for one's amuſement:—however, I am glad you would like a watering-place, for *there* happens to be one; in that creek of the Thames the inhabitants of the village do actually water their horſes: but I doubt whether, if it were not *convenient* to them to do ſo, they would frequent the ſpot only to enliven my proſpect."—Such Gallo-Chinois gardens, I apprehend, will rarely be executed.

* On the piers of a garden-gate not far from Paris I obſerved two very coquet ſphinxes. Theſe lady monſters had ſtraw hats gracefully ſmart on one ſide of their heads, and ſilken cloaks half veiling their necks; all executed in ſtone.

the next faſhionable deſigner of gardens, was far more chaſte; and, whether from good ſenſe, or that the nation had been ſtruck and reformed by the admirable paper in the Guardian, N° 173, he baniſhed verdant ſculpture, and did not even revert to the ſquare preciſion of the foregoing age. He enlarged his plans, diſdained to make every diviſion tally to its oppoſite; and though he ſtill adhered much to ſtraight walks with high clipped hedges, they were only his great lines; the reſt he diverſified by wilderneſs, and with looſe groves of oak, though ſtill within ſurrounding hedges. I have obſerved in the garden* at Gubbins in Hertfordſhire many detached thoughts that ſtrongly indicate the dawn of modern taſte. As his reformation gained footing, he ventured farther, and in the royal garden at Richmond dared to introduce cultivated fields, and even morſels of a foreſt appearance, by the ſides of thoſe endleſs and tireſome walks, that ſtretched out of one into another without interміſſion. But this was not till other innovators had broken looſe too from rigid ſymmetry.

But the capital ſtroke, the leading ſtep to all that has followed, was (I believe the firſt thought was Bridgman's) the deſtruction of walls for boundaries, and the invention of foſſés—an attempt then deemed ſo aſtoniſhing, that the common people called them Ha! Ha's! to expreſs their ſurpriſe at finding a ſudden and unperceived check to their walk.

One of the firſt gardens planted in this ſimple though ſtill formal ſtyle, was my father's at Houghton. It was laid out by Mr. Eyre, an imitator of Bridgman. It contains three-and-twenty acres, then reckoned a conſiderable portion.

I call a ſunk fence the leading ſtep, for theſe reaſons: No ſooner was this ſimple enchantment made, than levelling, mowing and rolling, followed. The contiguous ground of the park without the ſunk fence was to be harmoniſed with the lawn within; and the garden in its turn was to be ſet free from its prim regularity, that it might aſſort with the wilder country without. The ſunk fence aſcertained the ſpecific garden; but that it might not draw too ob-

* The ſeat of the late ſir Jeremy Sambroke. It had formerly belonged to lady More, mother-in-law of ſir Thomas More, and had been tyrannically wrenched from her by Henry VIII. on the execution of ſir Thomas, though not her ſon, and though her jointure from a former huſband.

vious

vious a line of diſtinction between the neat and the rude, the contiguous outlying parts came to be included in a kind of general deſign: and when nature was taken into the plan, under improvements, every ſtep that was made, pointed out new beauties and inſpired new ideas. At that moment appeared Kent, painter enough to taſte the charms of landſcape, bold and opinionative enough to dare and to dictate, and born with a genius to ſtrike out a great ſyſtem from the twilight of imperfect eſſays. He leaped the fence, and ſaw that all nature was a garden. He felt the delicious contraſt of hill and valley changing imperceptibly into each other, taſted the beauty of the gentle ſwell, or concave ſcoop, and remarked how looſe groves crowned an eaſy eminence with happy ornament, and, while they called in the diſtant view between their graceful ſtems, removed and extended the perſpective by deluſive compariſon.

Thus the pencil of his imagination beſtowed all the arts of landſcape on the ſcenes he handled. The great principles on which he worked were perſpective, and light and ſhade. Groupes of trees broke too uniform or too extenſive a lawn; evergreens and woods were oppoſed to the glare of the champain; and where the view was leſs fortunate, or ſo much expoſed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out ſome parts by thick ſhades, to divide it into variety, or to make the richeſt ſcene more enchanting by reſerving it to a farther advance of the ſpectator's ſtep. Thus ſelecting favourite objects, and veiling deformities by ſcreens of plantation, ſometimes allowing the rudeſt waſte to add its foil to the richeſt theatre, he realiſed the compoſitions of the greateſt maſters in painting. Where objects were wanting to animate his horizon, his taſte as an architect could beſtow immediate termination. His buildings, his ſeats, his temples, were more the works of his pencil than of his compaſſes. We owe the reſtoration of Greece and the diffuſion of architecture to his ſkill in landſcape.

But of all the beauties he added to the face of this beautiful country, none ſurpaſſed his management of water. Adieu to canals, circular baſons, and caſcades tumbling down marble ſteps, that laſt abſurd magnificence of Italian and French villas. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle ſtream was taught to ſerpentiſe ſeemingly at its pleaſure; and where diſcontinued by different levels, its courſe appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interſperſed, and glittered again at a diſtance where it might be ſuppoſed naturally to arrive. Its borders were ſmoothed, but preſerved their waving irregularity.

irregularity. A few trees ſcattered here and there on its edges ſprinkled the tame bank that accompanied its meanders; and when it diſappeared among the hills, ſhades deſcending from the heights leaned towards its progreſs, and framed the diſtant point of light under which it was loſt, as it turned aſide to either hand of the blue horizon.

Thus dealing in none but the colours of nature, and catching its moſt favourable features, men ſaw a new creation opening before their eyes. The living landſcape was chaſtened or poliſhed, not transformed. Freedom was given to the forms of trees; they extended their branches unreſtricted; and where any eminent oak, or maſter beech, had eſcaped maiming, and ſurvived the foreſt, buſh and bramble were removed, and all its honours were reſtored to diſtinguiſh and ſhade the plain. Where the united plumage of an ancient wood extended wide its undulating canopy, and ſtood venerable in its darkneſs, Kent thinned the foremoſt ranks, and left but ſo many detached and ſcattered trees, as ſoftened the approach of gloom, and blended a chequered light with the thus lengthened ſhadows of the remaining columns.

Succeeding artiſts have added new maſter-ſtrokes to theſe touches; perhaps improved or brought to perfection ſome that I have named. The introduction of foreign trees and plants, which we owe principally to Archibald duke of Argyle, contributed eſſentially to the richneſs of colouring ſo peculiar to our modern landſcape. The mixture of various greens, the contraſt of forms between our foreſt-trees and the northern and Weſt-Indian firs and pines, are improvements more recent than Kent, or but little known to him. The weeping-willow and every florid ſhrub, each tree of delicate or bold leaf, are new tints in the compoſition of our gardens. The laſt century was certainly acquainted with many of thoſe rare plants we now admire. The Weymouth pine has long been naturaliſed here; the patriarch plant ſtill exiſts at Longleat. The light and graceful acacia was known as early; witneſs thoſe ancient ſtems in the court of Bedford-houſe in Bloomſbury-ſquare; and in the biſhop of London's garden at Fulham are many exotics of very ancient date. I doubt therefore whether the difficulty of preſerving them in a clime ſo foreign to their nature did not convince our anceſtors of their inutility in general; unleſs the ſhapelineſs of the lime and horſe-cheſnut, which accorded ſo well with eſtabliſhed regularity, and which thence and from their novelty grew in faſhion, did not occaſion the neglect of the more curious plants.

But juſt as the encomiums are that I have beſtowed on Kent's diſcoveries, he was neither without aſſiſtance nor faults. Mr. Pope undoubtedly contributed to form his taſte. The deſign of the prince of Wales's garden at Carlton-houſe was evidently borrowed from the poet's at Twickenham. There was a little of affected modeſty in the latter, when he ſaid, of all his works he was moſt proud of his garden. And yet it was a ſingular effort of art and taſte to impreſs ſo much variety and ſcenery on a ſpot of five acres. The paſſing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again aſſembling ſhades, the duſky groves, the larger lawn, and the ſolemnity of the termination at the cypreſſes that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquiſite judgment: and though lord Peterborough aſſiſted him

To form his quincunx and to rank his vines,

thoſe were not the moſt pleaſing ingredients of his little perſpective.

I do not know whether the diſpoſition of the garden at Rouſham, laid out for general Dormer, and in my opinion the moſt engaging of all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at leaſt in the opening and retiring ſhades of Venus's vale. The whole is as elegant and antique as if the emperor Julian had ſelected the moſt pleaſing ſolitude about Daphne to enjoy a philoſophic retirement.

That Kent's ideas were but rarely great, was in ſome meaſure owing to the novelty of his art. It would have been difficult to have tranſported the ſtyle of gardening at once from a few acres to tumbling of foreſts: and though new faſhions like new religions (which are new faſhions) often lead men to the moſt oppoſite exceſſes, it could not be the caſe in gardening, where the experiments would have been ſo expenſive. Yet it is true too that the features in Kent's landſcapes were ſeldom majeſtic. His clumps were puny; he aimed at immediate effect, and planted not for futurity. One ſees no large woods ſketched out by his direction. Nor are we yet entirely riſen above a too great frequency of ſmall clumps, eſpecially in the elbows of ſerpentine rivers. How common to ſee three or four beeches, then as many larches, a third knot of cypreſſes, and a revolution of all three! Kent's laſt deſigns were in a higher ſtyle, as his ideas opened on ſucceſs. The north terraſs at Claremont was much ſuperior to the reſt of the garden.

A return

A return of ſome particular thoughts was common to him with other painters, and made his *hand* known. A ſmall lake edged by a winding bank with ſcattered trees that led to a ſeat at the head of the pond, was common to Claremont, Eſher, and others of his deſigns. At Eſher,

Where Kent and nature vied for Pelham's love,

the proſpects more than aided the painter's genius—they marked out the points where his art was neceſſary or not; but thence left his judgment in poſſeſſion of all its glory.

Having routed *profeſſed* art, for the modern gardener exerts his talents to conceal his art, Kent, like other reformers, knew not how to ſtop at the juſt limits. He had followed nature, and imitated her ſo happily, that he began to think all her works were equally proper for imitation. In Kenſington-garden he planted dead trees, to give a greater air of truth to the ſcene—but he was ſoon laughed out of this exceſs. His ruling principle was, that *nature abhors a ſtraight line*—His mimics, for every genius has his apes, ſeemed to think that ſhe could love nothing but what was crooked. Yet ſo many men of taſte of all ranks devoted themſelves to the new improvements, that it is ſurpriſing how much beauty has been ſtruck out, with how few abſurdities. Still in ſome lights the reformation ſeems to me to have been puſhed too far. Though an avenue croſſing a park or ſeparating a lawn, and intercepting views from the ſeat to which it leads, are capital faults; yet a great avenue* cut through woods, perhaps before entering a park, has a noble air, and,

Like footmen running before coaches
To tell the inn what lord approaches,

announces the habitation of ſome man of diſtinction. In other places, the total baniſhment of all particular neatneſs immediately about a houſe, which is frequently left gazing by itſelf in the middle of a park, is a defect.

* Of this kind one of the moſt noble is that of Stanſtead, the ſeat of the earl of Halifax, traverſing an ancient wood for two miles and bounded by the ſea. The very extenſive lawns at that ſeat, richly enclоſed by venerable beech woods, and chequered by ſingle beeches of vaſt ſize, particularly when you ſtand in the portico of the temple and ſurvey the landſcape that waſtes itſelf in rivers of broken ſea, recall ſuch exact pictures of Claud Lorrain, that it is difficult to conceive that he did not paint them from this very ſpot.

Sheltered and even cloſe walks, in ſo very uncertain a climate as ours, are comforts ill exchanged for the few pictureſque days that we enjoy: and whenever a family can purloin a warm and even ſomething of an old-faſhioned garden from the landſcape deſigned for them by the undertaker in faſhion, without interfering with the picture, they will find ſatisfactions on thoſe days that do not invite ſtrangers to come and ſee their improvements.

Fountains have with great reaſon been baniſhed from gardens as unnatural; but it ſurpriſes me that they have not been allotted to their proper poſitions, to cities, towns, and the courts of great houſes, as proper accompaniments to architecture, and as works of grandeur in themſelves. Their decorations admit the utmoſt invention; and when the waters are thrown up to different ſtages, and tumble over their border, nothing has a more impoſing or a more refreſhing ſound. A palace demands its external graces and attributes, as much as a garden. Fountains and cypreſſes peculiarly become buildings; and no man can have been at Rome, and ſeen the vaſt baſons of marble daſhed with perpetual caſcades in the area of St. Peter's, without retaining an idea of taſte and ſplendour. Thoſe in the piazza Navona are as uſeful as ſublimely conceived.

Grottos in this climate are receſſes only to be looked at tranſiently. When they are regularly compoſed within of ſymmetry and architecture, as in Italy, they are only ſplendid improprieties. The moſt judiciouſly, indeed moſt fortunately placed grotto is that at Stourhead, where the river burſts from the urn of its god, and paſſes on its courſe through the cave.

But it is not my buſineſs to lay down rules for gardens, but to give the hiſtory of them. A ſyſtem of rules puſhed to a great degree of refinement, and collected from the beſt examples and practice, has been lately given in a book entitled *Obſervations on modern Gardening*. The work is very ingeniouſly and carefully executed, and in point of utility rather exceeds than omits any neceſſary directions. The author will excuſe me if I think it a little exceſs, when he examines that rude and unappropriated ſcene of Matlock-bath, and criticiſes nature for having beſtowed on the rapid river Derwent too many caſcades. How can this cenſure be brought home to gardening? The management of rocks is a province can fall to few directors of gardens; ſtill in our diſtant provinces ſuch a guide may be neceſſary.

The

The author divides his ſubject into gardens, parks, farms, and ridings. I do not mean to find fault with this diviſion. Directions are requiſite to each kind, and each has its department at many of the great ſcenes from whence he drew his obſervations. In the hiſtoric light, I diſtinguiſh them into the garden that connects itſelf with a park, into the ornamented farm, and into the foreſt or ſavage garden. Kent, as I have ſhown, invented or eſtabliſhed the firſt ſort. Mr. Philip Southcote founded the ſecond, or ferme ornée *, of which is a very juſt deſcription in the author I have been quoting. The third I think he has not enough diſtinguiſhed. I mean that kind of alpine ſcene, compoſed almoſt wholly of pines and firs, a few birch, and ſuch trees as aſſimilate with a ſavage and mountainous country. Mr. Charles Hamilton, at Pain's-hill, in my opinion has given a perfect example of this mode in the utmoſt boundary of his garden. All is great and foreign and rude; the walks ſeem not deſigned, but cut through the wood of pines; and the ſtyle of the whole is ſo grand, and conducted with ſo ſerious an air of wild and uncultivated extent, that, when you look down on this ſeeming foreſt, you are amazed to find it contain a very few acres. In general, except as a ſcreen to conceal ſome deformity, or as a ſhelter in winter, I am not fond of total plantations of ever-greens. Firs in particular form a very ungraceful ſummit, all broken into angles.

Sir Henry Englefield was one of the firſt improvers on the new ſtyle, and ſelected with ſingular taſte that chief beauty of all gardens, proſpect and fortunate points of view: we tire of all the painter's art when it wants theſe finiſhing touches. The faireſt ſcenes, that depend on themſelves alone, weary when often ſeen. The Doric portico, the Palladian bridge, the Gothic ruin, the Chineſe pagoda, that ſurpriſe the ſtranger, ſoon loſe their charms to their ſurfeited maſter. The lake that floats the valley is ſtill more lifeleſs, and its lord ſeldom enjoys his expence but when he ſhows it to a viſitor. But the ornament whoſe merit ſooneſt fades, is the hermitage, or ſcene adapted to contemplation. It is almoſt comic to ſet aſide a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in. Proſpect, animated proſpect, is the theatre that will always be the moſt frequented. Proſpects formerly were ſacrificed to convenience and warmth. Thus Burleigh ſtands behind a hill, from the top of which it would command Stamford. Our anceſtors, who reſided the greateſt part of the year at their ſeats, as others did two years together or more, had an eye to

* At Wobourn-farm in Surry.

comfort

comfort firſt, before expence. Their vaſt manſions received and harboured all the younger branches, the dowagers and ancient maiden aunts of the families; and other families viſited them for a month together. The method of living is now totally changed; and yet the ſame ſuperb palaces are ſtill created, becoming a pompous ſolitude to the owner, and a tranſient entertainment to a few travellers.

If any incident aboliſhes or reſtrains the modern ſtyle of gardening, it will be this circumſtance of ſolitarineſs. The greater the ſcene, the more diſtant it is probably from the capital; in the neighbourhood of which land is too dear to admit conſiderable extent of property. Men tire of expence that is obvious to few ſpectators. Still there is a more imminent danger that threatens the preſent, as it has ever done all taſte. I mean the purſuit of variety. A modern French writer has in a very affected phraſe given a juſt account of this, I will call it, diſtemper. He ſays, *l'ennui du beau amene le goût du ſingulier.* The noble ſimplicity of the Auguſtan age was driven out by falſe taſte. The gigantic, the puerile, the quaint, and at laſt the barbarous and the monkiſh, had each their ſucceſſive admirers. Muſic has been improved, till it is a ſcience of tricks and ſlight of hand. The ſober greatneſs of Titian is loſt, and painting ſince Carlo Maratti has little more relief than Indian paper. Borromini twiſted and curled architecture *, as if it was ſubject to the change of faſhions like a head of hair. If we once loſe ſight of the propriety of landſcape in our gardens, we ſhall wander into all the fantaſtic ſharawadgis of the Chineſe. We have diſcovered the point of perfection. We have given the true model of gardening to the world; let other countries mimic or corrupt our taſte; but let it reign here on its verdant throne, original by its elegant ſimplicity, and proud of no other art than that of ſoftening nature's harſhneſſes and copying her graceful touch.

The ingenious author of the Obſervations on modern Gardening is, I think, too rigid when he condemns ſome deceptions becauſe they have been often uſed. If thoſe deceptions, as a feigned ſteeple of a diſtant church, or an unreal bridge to diſguiſe the termination of water, were intended only to ſurpriſe, they were indeed tricks that would not bear repetition; but, being intended to improve the landſcape, are no more to be condemned becauſe

* In particular, he inverted the volutes of the Ionic order.

common,

common, than they would be if employed by a painter in the compoſition of a picture. Ought one man's garden to be deprived of a happy object, becauſe that object has been employed by another? The more we exact novelty, the ſooner our taſte will be vitiated. Situations are every where ſo various, that there never can be a ſameneſs, while the diſpoſition of the ground is ſtudied and followed, and every incident of view turned to advantage.

In the mean time how rich, how gay, how pictureſque the face of the country! The demolition of walls laying open each improvement, every journey is made through a ſucceſſion of pictures; and even where taſte is wanting in the ſpot improved, the general view is embelliſhed by variety. If no relapſe to barbariſm, formality, and ſecluſion, is made, what landſcapes will dignify every quarter of our iſland, when the daily plantations that are making have attained venerable maturity! A ſpecimen of what our gardens will be, may be ſeen at Petworth, where the portion of the park neareſt the houſe has been allotted to the modern ſtyle. It is a garden of oaks two hundred years old. If there is a fault in ſo auguſt a fragment of improved nature, it is, that the ſize of the trees is out of all proportion to the ſhrubs and accompaniments. In truth, ſhrubs ſhould not only be reſerved for particular ſpots and home delight, but are paſt their beauty in leſs than twenty years.

Enough has been done to eſtabliſh ſuch a ſchool of landſcape as cannot be found on the reſt of the globe. If we have the ſeeds of a Claud or a Gaſpar amongſt us, he muſt come forth. If wood, water, groves, valleys, glades, can inſpire poet or painter, this is the country, or this is the age to produce them. The flocks, the herds, that now are admitted into, now graze on the borders of our cultivated plains, are ready before the painter's eyes, and groupe themſelves to animate his picture. One misfortune in truth there is that throws a difficulty on the artiſt. A principal beauty in our gardens is the lawn and ſmoothneſs of turf: in a picture it becomes a dead and uniform ſpot, incapable of chiaro ſcuro, and to be broken inſipidly by children, dogs, and other unmeaning figures.

Since we have been familiarized to the ſtudy of landſcape, we hear leſs of what delighted our ſportſmen-anceſtors, *a fine open country*. Wiltſhire, Dorſetſhire, and ſuch ocean-like extents were formerly preferred to the rich blue proſpects of Kent, to the Thames-watered views in Berkſhire, and to the magnificent

magnificent ſcale of nature in Yorkſhire. An open country is but a canvaſs on which a landſcape might be deſigned.

It was fortunate for the country and Mr. Kent, that he was ſucceeded by a very able maſter; and did living artiſts come within my plan, I ſhould be glad to do juſtice to Mr. Brown; but he may be a gainer, by being reſerved for ſome abler pen.

In general it is probably true, that the poſſeſſor, if he has any taſte, muſt be the beſt deſigner of his own improvements. He ſees his ſituation in all ſeaſons of the year, at all times of the day. He knows where beauty will not claſh with convenience, and obſerves in his ſilent walks or accidental rides a thouſand hints that muſt eſcape a perſon who in a few days ſketches out a pretty picture, but has not had leiſure to examine the details and relations of every part.

Truth, which, after the oppoſition given to moſt revolutions, preponderates at laſt, will probably not carry our ſtyle of garden into general uſe on the continent. The expence is only ſuited to the opulence of a free country, where emulation reigns among many independent particulars. The keeping of our grounds is an obſtacle, as well as the coſt of the firſt formation. A flat country, like Holland, is incapable of landſcape. In France and Italy the nobility do not reſide much, and make ſmall expence, at their villas. I ſhould think the little princes of Germany, who ſpare no profuſion on their palaces and country-houſes, moſt likely to be our imitators; eſpecially as their country and climate bear in many parts reſemblance to ours. In France, and ſtill leſs in Italy, they could with difficulty attain that verdure which the humidity of our clime beſtows as the groundwork of our improvements. As great an obſtacle in France is the embargo laid on the growth of their trees. As after a certain age, when they would riſe to bulk, they are liable to be marked by the crown's ſurveyors as royal timber, it is a curioſity to ſee an old tree. A landſcape and a crown-ſurveyor are incompatible.

I have thus brought down to the concluſion of the laſt reign (the period I had marked to this work) the hiſtory of our arts and artiſts, from the earlieſt æra in which we can be ſaid to have had either. Though there have been only gleams of light and flaſhes of genius, rather than progreſſive improvements, or

flouriſhing ſchools; the inequality and inſufficience of the execution have flowed more from my own defects than from thoſe of the ſubject. The merits of the work, if it has any, are owing to the indefatigable induſtry of Mr. Vertue in amaſſing all poſſible materials. As my taſk is finiſhed, it will, I hope, at leaſt excite others to collect and preſerve notices and anecdotes for ſome future continuator. The æra promiſes to furniſh a nobler harveſt. Our exhibitions, and the inſtitution of a royal academy, inſpire the artiſts with emulation, diffuſe their reputation, and recommend them to employment. The public examines and reaſons on their works, and ſpectators by degrees become judges. Nor are perſons of the firſt rank mere patrons. Lord * Harcourt's etchings are ſuperior in boldneſs and freedom of ſtroke to any thing we have ſeen from eſtabliſhed artiſts. Gardening and architecture owe as much to the nobility and to men of fortune as to the profeſſors. I need but name general Conway's ruſtic bridge at Park-place, of which every ſtone was placed by his own direction, in one of the moſt beautiful ſcenes in nature; and the theatric ſtair-caſe deſigned and juſt erected by Mr. Chute † at his ſeat of the Vine in Hampſhire. If a model is ſought of the moſt perfect taſte in architecture, where grace ſoftens dignity, and lightneſs attempers magnificence; where proportion removes every part from peculiar obſervation, and delicacy of execution recalls every part to notice; where the poſition is the moſt happy, and even the colour of the ſtone the moſt harmonious; the virtuoſo ſhould be directed to the new ‡ front of Wentworth-caſtle: the reſult of the ſame elegant judgment that had before diſtributed ſo many beauties over that domain, and called from wood, water, hills, proſpects and buildings, a compendium of pictureſque nature, improved by the chaſtity of art. Such an æra will demand a better hiſtorian. With pleaſure therefore I reſign my pen; preſuming to recommend nothing to my ſucceſſor, but to obſerve as ſtrict impartiality.

* George Simon, ſecond earl of Harcourt.

† John Chute, laſt male-heir of that family, deſcended from Chaloner Chute, ſpeaker to Richard Cromwell's parliament.

‡ The old front, ſtill extant, was erected by Thomas Wentworth late earl of Strafford: the new one was entirely deſigned by the preſent earl William himſelf.

A

COUNTER ADDRESS

TO

THE PUBLIC,

ON

THE LATE DISMISSION

OF

A GENERAL OFFICER.

Henri voit près des rois leurs inſolens miniſtres :
Il remarque ſur tout ces conſeillers finiſtres,
Qui des moeurs & des loix avares corrupteurs,
De Themis & de Mars ont vendu les honneurs :
Qui mirent les premiers à d'indignes encheres,
L'ineſtimable prix des vertus de nos peres.

HENRIADE, Chant vii.

A

COUNTER ADDRESS

TO

THE PUBLIC.

OFTEN as appeals on private grievances are laid before the public, it is ſeldom that they are brought to that tribunal with propriety. One of the caſes in which they are leaſt exceptionable, is, when the party appears as defendant. If public outrage be added to perſonal injuſtice, the impartial reader will receive with benignity, from the injured perſon, or his friends, a claim to their candour, if ſupported by argument, and offered with decency and temper. It might even be juſtifiable, with regard to the accuſer, to retort railing with invective; but the latter method not only diſgraces a good cauſe, but would imply a defect of capacity in the judges, as if their ſentence were to be extorted by clamour.

In the caſe now to be laid before the public, there is no intention of arraigning either thoſe who have oppreſſed, or thoſe who have inſulted. The former are too reſpectable, the latter too contemptible. Nothing is meaned, but an attempt to prove that a man who has been deeply wounded, did not deſerve puniſhment for his late conduct, nor could apprehend he had ſuch ungenerous enemies as would add the groſſeſt abuſe to the full vengeance which power had given ſome men an opportunity of exerciſing.

The title of this addreſs does not more clearly point out that general Conway is the ſubject of theſe ſheets, than I fear the deſcription does which I have juſt given. If the reſignation and patience with which he has borne both

both diſgrace by authority, and the moſt diſingenuous calumny from hands I hope not authoriſed, had not convinced the author of this defence, that the general ſubmitted himſelf to the opinion of his countrymen, from the conviction of his own blameleſs integrity, and was determined to take no ſteps to refute his calumniators; if after waiting to ſee whether himſelf, or any other more able of his friends, would take up his defence, I had not been confirmed in that idea, I ſhould undoubtedly not have thought myſelf qualified to enter the liſts in his behalf, nothing making me a competent apologiſt in ſuch a controverſy, but the clumſineſs of the antagoniſts I am to encounter.

The two worthies whom I ſhall chiefly ſelect to oppoſe in this conteſt, are the authors of a letter firſt printed in the Gazetteer, May 9, and of an Addreſs to the Public on the late Diſmiſſion of a General Officer. If I pay them the compliment of diſtinguiſhing their productions from the reſt of their accomplices, it is at leaſt not from holding their abilities in higher eſtimation. No; it is to abridge my own trouble, as theſe, I was going to ſay gentlemen, have amaſſed the whole noſegay of nettles, which had been gathered in ſeparate weeds by their voluminous comrades.

The firſt of them (the illiberal part of whoſe invective, as it has already been taken notice of, ſhall be paſſed over in ſilence) gives an intimation that general Conway had the vanity to vie with the illuſtrious Wolfe for military glory. I ſay *intimates* this—the whole ſcope of his argument tends to ſhow that he meaned general Conway. Nothing elſe could lead to ſuch a ſuſpicion. Let them heap what ſlanders they pleaſe on this virtuous man, yet they ought to make them ſome how or other coincide with ſome, however latent, ingredient in his character. But is boaſting, is vain-glory, the ſmalleſt part of that character? Is he oſtentatious, or a man of the moſt ingenuous modeſty? When did he brag of his exploits? Where? Is his common behaviour aſſuming? Has he arrogated merit to himſelf? Has he fatigued miniſters with ſolicitation for rewards? Has he complained of neglected ſervices? Have his brother-officers heard him comparing himſelf to Wolfe? In parliament has he vaunted his military talents? or is it to this private confident, this *friendly* letter-writer, that he has unboſomed his high opinion of his own merit? His life has been ſpent in public ſervice: has his arrogance made him ridiculous to his ſuperiors, or inſupportable to the ſubalterns who have been under his command? His private friends have ever found his deportment

portment humble, baſhful, and condeſcending: it is ſtrange that no man living but the letter-writer ſhould have diſcovered his preſumption.

The compariſon of himſelf with that deſervedly favourite hero of his country, general Wolfe, had Mr. Conway made it (which the letter-writer will give me leave to doubt, till he gives better proof of it than a malignant intimation), would have been in every light prepoſterous; and therefore, as that author does not call Mr. Conway's underſtanding in queſtion, was probably never thought of by him. Wolfe was a very young man, but a genius. He achieved his glorious career in one important action, for ever memorable, and reflecting conſummate honour on his country, on himſelf, and on the great man whoſe councils he executed. General Conway has gone through a regular courſe in his profeſſion for near ſeven-and-twenty years; has been formed under thoſe heroes the duke of Cumberland and prince Ferdinand; has been engaged in ſix regular battles, beſides many ſmaller actions; and therefore whatever talents he has, or whatever military knowledge he has acquired (if either are allowed to him), have been improved and acquired by long and painful ſervice. Though eminently diſtinguiſhed for his gallant and indefatigable behaviour by thoſe illuſtrious princes, he has never had the happineſs of achieving any action of remarkable eclat, or of performing *alone* any act of ſignal utility to his country. The author of theſe ſheets has ſeen his ſolicitude for employment in the field, his thirſt of ſervice, but never knew him prefer himſelf to the meaneſt officer in the army.

I ſhall here quit the letter-writer, and take no farther notice of his invectives, than as they coincide with thoſe of his fellow-labourer, the author of the Addreſs.

The latter good-natured perſon, apprehenſive that the Engliſh language would not furniſh him with ſufficient terms of abuſe, has had recourſe to his Salluſt for a ſentence, whoſe bitterneſs ſhould comprehend all the gall which he intended to ſpread through three-and-forty pages. Rome, when Salluſt wrote, was arrived at the perfection of eloquent ſlander, and at the dregs of corruption. Such a writer, at ſuch a period, could not fail to furniſh a paragraph to juſtify the puniſhment of an *impious man*, who, void of conſcience and honour, had ſtopped at nothing to glut his abominable ambition, and undo his country. The very caſe of general Conway. Is there an Engliſh-

man living, who underſtands Latin, and does not ſee how applicable the following words are to this high offender? *Equidem ego ſic exiſtumo omnes cruciatus minores quam facinora illorum eſſe; ſed plerique mortales poſtrema meminere, et in hominibus impiis ſceleris eorum obliti, de pœnâ diſſerunt.* *The impious men* alluded to by the hiſtorian were the accomplices of Catiline, and were put to death. Thoſe were the men in whoſe ſtory the author of the addreſs fiſhed for a ſentence that might ſuit the criminality of general Conway. I will not ſuppoſe that this author, who in his motto and in his book mentions with alacrity the word *puniſhment*, wiſhes that the parallel had been carried farther, becauſe he knows that *as yet* our laws do not allow a man to be put to death for giving *a ſingle* * *vote* againſt the adminiſtration. I am perſuaded his lenity is content with having a man ruined for ſuch preſumption; but he owns, p. 27, his ruin ought to be *total*. It had been no puniſhment, unleſs all he had, had been taken from him. He had been too impious, not to be beggared, as far as it was in the power of government.

Deſpotic acts, according to this writer, p. 26, give the idea of a tone of firmneſs and deciſion. Where he imbibed maxims ſo abhorrent from the genius of the Engliſh conſtitution, I do not pretend to gueſs. This is the firſt time we have ſeen it avowed *in print*, that total ruin was to be the portion of members of parliament who oppoſe adminiſtration. The galleys and the bowſtring give an idea of firmneſs and deciſion in the expeditious governments of France and Turkey——but Engliſh ears are ill-accuſtomed to ſuch ſounds, nor at a general election would it ſecure a majority to the court, if miniſterial candidates acknowledged ſuch a code. Even in eaſtern climes, baſhaws meet with terrible reverſes. A free nation, freſh from conquering in every quarter of the globe, will not eaſily ſubmit to domeſtic vizirs, who of all men living can claim leaſt merit from our ſucceſs.

The exordium of the work itſelf is ſarcaſtic on the people of England in general, to whom the author profeſſes ſubmitting his thoughts for their conſideration, though in the very next paragraph he lets them know, that they aſſume *too great latitude to themſelves in pronouncing their judgment willingly on all matters indiſcriminately*. He tells them they take this freedom of judgment for liberty, whereas it is *a cloak for maliciouſneſs, and an intemperance, which*

* It was not ſtrictly ſpeaking by a ſingle vote, but on a ſingle ſubject, that general Conway differed with the adminiſtration. The term *ſingle vote* is uſed to avoid circumlocution.

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ought deſervedly to be reckoned a reproach to a civilized people. The apoſtrophe is extraordinary, not over obliging to his readers, and ſurely little decent to a people *yet free:* For what is the context? A general officer is diſmiſſed for his behaviour in parliament, in a free parliament (ſo this daring author declares; we ſhall, perhaps, hear what the parliament next winter thinks of his aſſertion)—the people of England diſcuſs this ſubject—Licentious, audacious, uncivilized Engliſhmen! are you competent judges of ſuch a caſe? Let me tell you, in France, a civilized country, a man would be ſent to the Baſtile, who ſhould preſume to agitate ſuch a queſtion.

Yet farther: *Attempts*, he ſays, *have been made to render it the object of public clamour, and inſinuations have been thrown out that this was only the beginning of ſorrows; that ſuch an unconſtitutional act was not meant to ſtand ſingle, but was to be followed by the diſgrace of ſeveral other general officers; and leſt this ſhould be borne too calmly, it was induſtriouſly added, that the whole army was to be new modelled.* By whom theſe attempts and inſinuations have been made, I do not know: this author, I ſuppoſe, does, though a little apt to aſſert raſhly. Surely not by the general himſelf. The calm and decent reſignation with which he received the notification of his majeſty's pleaſure, the ſubmiſſion with which he acknowledged the receipt of it, his retirement in the country ever ſince, except for a few days, when he came to pay his duty to the king, and his forbearance of the leaſt murmur ſince, this behaviour will clearly diſculpate him from being party to the author's rhapſody. The reſt of this uncivilized nation, I fear, has not been ſo ſilent, though I believe no man living has ſaid *all* this author charges on many. Who has ſaid, this was the *beginning* of ſorrows? The proſcriptions of laſt year, the diſmiſſion of general Accourt, &c. muſt have been ſtrangely forgotten, if general Conway's diſgrace could be thought a *beginning*. That it has been reported, that a noble lord carried into the cloſet a liſt of ſixteen officers whoſe removal he adviſed, is certainly true—I mean ſuch a report; and their not being diſmiſſed, is no proof it was never propoſed. This author, perhaps, may think that to have ſpared them, gives *no idea of a tone of firmneſs and deciſion.* His notions of government are pretty high and deſpotic; he may cenſure too the time choſen for diſmiſſing general Conway, as weak and puſillanimous, not being done in the face of parliament, but reſpited till a ſeſſion was at the diſtance of many months. I, who think the preſent adminiſtration fully deciſive enough for the *preſent* conſtitution, applaud their temperance and their lenity. Their magnanimity I will wait for other occaſions of extolling.

But he adds, It has been induſtriouſly reported that the army *was going to be new modelled*—I had rather wave this point—it is too ſerious, and too delicate. Such reports I hope are falſe; from my ſoul I do. I had rather ſtigmatiſe the authors of ſuch whiſpers in the groſs, than enter into the diſcuſſion. No, there can be no ſuch intention—For what ſhould it be calculated? What could be propoſed to be done with the army when ſo modelled? The preſent army has conquered in every quarter of the globe—againſt whom could it be wiſhed to be employed, that it would not encounter with the ſame alacrity and valour that it exerted in the laſt war? Is there an officer in the army whoſe loyalty to his majeſty and ardour in the cauſe of his country have not been tried and approved? What enemies can the king or Great Britain have, whom the preſent army would not ſhed their blood to combat? What dark deſigns are there in agitation, which ſhould make it deſirable to remove the preſent officers, and place others in their room who would be more compliant, and of courſe deteſtable to their countrymen? There are no ſuch deſigns, conſequently there can be no ſuch plan. The nation is united to a man, Jacobitiſm is extinguiſhed, Jacobites pardoned and received into favour; from what quarter could apprehenſions ariſe to the government? *Only two* general officers have been diſmiſſed, and, as the author aſſerts, for parliamentary diſobedience: no commiſſions have been given to men of problematic principles. I agree therefore with this author, that it is highly blameable to inſinuate that there is any intention of new modelling the army.

One word he has dropped in the paragraph I have been quoting, which muſt not paſs unnoticed. The diſmiſſion of general Conway, he ſays, is not *unprecedented*; and he alludes probably to the caſe of lord Cobham, the duke of Bolton, and lord Weſtmorland in the late reign. That thoſe officers were broken, is certainly true; but with a wide and material difference from the caſe of general Conway. They were engaged in the moſt offenſive and declared oppoſition againſt the court. Whoever recollects that time, knows to what an intemperance of language and behaviour their oppoſition was carried. How the meaſure of removing them was received by great part of the nation is well known; it was diſcuſſed in parliament, and followed by that memorable proteſt ſigned by ſeveral great lords now living. Whether the ſtep of breaking thoſe officers was wiſe or conſtitutional, is another queſtion; but it certainly bore no reſemblance to the caſe of Mr. Conway, who, as I ſhall prove preſently, was by no means in oppoſition, is of all men living the leaſt factious, and ſo far from having been guilty of any indecent language before

his diſgrace, that even ſince it happened, he has not expreſſed himſelf with acrimony, or varied from that uniform decorum which has graced every period of his fortune. Unprecedented the caſe then ſtands with regard to him; and that a new precedent would not take its date in his perſon, and in this reign, was reaſonably to be expected, by the recent reſtitution of ſir Henry Erſkine, accompanied with a retroſpective diſapprobation of caſhiering officers for their conduct in parliament.

As I am unwilling to ſwell this addreſs to too great a length, and to engage in matter foreign to my purpoſe, I gladly paſs by two or three ſenſeleſs and declamatory paſſages in the author I am examining, whoſe injudicious warmth betrays the ſore places of his patrons, with as little ſkill in finding remedies. The club at Wildman's every body knows is a terrible grievance, and this quack cannot help tattling what he hears; fooliſhly enough, God knows, on this occaſion, as general Conway belongs not to that meeting, nor ever dined at that tavern; though this author inſinuates it (for what does a falſehood coſt a man who writes for pay?) by ſaying, *You ſee there are ſome general officers among them.* His grace's favourite nephew (who that is I don't know), the inſtances of the king of Pruſſia and Contades, and ſuch rubbiſh, nothing at all to the purpoſe, I likewiſe paſs over, and ſhall not meet this author again till page 7, where affecting ſolid reaſoning after empty flouriſhes, he deſires us *to ſet aſide from the queſtion every perſonal conſideration.* What his own practice will be, we ſhall ſee preſently; and as we ſhall find that practice to be directly the reverſe of what he demands from others; as he, inſtead of omitting, drags into the queſtion every perſonal conſideration which he can invent to aſperſe general Conway, it is evident that *all* he begs in the paſſage above, is, that we would forget the general's virtues and ſervices. If we agree to that one candid poſtulatum, if we will promiſe not to think that virtue and ſervices ſhould have had ſome weight in ſoftening the general's fate, he hopes by ſome arguments, or what he would have paſs for arguments, and by more contradictions, with the ſuper-addition of abuſe, to convince us that there never was an act of a more harmleſs nature to all the world, nay even to the general himſelf (*vide* p. 23.), than taking away the profeſſion of an officer who has ſerved for twenty-ſix years, has been in ſix battles, and who came home recommended to favour by prince Ferdinand, for the ſingle offence of having voted on a conſtitutional point againſt the adminiſtration. With all the obſtacles he overleaps, and with all the foreign helps he calls in to his aſſiſtance, the taſk

our author has laid on himſelf ſtill ſeems to be difficult; difficult with regard to the public, to the army, and to the parliament, hitherto not accuſtomed to be told, contrary to their petition to his majeſty at the beginning of every new meeting, not to have offences committed in parliament queſtioned out of it, that ſuch offences are puniſhed by the crown. In the caſes I have mentioned of the duke of Bolton, &c. the then miniſter certainly never preſumed, never dared to acknowledge that they were removed for parliamentary conduct. Every body knows how that age would have flamed at ſuch an avowal.

My author begins with telling us, p. 7. that "our concern for the general, as a man, would be more properly expreſſed for the conduct occaſioning this diſmiſſion." The outſet is unlucky, and promiſes ill for what is to follow. The voice of the nation went along with the conduct of Mr. Conway. They were, and are ſtill of opinion, that general warrants are radically and alarmingly dangerous to liberty. They love the man who was ready to ſacrifice to the liberties of his country thoſe emoluments which he had obtained by defending it againſt its domeſtic and foreign enemies. They regard him as a martyr to their freedom, and to his own conſcience: and let me tell this author, that they will deteſt a ſcribbler who defends, recommends, puniſhment for integrity. His next ſtep is to reduce his argumentation to method, which he ranges under three heads:

"1. What hurt has been done to the army in general by the late diſmiſſion?

"2. What particular hardſhip has fallen on the individual who is the object of it?

"3. What detriment has the public received from a meaſure, repreſented as ſo highly injurious to it?"

The queſtions are of moment: the author takes the negative on all, and defends each as ably as I believe each can be defended. If I ſucceed in confuting him on every one, it will certainly not be from ſuperior abilities, but from the impoſſibility of defending tenets ſo abſurd. A genius, from Rouſſeau down to this writer, loves a paradox; but even ſuch a genius as Rouſſeau is apt to miſcarry in the attempt.

Diſmiſſions

Diſmiſſions in general, he ſays, are ſanctified by cuſtom, though ſtate phyſicians have conſidered them as a kind of extraordinary remedy, not to be had recourſe to in the uſual ſtages of a diſorder, but only to be preſcribed when every other treatment has been found ineffectual. This deſcription of diſmiſſions he muſt mean, if he means any thing, to apply to the caſe of general Conway. What was that? Why, on a queſtion in parliament, certainly of a conſtitutional, and of the higheſt nature, on which the opinions of all men were ſo nearly balanced, that 232 were on one ſide, and 218 on the other, general Conway agreed with the leſſer number. This was the *diſorder* which, from this author's words, we are to ſuppoſe the miniſters thought ſo dangerous an one, that they tried every treatment to cure it. Indeed!—What are the noſtrums which miniſters *can* apply to parliamentary oppoſition? I know none, but bribes and threats. Did miniſters really preſcribe theſe emollients and cauſtics on a conſtitutional vote in parliament? And do we live to hear this avowed? Away with magna charta, the bill of rights, and the revolution, if men dare utter this language in the face of day. The boldeſt ſtate empyrics in the days of any Charles or James would not have ventured to profeſs ſuch doctrines. But if we have ſuch leeches, the patient, it ſeems, ſcorned both their drugs and their bliſters; he has proved his conſtitution ſound, and would not be doctored out of his honour and his virtue.

The next words of this defendant of the political faculty are not leſs amazing: "One ſingular property," ſays he, p. 9. "attending this regimen is, that as it is very *violent* (indeed it is) in its operation, and conſequently often annihilates the patient, (with what glee this butcher talks of violence!) yet it is often found to act collaterally, and produces the moſt ſurpriſing effects on perſons in the ſame diſorder." Am I awake? Do I read right what is before me? Have members of parliament ever ſuffered themſelves to be treated in this contemptuous and profligate ſtyle? Is the parliament of Great Britain ſo corrupt, ſo loſt to ſhame, that it deſerves to be told that its votes are to be intimidated in this manner? that the repreſentatives of the people tremble when one of their body loſes his employment, and become obſequious, compliant, ſlaviſh? Or is it to officers alone that this inſult is offered? Are the fifteen other gentlemen, ſaid to have been in the black liſt, of that very timid complexion, that they can hear this language with patience, and without indignation? Can any other officer in parliament endure to have it ſuppoſed

poſed that he gives a vote from fear or lucre? That he does mean the officers in general, who have ſeats in parliament, I am inclined to believe, as in the next paragraph he directly applies it to them: and he begins to ſoften his tone, by allowing that length of time and confeſſed ability in the profeſſion ſhould not be lightly ſet aſide: nor, ſays he, but the beſt pretenſions may be cancelled by a ſequel of conduct which no ſituation can juſtify, no exertions of military proweſs can atone for. Yet leſt even this palliative ſhould reach that indecent perſeverer in oppoſition, Mr. Conway, he takes care to inſinuate, that the general owed his riſe ſolely to parliamentary connexions. He had allowed a little to length of time; but, as contradictions coſt him nothing, that conceſſion is ſoon forgotten, and the general's every promotion reſolved into parliamentary intereſt. Twenty-ſix years of very ſharp ſervice in two wars and a rebellion, go for nothing: the approbation of ſuch commanders as the duke of Cumberland and prince Ferdinand for as little—yet to this ſpiteful, invidious inſinuation we will oppoſe nothing but the teſtimonial of every officer in the army. If there is a ſingle one who will ſay that general Conway has been promoted beyond his deſert, we will allow this author all the weight that his ill-nature can demand. Had Wolfe himſelf lived, and acted as uprightly, as there is no doubt but he would have acted, it is not unfair to ſuppoſe that he would have received as little quarter from this martial legiſlator, who, though he would ſtigmatiſe general Conway with the imputation of owing his promotion to parliament, holds, in ſo many words, that time-ſerving in parliament ought to be the great rule of judging of an officer's merit. Do I miſ-ſtate his arguments? If I do not, what a heap of contradictions!

His next poſitions are ſo abſurd, that I ſhall only quote them, not deign to give them an anſwer. They are, that civil employments are acquired by greater induſtry, are more difficult to be obtained than military; and that if the progreſs in the former be more rapid, they are the ſure marks of uncommon genius and proficiency, ſeldom beſtowed, and not to be acquired nor maintained without a great degree of merit. We beg our readers to take the little red book, and examine the liſt of thoſe at the head of the army and of the ſtate, by our author's rule.

He is fond of this hypotheſis, and, in conſequence of it, tells a long ſtory about I really do not know whom, in the courſe of which he works himſelf

up

up into ſuch a fit of tenderneſs, that he almoſt weeps over a poor gentleman who broke his heart on being turned out of his employment. I am heartily ſorry for it, and hope, among the numerous proſcriptions of laſt year, which raged even againſt old domeſtics whoſe faithful ſervices had been rewarded with little offices, that not one of them was reduced to a like tragic extremity.

This moving tale, which, if applicable to the preſent queſtion, turns againſt the author's argument, becauſe the man did not die for being turned out of a *civil* employment, but becauſe he was turned out of his employment at all; for a man who wants bread, wants it equally whatever his profeſſion *has been*—This ſilly ſtory, I ſay, is followed by two or three pages of reaſoning equally abſurd, in which the author would prove, that if it is held right not to diſmiſs an officer for a conſcientious vote in parliament, it would follow that the army would become perpetual, and the officers would think themſelves hardly uſed if their regiments were to be broken by act of parliament. What ſort of underſtandings this writer thinks are the underſtandings of military men, I cannot tell; but here is the reaſoning he puts into their mouths. *If we do our duty in parliament, we ſhall of courſe be of opinion that we ought to reſiſt the parliament, ſhould its acts interfere with our intereſt, for being conſcientious neceſſarily makes men unconſcientious.* Was it really worth while to waſte four pages in ſtating nonſenſe, which you ſee can be ſtated in four lines? Yet on this ſlimſy foundation the author erects the ſolution of his firſt queſtion, that the army is not injured by the late diſmiſſion: whereas, if there was the leaſt ſhadow of argument in his poſition, it would, according to cuſtom, make againſt himſelf. For inſtance, if officers were not to be puniſhed for their conduct in parliament, and from not being puniſhed would find their commiſſions perpetual, would not the conſequence be, that they are hurt by being puniſhed? In fact, his argument is good no where; and if it could be good any where, it would not be where he has placed it. It could only have the appearance of an argument under his * third head, not under the firſt, and there I would have given it an anſwer, to which here it has not the ſhadow of a title; for, when a fooliſh man anſwers himſelf, he receives the only reply he deſerves.

* Becauſe it might be pretended, that it would not hurt the public to have the officers undeceived in the opinion that the army ought to be perpetual.

Yet,

Yet, while he flounders from abſurdity to contradiction, he drops ſome ſentences that muſt not paſs unnoticed. *The army*, ſays he, *cannot but think that the general ſhould have given his aſſiſtance to government if he expected their ſupport.* Very decent words when they come to be analyſed. Is it avowed that the diſcuſſion of the legality of a ſecretary of ſtate's warrant was a meaſure which government wanted to carry? I thought it was a mere parliamentary enquiry how the law ſtood. If not, it was an aim at extenſion of the prerogative, a point on which parliament always has been and ought to be exceedingly jealous. The general, ſays our writer, ought to have given his aſſiſtance to theſe views. In what capacity? If as a member of parliament, his duty, as ſuch, forbade it. But he ought, if he expected ſupport from adminiſtration. Indeed?—Are thoſe the bargains which government makes with officers? Does it ſay (I aſk for information), Vote for the extenſion of prerogative, and you ſhall have a regiment—or—to come nearer to the point—if you do not, you ſhall loſe your regiment? If this is the language of government, we have reaſon not only to dread the perpetuity of the army, but to fear its exiſtence for an hour. Why is it kept up? Becauſe we apprehend becoming a province to France——I have no longer any ſuch dread, if government holds the language which this author imputes to it. It is indifferent to me whether I am a French ſlave or an Engliſh one—perhaps there is leſs diſgrace in becoming the former. It is leſs ignominious to be chained by a brave enemy, than by baſe uſurping countrymen, and their treacherous tools. I affirm, an officer who ſhould act in conſequence of ſuch a compact as this author would eſtabliſh, would be a traitor—and for thoſe who would employ him—they would want a name. Yet hear *how* he goes on. *They*, the officers, *will ſoon bring themſelves to be of opinion, that as he went out of his way and of his profeſſion, to perplex and haraſs the ſervants whom the king thought proper to employ, it is no wonder that, in ſome ſort, retaliation ſhould take place.* It is difficult to ſay whether my aſtoniſhment at that man's boldneſs, or my contempt for his folly, is the greater. Turn over all the fawning ſermons of the court-chaplains in the reign of the firſt James and Charles; and all the prerogative tracts written to flatter the ſecond Charles and James, and cull any paſſage that ſurpaſſes the aſſumptions in this. What! Does a member of parliament *go out of his way*, who oppoſes the power of a ſecretary of ſtate? Are the officers of the crown ſuperior to parliament? Or is not parliament to check and controul them, nay, to watch over them, even when exerting the moſt legal powers? Is not this man's doctrine a ſubverſion of

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the whole conſtitution? Does a member of parliament go out of his way who calls the higheſt officer of the crown to account? Parliament is the ſupreme court of this kingdom; nor has it been heard ſince the Revolution, that the meaneſt member in the houſe of commons is not authoriſed to queſtion any miniſter, be he whom he will. How the general *went out of his profeſſion*, I do not ſo clearly ſee. He and every officer ſits in parliament as repreſentative of ſome county or borough. To act in parliament as an officer, might not be going out of his profeſſion, but would undoubtedly be going into it in a ſtyle for which he would deſerve to be hanged; the conſtitution not being juſt upon the ſame foot it was when Cromwell appointed his major-generals.

I take up this audacious ſentence, becauſe I perceive there are daily ſycophants who attack the conſtitution with repeated inſults. Such was that ſcandalous book, called *Droit le Roy*. The parliament deſervedly ſtigmatized it. Even the miniſters declared they would have complained of it, had it come to their knowledge. It is very ſtrange, that men ſhould act the part theſe profligate ſcribblers act! They expoſe themſelves to the indignation of their countrymen, by writing in defence of prerogative and tyranny, ſubmit to the ſhame of appearing to pay court to miniſters by the worſt kind of flattery, and yet take infinite care not to let that adulation reach the ears of thoſe for whom alone it can be deſigned. I have heard that virtue is its own reward, but this is the firſt time that ever infamy appeared to be ſo. Should theſe ſheets be fortunate enough to reach the eye of any miniſter, I truſt it will not be from the Oppoſition that we ſhall hear next winter of the Addreſs to the public being complained of in parliament, as attacking the deareſt privileges of that auguſt aſſembly.

The flatterer in queſtion ſoon relieves our indignation with a jocoſe concluſion of his inſolent paragraph. *The general*, ſays he, *went out of his way to haraſs and perplex the king's ſervants*. Poor gentlemen! I heartily grieve for them. Be they whom they will, that are ſo eaſily haraſſed and perplexed; as his majeſty *thought proper to employ them*, they ought not to be teaſed and vexed and bewildered. However new and droll the complaint is, it ought to have ſome weight. When our miniſters are ſo liable to be put *out of their way*, it is barbarous to moleſt them; and the only ſpecious reaſon which the author has given in his whole book for the diſmiſſion of general Conway, is this—*Retaliation in ſome ſort ſhould take place*. A general officer ought to be

broken for perplexing and haraſſing the king's poor miniſters. There have been miniſters, indeed, who would not have thought that turning a troubleſome ſpeaker out of his employment, would be the wiſeſt method to prevent being haraſſed by him——But theſe poor gentlemen were perplexed too, and therefore no wonder they did not act wiſely. *They were charged*, ſays he, *with ignorance and inability*. Here again a great miniſter would have confuted his opponent with proofs of knowledge and talents. Revenging one's ſelf on a man's profeſſion, is rather confeſſing the charge.

I have ſtated the author's premiſes; now let us ſee how he draws his concluſion. *The army will not* THEN *think themſelves aggrieved in this particular diſmiſſion. The cauſe in which this general was engaged, related no way to the defence of their profeſſion:* they will not therefore lament him as one "fallen in their behalf. And with reſpect to the ſituation of military men in general, whenever they incur the diſpleaſure of their maſter in matters wholly foreign to the military, they will be ſo far from making a cauſe commune, or from applying to themſelves as any mark of diſgrace, that it will prove rather a means of keeping them more cloſely attached to the reſpective buſineſſes before them, as the ſureſt means of preſerving a connection between their merits and their advancement."

This is the logic of our court-advocate; and ſince the beginning of time, I believe no court-cauſe was ever worſe defended. Whatever the miniſters are, the officers, I am ſure, muſt be men of very perplexed and perplexable underſtandings, if they can for a moment be the dupes of ſuch puerilities. For what is his argument? Officers cannot think themſelves aggrieved, if one of their corps loſes his employment for ſomething not relating to his profeſſion. Now the very reverſe of this is true, and is an anſwer to his whole firſt diviſion. They do think themſelves aggrieved, becauſe general Conway was diſmiſſed for nothing relating to his profeſſion. They do think it hard that the rewards of years, of blood, of bravery, ſpent and exerted in the ſervice of their king and country, ſhould be of ſo precarious a tenure, that they are to be ſacrificed to the vengeance of fretful and perplexed miniſters——Nay, that the rewards of honour are incompatible with the dictates of conſcience: that the merit of ten campaigns can be obliterated by one ſeſſion: that to ſerve their king and country is not enough; they muſt ſerve miniſters alſo: that the only ſecurity of honours, is the forfeiture of honour; and that they

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are to be told at laſt, after encountering all the hardſhips and dangers of their profeſſion, *that the ſureſt means of preſerving a connection between their merits and their advancement*, is to tremble when a brother-officer is caſhiered for his virtue, and to abandon him :—in other words, that a coward may riſe to the higheſt poſts in the army, and that a ſlave is ſure of doing ſo.

I ſhall be much more brief on the two following ſections. The defence of general Conway's character was the principal view of this tract; but that can be eſtabliſhed beyond contradiction, in few words. Yet even the excellence of his character would not be ſufficient to demonſtrate the injuſtice he has ſuffered, unleſs I had ſhown too, as I have I think unanſwerably, that it is unjuſt and unconſtitutional to take away the profeſſion of an officer for his behaviour in parliament. In the courſe of that argument, I have had occaſion to expoſe the alarming doctrines that are daily propagated, repugnant to this conſtitution, deſtructive of the unqueſtionable rights of parliament, dangerous to liberty in general (without which every thing we enjoy is contemptible), ſubverſive of the whole ſyſtem of the Revolution, and threatening deſtruction to the illuſtrious houſe of Hanover, whoſe ſucceſſion to the crown was founded on that revolution. No man therefore but a Jacobite can wiſh to ſee an extenſion of the prerogative, as every extenſion of it under a new family would be ſo far a juſtification of king James's meaſures. The defence of liberty, and of the preſent royal family, againſt dark and inſidious traitors, was a cauſe well worth expending a few pages upon.——I paſs to our author's ſecond diviſion.

His queſtion is, What particular hardſhip has fallen on the individual who is the ſubject of the late diſmiſſion? A poſition too ludicrous to deſerve a ſerious anſwer, and yet as capable of being maintained as either of his other ſections. In the ſchools we know ridiculous tenets are often given out for argumentation; but this is the firſt time that ſuch a queſtion was ever agitated in a political controverſy. As I have no leiſure to waſte on ſuch boyiſh impertinences, which carry nonſenſe in their face and contradiction in their mouth, let it ſuffice to repeat his arguments. The firſt is, that the general having a large independent income, which income by the way is his wife's jointure, conſequently precarious, cannot be accounted a great ſufferer by loſing the greateſt part of the income. The ſecond, that he has enjoyed ſuch large appointments, that, if he had never ſpent a farthing of them, he would

be very rich——But I trifle with my readers, and ſhould be as inexcuſable as the author I quote, to fatigue them by the repetition of ſuch abſurdities, to which, in truth, the author truſts ſo little, that he ſoon quits them for the more favourite topics of defamation. On this head he is ſo candid, firſt, as to beg we will believe nothing we hear in the general's favour; ſecondly, that we will liſten to every thing he can ſay to his prejudice: when both theſe conceſſions are obtained, he hopes to prove, that the general is no ſufferer. Any commendation of the general he pronounces *ſuſpicious information*, p. 24. Detraction in the mouth of a profeſſed adverſary is to paſs for unqueſtionable; though he will give me leave to ſurmiſe, that if the diſmiſſion of Mr. Conway could have been defended by reaſons, ſo much recourſe would not have been had to defamation: and yet I am of opinion, that it is eaſier to juſtify the removal of him than to fully his character.

The firſt reflection we find is an indirect attack upon his political behaviour; though, while the author makes it, he tacitly gives up the whole ſcope of his preceding argument. *I do know*, ſays he, p. 25, *that altogether he has received much public money, and I have no room to doubt (as the greater part of it was given under his grace's adminiſtration) that an equal ſervice was performed.* Now, if there is any meaning in this paragraph (a ſuppoſition I only hazard, and may wrong the author by imputing any meaning at all to him), it implies that the duke of N. paid Mr. Conway for his behaviour in parliament——And is this at laſt become an imputation? I thought it was not only the moſt ſure, but the moſt right *means* for officers *to preſerve a connection between their merits and advancement.* Was the ſame conduct wrong in the duke of N. that is right in *perplexed* miniſters? That the author did mean this, is probable from the very next paragraph, in which he mentions the general's late conduct in parliament. But though he contradicts himſelf to get at an argument, he has not got at truth. General Conway's preferments came in the regular courſe, were generally conferred after particular ſervices; as his firſt regiment, which he obtained after the battle of Culloden, by the recommendation of his royal highneſs the duke of Cumberland; and in none of them had the duke of Newcaſtle more ſhare than in common with the reſt of the late king's ſervants.

Having now, as he thinks, cleared his way, and removed all objections of hardſhip on the general, both as an officer and an individual, the author's next

next ſally is an attempt to ſtate the diſmiſſion as almoſt the object of the general's choice. As if nothing was more common than to take away military commiſſions for parliamentary behaviour, and as if that practice had not been peculiarly ſtigmatiſed on the reſtoration of ſir Henry Erſkine, the author affirms that Mr Conway could not but foreſee the conſequence of the part *he choſe* to take in public buſineſs: a part which in the next ſentence this writer terms *braving his royal maſter in his bedchamber.* This language is ſo much that of a half-converted Jacobite, that it is impoſſible not to be ſtruck with it. How little is this man acquainted with the virtues of that royal perſon whoſe name he raſhly introduces into a libel! Has this man forgotten, or did he never hear of, that gracious declaration which characteriſed the very dawn of the preſent reign, that elections ſhould be free, and not a ſhilling ſhould be ſpent in obtaining a partial repreſentative? Is it likely that a virtuous prince, who truſted the uprightneſs of his meaſures to the free voice of his people, would imbibe partial reſentments againſt conſcientious members? Let this author take what liberty he pleaſes with miniſters, and aſcribe the late diſmiſſion to their vengeance, but let him beware of confounding their ſquabbles with the perſon of the ſovereign, who is the juſt and equal father of all his ſubjects, and who does not entertain prejudices againſt virtuous men for obeying the dictates of their conſcience. His majeſty may have been adviſed to remove general Conway, and has taken that advice; but he does not thereby become a party in a miniſterial quarrel, nor look upon himſelf as inſulted becauſe his miniſters have been *perplexed.* All acts in this country are conſidered by the law as the acts of thoſe who adviſe the crown, and as ſuch only I ſpeak of them. The veneration I have for the excellent prince with whom we are bleſſed, would not permit me to name him, but to reprimand this ſcribbler; nor would general Conway hold any man as his friend, who ſhould pronounce that royal name but with duty, reſpect, and affection. He would lay down his life for that amiable ſovereign; nor has there been, I believe, one moment ſince his diſmiſſion in which he has not felt the ſame ardour of love and zeal, which warmed him in thoſe happier hours when he had the honour of ſtanding nearer to his royal maſter. Let this ſuffice as a reply to two or three pages of rancour and indecency. One word, however, muſt be taken up: the author ſays, he does not remember in the ſeveral ſtages of Mr. Wilkes's affair, on which the greater part of the time before the Chriſtmas holidays was ſpent, that the general took any part in reſenting the inſult which had been ſo groſsly offered to his maſter. I might aſk him, whether he remembers that

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every groom of the bedchamber ſpoke upon that occaſion; and if not one of them did, as I believe they did not, why ſilence was more criminal in him than in the reſt? Had he defended that inſult, he might indeed have been ſaid to have braved his maſter. The fact is, every man in the houſe condemned that inſult in his heart; but it was impoſſible every man in the houſe ſhould expreſs his abhorrence. But hear a little further:—General Conway, as is well known, was often up to ſpeak, but was never pointed to. It is much leſs known, but not leſs true, that his intention was to declare his deteſtation of the inſult, and to ſeparate it entirely, as it was in its nature ſeparated, from the power claimed by the ſecretaries of ſtate. After Chriſtmas, in the very ſpeech repreſented as ſo offenſive, Mr. Conway did make that diſtinction: but the author choſe a ſilent period preferably to one of activity, becauſe ſilence could be miſinterpreted, but actual words could not be tortured to mean the very contrary of what they expreſſed. Thus we ſee this author's malice is as unlucky when built on the general's ſilence, as it has been when catching at what he really acted.

If the libelliſt has been unfortunate hitherto, both in his facts and inſinuations, he will not redeem his credit by the ſubſequent pages.

One of the principal complaints made on this diſmiſſion has been, that it was for a ſingle vote. As the author admires *a tone of firmneſs and deciſion*, one might have expected that he would have applauded the adminiſtration for the promptneſs of authority exerciſed on a man who had offended but by one vote. How, on the contrary, he comes to be ſenſible that ſuch ſummary proceedings are not quite conſonant to the ſpirit of our conſtitution, I do not know: but ſo it is, that he endeavours to ſhow that Mr. Conway was not diſmiſſed for a ſingle vote. He does not, indeed, ſucceed in that attempt; yet I allow that, by the very endeavour, he is candid enough to own that the meaſure of caſhiering an officer for one vote is not to be defended: *Si Pergama dextrâ defendi poſſent, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.*

I will ſum up his account of Mr. Conway's parliamentary behaviour, and then we ſhall judge whether our author has made out that the general was actually engaged in a ſyſtem of oppoſition.

Before Chriſtmas general Conway ſaid nothing.

Between

Between January 16 and February 17 he never happened to be of the ſame opinion with the king's ſervants, except on ſome one point in which Mr. Wilkes was concerned; the particulars of which our candid author chooſes to forget. I ſhall help his recollection preſently.

It was not adminiſtration alone that conſidered him as their opponent; the oppoſition were daily vaunting of him as an important acquiſition, and indeed gave out, at one time, that he had undertaken to lead them.

What doubt could be entertained of his inclinations, after the virulent charge of ignorance and incapacity which he poured forth againſt the miniſter * ?

Whenever, therefore, the diſmiſſion is mentioned, together with the conduct in parliament, let the public be aſſured that the general was vigorous and active; and, in ſhort, totally in oppoſition.

Thus ſtand the proofs. Now hear the anſwer.

Not only from Jan. 16 to Feb. 17, but from Nov. 15, the day the parliament met, to April 19, when it roſe, general Conway was not once of a different opinion from the king's ſervants, but on the ſingle affair of the warrants: and I do not take advantage of many queſtions on which there was no diviſion; but when there was, he voted with them, as on the cyder-tax, the ſecond great point of oppoſition; and aſſiſted the miniſtry on the bill for regulating franks. Is that aſſertion, therefore, of our author proved a falſehood ?

The caſe he chooſes to forget is no leſs remarkable, and the very mention

* The author, who in his firſt ſtate of this charge had uſed the expreſſion *the king's ſervants*, here names *the miniſter*. Who *the miniſter* is, I really don't know; nor whom the author means is it my buſineſs to enquire. As every thing *perſonal* is carefully avoided throughout this whole treatiſe, I ſhall not take up the term *the miniſter*, but continue to argue, as I have done, in generals. I deſire, too, to have it obſerved, that I have not introduced a ſingle argument foreign to the ſubject of diſmiſſions, and to the warrants which occaſioned the late diſmiſſion; not chooſing to imitate the conduct of the author I anſwer, who has dealt indiſcriminate abuſe on variety of perſons no way connected with the general in queſtion, and whoſe names, in this place, ſerve no purpoſe but that of calumny.

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of it will ſhow why he choſe to forget it. It was the affair of Alexander Dun, in which general Conway was peculiarly active, and aſſiſtant to the miniſtry, and by which he demonſtrated that his behaviour on the warrants was ſimply conſcientious, and that he was no partiſan of Mr. Wilkes.

He had declared to a miniſter, before witneſs, in the moſt expreſs terms, that he was not, nor intended to be, engaged in oppoſition. He had declared the ſame to ſeveral chiefs in the oppoſition. Which, therefore, is to be believed, the general or the author? For that mob appendix, of its being given out, that the general had undertaken to lead the oppoſition, I queſtion whether even the garreteers of the minority went ſo far as to make ſuch an aſſertion to any compeer in the majority.

We have ſeen what was the general's conduct, and what were his declarations. As they were repugnant to the author's aſſertions, his laſt reſource was to gueſs at the general's inclinations.—Was he then at laſt diſmiſſed for a gueſs—and that a wrong one? Leave out the word *virulent*, which is *gratis dictum*, to make ſomething of nothing, and I believe there never was a ſet of miniſters, who, not only by Mr. Conway, but by the whole oppoſition, were ever ſo gently treated as the preſent have been. Would not one think, by the manner in which this author has ſtated the charge, that general Conway had accuſed the miniſters of ignorance in the revenue, of inability in making the late peace, in ſhort, of being the moſt incapable adminiſtration that ever diſgraced government! But reduce the charge to plain truth, and all it amounted to was, accuſing the miniſters of not knowing the preciſe extent of power for granting warrants veſted by law in the ſecretary of ſtate.

With what truth, with what juſtice, therefore, does this frontleſs man take upon him to aſſure the public, that general Conway was totally in oppoſition? Had it not been wiſer to defend the meaſure of turning him out of the army for a ſingle vote? The author has no more ſucceſs in falſifying *for* his maſters, than *againſt* thoſe they perſecute.

Diſſatisfied with his own endeavours, and ſtill ſuſpecting that the diſmiſſion for parliamentary conſcientious conduct would ſhock the nation, the author flies to abuſe, and plunges to the bottom of that mud in queſt of ſomething that may abate national pity for an oppreſſed and worthy man. I rejoice,

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and have ever rejoiced, at theſe ſhifts of a deſpotic party. When collateral reaſons are called in, one is ſure the true reaſon is not tenable.

But where ſhall defamation be faſtened? How aſperſe one of the moſt ſpotleſs characters that this or any country has produced? It muſt be done with a nice hand, and with uncommon addreſs. His virtues as a man, a huſband, a father, a ſubject, a ſenator, are unqueſtionable. His diſintereſtedneſs is conſpicuous, his modeſty moſt amiable, his attention to his profeſſion laborious, his courage unqueſtionable——It is true, and yet there we will attack him. In order, too, to appear candid, we will begin with allowing what we cannot deny. When we are ſo candid as to confeſs his bravery, we ſhall be the more eaſily believed when we inſinuate that he is a coward. We will drop the word Rochfort; and that ſingle little word, like a ſpell, will hint to all the world, that if general Conway had been the hero he is ſuppoſed, Rochfort would have been taken: and when that is believed, will not the miniſters be juſtified in breaking a man in the year 1764, who might have taken Rochfort in the year 1757?

This may be artful, and much good may ſuch art do any man that poſſeſſes it! It will lead him into as many ſcrapes as this author has involved himſelf in.

This interpretation muſt ſtrike every man as the evident intention of recalling the idea of Rochfort. Yet, as the author allows, and no man living queſtions, *the ſpirited courage of the general*, and as I would not load even this libelliſt with more odium than he deſerves, let us ſee if the revival of the affair of Rochfort will admit of a leſs malevolent explanation.—Perhaps the author, conſcious that no direct imputation would ſtick, yet officious to raiſe unfavourable ſentiments of the general in the minds of his readers, no matter on what foundation, might mean to call in queſtion Mr. Conway's judgment. An officer who has been taken priſoner after charging three times in the village of Fontenoy; keeping his regiment to the laſt in the field, in order to cover the retreat; and whoſe whole conduct has been a ſeries of intrepidity, cannot be written out of his reputation as a ſoldier—No, that will never do —We muſt try whether his capacity is not leſs proof againſt miſrepreſentation. Whatever was the author's meaning, the inference, as I have ſaid, is, that general Conway deſerved to be caſhiered for not having taken Rochfort

in 1757. But general Mordaunt commanded that expedition, not general Conway. Does an inferior in command deſerve to be puniſhed for that miſcarriage, when the principal did not, but was honourably acquitted? General Conway was urgent in adviſing ſome attempt. Did that make him more criminal than his ſuperior? General Mordaunt votes with the adminiſtration; general Conway voted, on one queſtion, againſt it—Perhaps this may have made ſome difference in the degree of their criminality.

Thus far I have argued upon the foot of ſome blame; but I have other difficulties to propoſe to the objector. The plan of ſurpriſing Rochfort was one of the vigorous meaſures of that great miniſter, Mr. Pitt. The patrons of our author always called that ſcheme one of Mr. Pitt's viſions. Mr. Conway could not in any degree be to blame that Rochfort was not taken, unleſs the attempt was practicable. I beg this author to chooſe which he will cenſure, Mr. Pitt or the generals concerned. It will be difficult for him to revile both the one and the other. If, to ſerve a preſent emergency, he admits the practicability, he will be ſo good as to ſhow that it was practicable; a fact that I have never yet heard aſcertained: and when he has done this, Mr. Conway will remain blameleſs, who was innocent of the miſcarriage, and who never acquieſced in abandoning the project till it was too late to undertake it. And, upon this occaſion, I will tell the author an anecdote, and from very good authority. When the affair of Rochfort was public talk, the earl of C——— told the following ſtory:—Mr. Conway, ſaid his lordſhip, I am ſure is brave; I know it from the beſt hands. I was commending George Stanhope (his lieutenant-colonel) for what I heard of his behaviour in Germany. 'Faith, my lord, replied that gallant young man, I believe I do not want ſpirit more than other folks. Indeed, I do not pretend to the intrepidity of Harry Conway, who walks up to the mouth of a cannon with as much indifference as if he was going to dance a minuet.

Our author, however, who is ſo blundering an arithmetician as to ſuppoſe that many cyphers will make a ſum, adds a new nothing to the account, and infers from the ſilence of gazettes, that England can loſe no ſervices by this diſmiſſion. Have we heard of him, ſays he, p. 34. diſtinguiſhing himſelf in Germany, as we *did* of Moſtyn and Waldegrave? Ergo, he ought to be broken. A man muſt have as bad a heart as this author, who could even wiſh to detract from the merit of thoſe brave officers. Their country has ſignal

obligations to them. They contributed to that vaſtneſs of fame which made us the terror and admiration of the univerſe. Nor is it on gazettes alone that their reputation is founded. They are loved and admired by their profeſſion, and by no man more than by general Conway, who would as little wiſh to raiſe his own glory at their expence, as thoſe gentlemen would deign to countenance a ſcribbler in malicious inſinuations. He names the plains of Minden. Does he know that the preſence of mind and gallant conduct of general Waldegrave gave the deciſive turn to the fate of that day? I ſpeak of theſe officers, becauſe I eſteem them; not, like the author, to ſerve one party and depreſs another. Unleſs that had been his motive, why, in the number of our heroes, did he omit general Monckton, and forget lord Albemarle, the conqueror of the Havannah? Had this author ever ventured upon truth, he would not have denied that he had heard of general Conway in Germany. Was it a ſecret, though known to every officer in the army, that when the hereditary prince was wounded, general Conway was ſelected by prince Ferdinand to command in his place? Aſk that idol of every Engliſhman's affection, the marquis of Granby, whether general Conway was an uſeleſs ſecond? Aſk Germany, whether prince Ferdinand recommends incapable and undeſerving ſubjects to the favour of their maſter?—No; all this ſhall be ſunk in malicious oblivion, and general Conway ſhall alone preſide in councils of war at Wildman's, p. 34. where he never ſet his foot.

A fellow labourer in the ſame worthy cauſe, whoſe talent for poetry is upon a par with our author's logic, inſtead of giving the general a command at Wildman's, has, with as little truth, ſent him to St. Cas, where, too, he never was. As the lines are worthy of the cauſe they are intended to ſerve, the bard will, I hope, forgive the liberty I take of re-printing them. When the author of the Addreſs is appointed hiſtoriographer, his friend, I truſt, will be made poet laureat. Here they are, and they do honour to the age!

In future annals ſhould our children read
That Conway's fate was ſuch a day decreed,
They'll turn ſome pages back the cauſe to find,
Knowing that George was gracious, juſt, and kind:
High in the liſt of faction's crewbehold,
A Rochfort gen'ral, Conway ſtands enroll'd!

Whoſe coward's tongue a quick diſmiſſion claim'd
(His honour, valour, at St. C—s remain'd).
The ſtigma falls; our loyal children view
Reſentment fall, where moſt reſentment's due:
Great in his praiſe, they'll bleſs the happy hour,
When Britain's honour dar'd be king, and Pitt no more *.

Such are the encouragements held out to virtue in the preſent times: ſuch the productions of a party who breathe nothing but vengeance againſt the liberty of the preſs, as the vehicle of ſcandal and ſatire! Believe theſe men, and the oppoſition exceed all their predeceſſors in calumny——but read their own productions, and you will wonder at their confidence. Their writings teem with the moſt illiberal railing. Whoever ſcorns corruption, is the mark at which every dart is aimed from the janizaries of the faction. Look high, look low; is there a great man, is there a good man, who has eſcaped the arrows they ſhoot in the dark? Yet they, good men, complain of ſecret ſtabs. When there is a miniſter as virtuous as general Conway, and who has been *only as much* abuſed, I will allow that he has reaſon to harangue againſt invectives.

I now come to the laſt ſection: What detriment the public has received from the late diſmiſſion. This the author tells us has been in great meaſure foreſtalled. As far as nonſenſe can anticipate nonſenſe, that is, forbid the expectation of ſenſe, this great logician has, indeed, already done the buſineſs, and might well caution us to throw by unread the ſequel of his performance. Yet, it being my buſineſs to ſhow that the public has been injured, I ſhall ſift our caſuiſt to the bottom, and leave him as naked of proof on this head, as I truſt I have done on the two former.

His firſt argument is as inconcluſive as all the reſt. *If it appears to your ſatisfaction*, ſays he, *that neither the army has reaſon to complain, nor that he himſelf has been injured as a private citizen, it follows of courſe that the public, which muſt conſider him in one of theſe two capacities, has not received any detriment.* Having confuted him in his two former poſitions, I might, perhaps, with reaſon reſt the argument here, by his own conceſſion; for, if in neither

* Printed in the London Chronicle, Saturday March 26, 1764.

of

of the two former diviſions he has ſatisfied the public, the reſult of two unſatisfied queſtions will certainly not be ſatisfaction. But Mr. Conway ſtands in a third light, in which any injury received by him affects the public in a higher degree than in either the character of ſoldier or private citizen. He is a member of the Britiſh parliament; a repreſentative of the people of England, and one of the guardians of their liberties. He cannot be injured in that capacity, without a wound being given to his conſtituents, and to the people in general. The author had not forgotten this capacity, though he choſe to ſink it. He confeſſes in the next ſentence to that in which he had omitted it, *that it may be urged ſpeciouſly enough, that the general has ſuffered in the cauſe of his country, for maintaining that freedom which is our glory and our birthright. This*, adds he, *has been artfully enough endeavoured to be conſtantly inſinuated.* How prevalent is truth, when it can force its way even through the mouth of falſehood! This we do aſſert was the probable cauſe of the diſmiſſion: this the author's whole tract aſſigns as the cauſe, and this, perhaps, will ſome day or other be proved to have been the cauſe. In the mean time we defy this author, or his patrons, if he has any, to aſſign another. And if this *was* the cauſe, is the public not hurt, is liberty not wounded, the rights of parliament not violated, the freedom of debate not checked, integrity of conſcience not oppreſſed? Anſwer, thou ſcribbler, and trifle not with the ſacred rights of mankind——And how doſt thou anſwer? By ſhifting and doubling, and changing the queſtion, and ſetting up a phantom, which thou haſt as little ſkill to combat as if it was a reality.

To prove general Conway was not alarmed for the liberty of the ſubject—that he was not conſcientious in the part he took for declaring the warrants illegal—what does this man do? He gives an account of a fooliſh bill brought in on a ſubſequent day, and exploded by both ſides of the houſe, and thence would infer that general Conway had not been in earneſt on a ſerious debate on the Friday, becauſe that ſimple bill was almoſt univerſally rejected on the Tueſday. This very argument was handled by ſome wiſe controvertiſt in the daily papers, was printed and reprinted with much ſolemnity, and ſome expence. It will not probably make its appearance again, after the full and fair anſwer I ſhall give to it.

In the firſt place, the bill was brought in by a gentleman whom the warm advocates for liberty, and the old friends of the houſe of Hanover, never peculiarly affected. They remembered ſomething of a bar-gown put on to plead

plead for ſomebody of ſtill leſs equivocal principles, and of ſubſcriptions in defence of the king and conſtitution during the late rebellion, preſented as illegal in Weſtminſter-hall. The ſuſpicious gentlemen of the minority perhaps *timebant Danaos et dona ferentes*; poſſibly their jealouſy was increaſed by ſeeing a gentleman who had defended the legality of the warrants tender a bill for pronouncing them illegal. They were authoriſed too in this coolneſs towards the bill by the damp thrown on it by miniſters themſelves——And here it is proper to aſk this blundering advocate a queſtion, How came it to be in the power of the minority *not to ſuffer the point to be ſettled by bill?* Thoſe are his very words, p. 37, and they are congenial with the reſt of his aſſertions. I might aſk him, how this rejection affects general Conway, who happened not to be preſent? How he knows which way the general would have voted if he had been preſent? If he anſwers, he ſuppoſes againſt the bill, I reply, he would then have voted with the miniſtry, who, being the majority, were thoſe who rejected it. Now, has not this able ſophiſt proved, that general Conway's conduct was not conſcientious? Has not he ſatisfied you all, my countrymen, that you have received no detriment by the late diſmiſſion? Has not he proved that neither the army, nor the general himſelf, have been injured? And has not he vindicated the miniſtry as completely as it is poſſible to vindicate them? Leſt his arguments ſhould have ſlipped yonr memories, I will ſum up the principal.

The duke of Bolton, lord Weſtmorland, and lord Cobham, were turned out of the army for being in oppoſition to the court: therefore it was right to diſmiſs general Conway, who was not in oppoſition.

This is a free country, in which it is inconſiſtent with the freedom of parliament for a miniſter to uſe bribes or threats; but when they have been employed without effect, it is right to uſe violence: therefore it was right to diſmiſs Mr. Conway.

Officers ought to riſe by their behaviour in parliament; therefore it was right to diſmiſs Mr. Conway, who did not riſe by his ſervices in parliament.

General Conway was ſecond in command at Rochfort; therefore he, on whom that expedition did not depend, ought to be caſhiered for a ſingle vote, while the principal commander, who votes with the court, is not caſhiered.

His

His name was not mentioned in the *gazettes* ſo often as general Moſtyn's, or general Waldegrave's; therefore it was right to take away his regiment.

Mr. Conway gave no vote againſt the court when there was no diviſion, and two votes to one with them when there was; therefore he was in oppoſition.

He had a large income from the army, and a leſs from his wife; therefore depriving him of the larger is no injury.

The minority would not ſuffer a bill to paſs, which the majority rejected; therefore Mr. Conway had no conſcience: conſequently the public is not injured by the diſmiſſion of a man, who would not have been diſmiſſed if he had not been conſcientious.

I check my pen at this laſt word, which, though uttered in raillery, is but too ſerious. I weep over my country, not over my friend——his honour is ſafe, would theirs were ſo!——But how will this ſtory be read hereafter? How will poſterity reconcile ſo much mercy with ſo much ſeverity? When all proſcriptions on rebels and jacobites are taken off; when we all enjoy a common parent; when every beam of mercy is directed to men ſo culpable, and every phial of wrath is reſerved for a man ſo virtuous——how will they reconcile ſuch apparent contradictions?——Why, by the exact and preciſe diſcriminations of truth. The mercy will be aſcribed to that pure fount from whence alone it can flow; the rigour, to thoſe ill-judging ſervants who eſtabliſh ſuch uncommon ideas of rewards and puniſhments.

I will now conclude with ſumming up my anſwer, which will be compriſed in few words.

The late diſmiſſion is prejudicial to the army, to the general, to the public, for theſe reaſons:

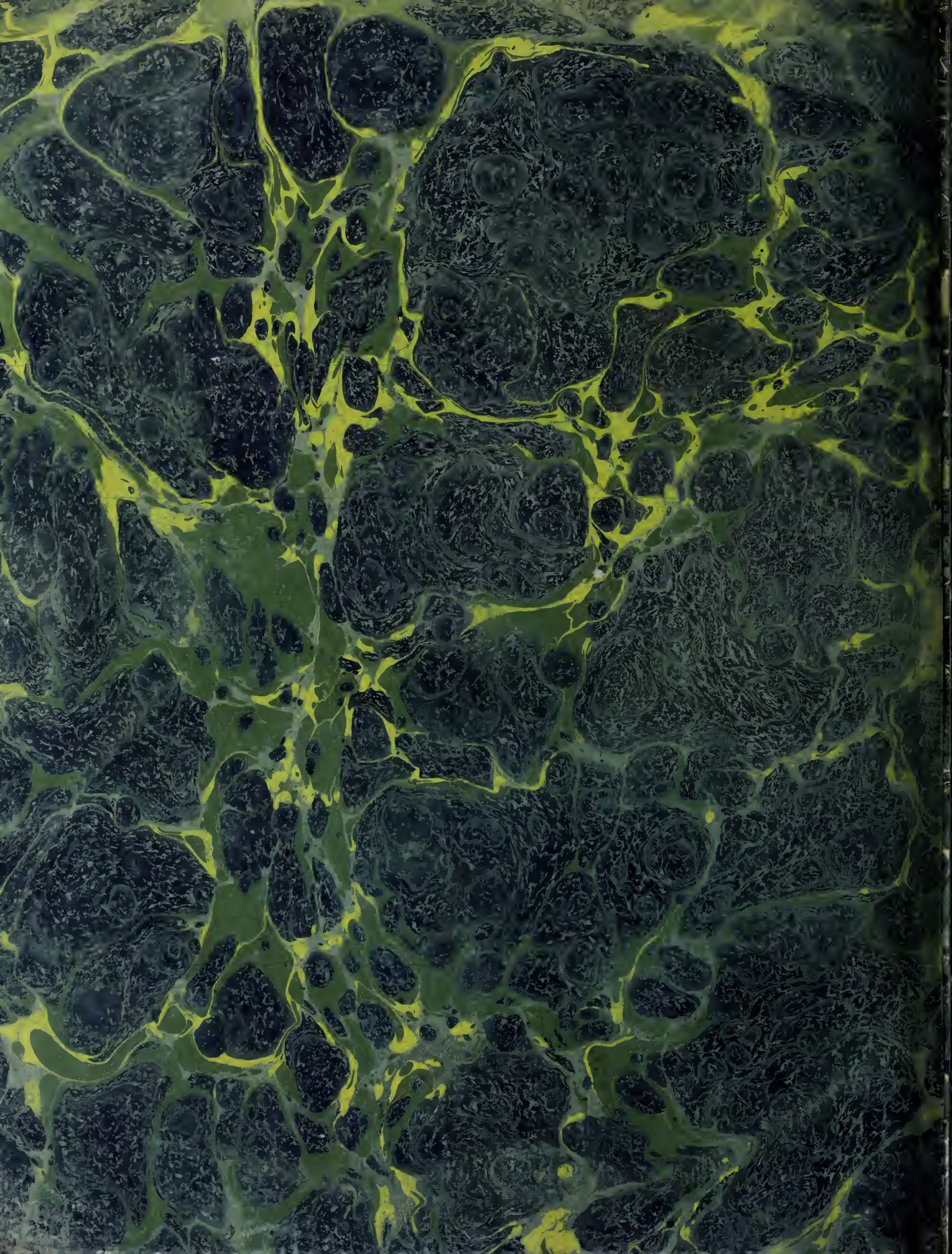
1. It muſt ſlacken the zeal of officers, when they ſee that, after a life ſpent in the ſervice, they are liable to be turned adrift, to ſatisfy the vengeance of miniſters, and for cauſes no way connected with the profeſſion. It affects the honour of officers, who are by this author declared the tools of a miniſter; it makes their fortune precarious and deſperate, if they obey their conſcience; and inclines men without doors to queſtion the honour of thoſe who vote with

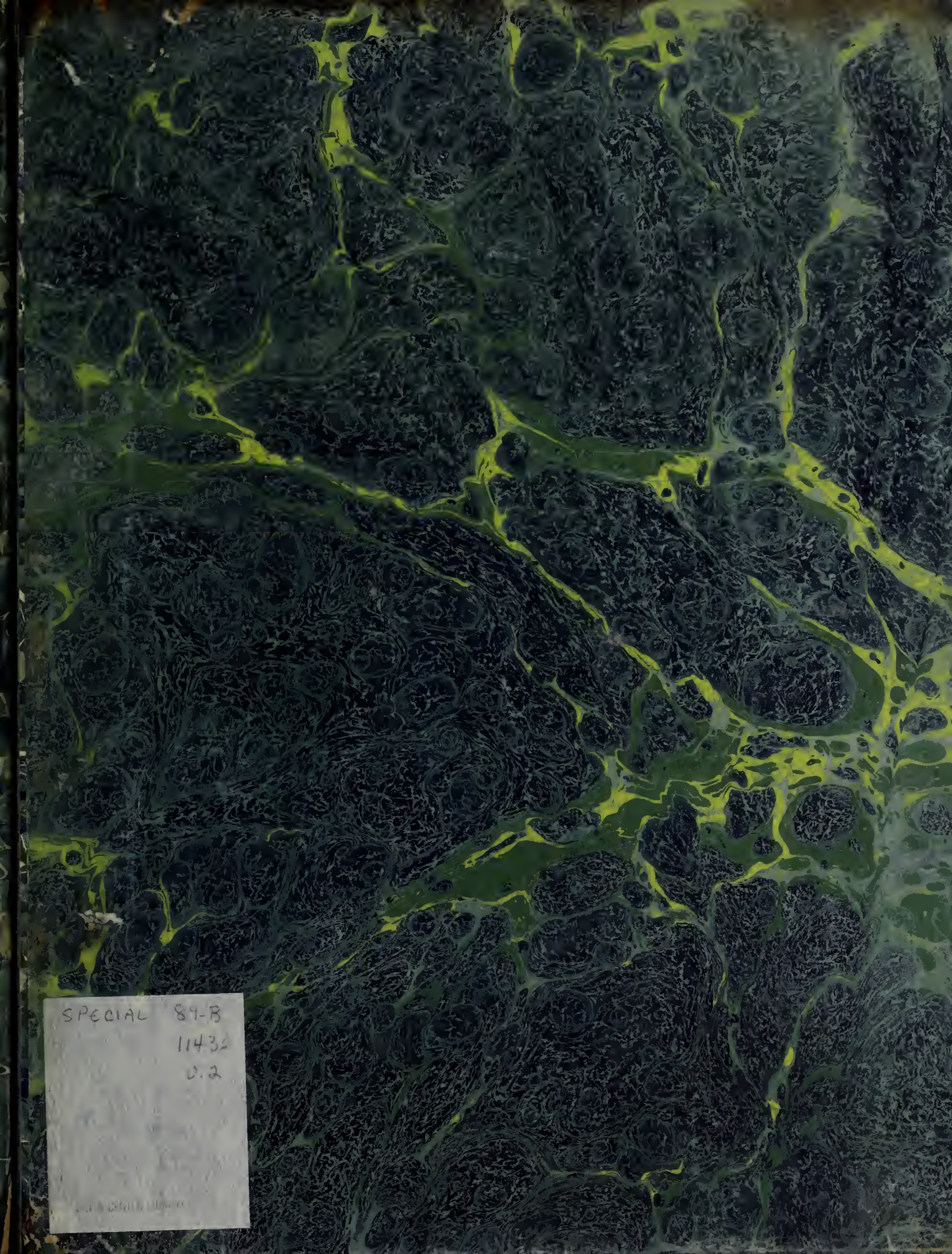
with the court, as a rod is held over their heads, and it is known that they act under fear of losing their employments. It indispoſes their countrymen to chooſe them into parliament, as an officer can no longer be ſuppoſed a free agent.

2. The general is hurt in his fortune; he is deprived of the rewards of long and painful ſervices; and he is treated with the ſame diſgrace as men are treated in all countries who have proved themſelves unworthy of their profeſſion.

3. The public is hurt, if the rights of parliament are violated, and if puniſhment, which is only due to crimes, is inflicted on incorruptible honeſty and conſcientious virtue. It is hurt, if miniſters revenge their own animoſities on the ſervants of the king and the nation, and if they in effect declare, that to defend the liberties of the people ſubjects the guardians of thoſe liberties to proſcription.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.





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